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QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. 102.

PUBLISHED IN

JULY & OCTOBER, 1857.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMANIE STREET

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LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and Sons, Stamford Street, and Charing Cross.

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2. An Illustrated Itinerary of the County of Cornwall. By Cyrus Redding. London, 1842.

3. The Vale of Lanherne, and other Poems. By Henry Sewell Stokes. London, 1854.

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6. A Handbook for Travellers in Devon and Cornwall. 3rd ed., Revised. With Maps. London, 1856.

WHEN we recently selected Northamptonshire among the counties of England for the purpose of introducing our readers to the study of our topographical literature, we had the advantage of using one of the most laborious and comprehensive specimens of county history which the kingdom possesses, the incomplete but very valuable work of the late Mr. Baker. We have now to present them with the memorials of a district as opposite as possible from Northamptonshire in external features and in the characteristics of its people; but differing unfortunately also in this, that, notwithstanding the attention which it. deserves and has amply received from mere cursory visitors, and notwithstanding the profound attachment professed for it by its own children, it is absolutely destitute of any work deserving the name of a county history at all. We can but point out the materials, bulky in appearance, but very meagre in substance, to which its future historian, whenever he may appear, must look

Richard Carew, Esquire, of Antony, author of the 'Survey of Cornwall,' and one of the earliest English topographers, is to be numbered among those personages, fortunate alike in print and in social life, who have the art of placing us at once on terms of pleasing personal familiarity with themselves. His gentlemanlike and kindly portrait, at the head of Lord de Dunstanville's edition of his Survey, seems a very accurate index of the qualities of the man. He was furnished with every grace to adorn a landed esquire of the best days of the Maiden Queen. His mother was an Edgcombe, daughter of that Sir Richard Vol. 102.—No. 204.

whose famous demesne of Mount Edgcombe was almost as widely known and admired in those days as in ours, and was coveted, according to tradition, by the Duke of Ossuna, the chief of the Armada, as it was in later days by Napoleon when seen from the Bellerophon. He fondly records that he 'disputed' in his academic days with Sir Philip Sydney at Christchurch; he calls himself 'poor kinsman' to Sir Walter Raleigh in a very graceful dedication. In his youth (according to Anthony Wood) he accompanied his uncle Sir George Carew in embassics to Denmark and Sweden, and 'was sent by his father into France with Sir Henry Nevill, who was then ambassador lieger unto King Henry IV., that he might learn the French tongue, which, by reading and talking, he overcame in three quarters of a year.' However this may be—and it seems pretty clear that Wood, in the last part of the story, has mistaken a son of our Carew for the father—it is certain that he was a very considerable modern linguist: attempted a translation of Tasso, forming (truth compels us to avow) one of the very harshest specimens extant of the Elizabethan octave rhyme; evinced glimpses of the Hamiltonian system in an essay on 'the true and ready way to learn the Latin tongue, in answer to a quære whether the ordinary way, by teaching Latin by the rules of grammar, be the best way to learn it?' His praises are celebrated by Camden, Spelman, Fitzjeffry, and other choice Latinists of the time, in language which they could hardly have pitched higher if they had been discoursing of Lord Bacon. He was a member of that primordial College of Antiquaries which met, in the later days of Elizabeth, at the bouse of Sir Robert Cotton, and was suppressed, as was asserted, through some pedantic dislike or suspicion conceived against it by her successor. In his own county he seems to have been an active, hearty, and loyal gentleman, particularly interested in the maintenance and exercise of the Cornish militia force, of not less than six thousand well-armed men, which the danger of Spanish invasion in that quarter had called into existence; a sportsman, a skilful archer, and an enthusiastic 'hurler,' as is evident from the impassioned description he gives of the game; a discreet justice, and (it is said) one of the first agriculturists of his day Nor are there wanting in his gossiping Survey in England. plentiful touches which disclose his own social and friendly mode of life among his countrymen of all classes-such as the affectionate notice of 'my friend John Goit,' the wrestling champion of Cornwall; and of the 'old fellow whom I keep for alms, and not for his work,' who executed those ingenious devices in the construction of his favourite fishpond to which he has devoted sundry pages of prose and verse. His Survey is very pleasant

pleasant reading, in sound vernacular English, with many passages of spirited and picturesque description; but it must be confessed that both its natural history and its details of pedigree savour of the gentlemanly amateur rather than of the painstaing observer or antiquary. There is, in plain truth, little to be learnt from his entertaining pages except what relates exclusively to his own particular time and personal observation.

It would be difficult to find a stronger contrast than that between the amiable esquire of Antony and our next netive Cornish antiquary of any note, Mr. William Hals, of Saint Wenn. This gentleman, of an old Devonshire family transplanted into Cornwall, was engaged for at least half a century (from 1685 to 1736) in collecting materials for a parochial history of the latter county. A printer of Truro undertook to publish them about 1750, and brought out ten numbers in folio, comprising 72 parishes. These have become excessively scarce, for the 'publication is said to have been suspended,' according to Lysons, 'for want of purchasers, occasioned by the scurrilous anecdotes which it contained, and reflections thrown on some of the principal families.' Assuredly the strangest reason ever given for a book not selling. Certain it is that the publication of these remains of Master Hals, and the fear of more behind, occasioned a good deal of excitement through the county: and no wonder; for although, we are told, the printer exercised very careful supervision, enough has found its way into the printed numbers to justify the terror and wrath which they aroused in sundry manor-houses and country towns: hints of mysterious and undetected crimes; old domestic jars raked up, and family foibles exposed; the weak points of valued pedigrees carefully displayed; stories of secret burials, and uncanonical marriages, and discreditable ghosts haunting houses of repute; revelations, in short, which threatened the comfort or wounded the pride of many a powerful kindred, and particularly of all whose forefathers had in any way got into collision with the family of Hals in social or pecuniary matters. The author seems to have been a splenetic and spiteful personage. His contemporary and fellow topographer, Mr. Tonkin of Trevaunance (who likewise unsuccessfully attempted a history of the county), had evidently quarrelled personally with Hals. 'As his method's says he, 'is quite different from mine, and that I have some other reasons not necessary to mention for not corresponding with him, I can safely say that in this present work of mine I have not made use of one single line out of his compositions.' 'I shall make it my particular care,' he says elsewhere, in evident allusion to Hals, to avoid any personal reflections, and much more so not to . บ 2 throw

throw any scandal, pretended judgment, old wives' tales, &c., on any one family whatever; but where I cannot say all the good that I wish for, to be very careful at least to forbear the saying andill, as keeping in mind that saying of honest Andrew, "Pray eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue."

Hals's manuscripts appear to have got dispersed and fallen into sundry hands. The late Mr. Davies Gilbert collected them, as far as he was able, and published them (but mutilated with meet provoking caution), together with the collections of Tonkin and sundry additions of his own, in four octave volumes in 1837. Such as they are, they constitute the best foundation which we possess of Cornish family history, though very far inferior to the

materials available in many other counties.

A curious specimen of Hals's scandalmongering propensities may be found in his mode of treating the Killigrew family history; and we may reproduce it without the fear of fresh Cornish feuds before our eyes, since the last of that clever and courtly lineage has been mouldering in the dust for more than a century, and their property at Falmouth has passed through several family descents to a new and flourishing race, that of her Majesty's present representative at St. Petersburg, who has, we will hope, matters of somewhat more consequence to occupy his attention. One of this family, Sir John Killigrew, in the reign of James I., was the founder of Falmouth—an enterprise which he prosecuted successfully against the united interest in the Council of the neighbouring corporate towns. The same Sir John is said to have burnt his own fine house at Arwennack, close to Falmouth, to preserve it from falling into the hands of the rebels. In the next age the family rose into high favour under the Restoration: two or three of its members are recorded as the authors of very indifferent plays; one (Thomas Killigrew) lives in tradition as the best talker of the wittiest of English courts; another (Anne Killigrew) was Dryden's

> 'Youngest virgin daughter of the skies, Made in the last promotion of the blest.'

Yet the family, though thus distinguished in the higher circles of society, never throve, according to their contemporary Hals, in their own Cornish soil.

'The stock is ancient,' says he, in his satirical vein, 'and divers of the branches have grown to great advancement in calling and livelihood by their greater deserts. Though I could never understand that any of them ever served their prince or country in any public capacity, as parliament-men, justices of the peace, or sheriffs for this county: out of a politic and secret reserve to themselves, as not thinking it prudent to do other men's business at their own proper cost and charges, or to

be puffed up or pleased with the tickling conceit of making themselves popular in their country with any office they did not get money by. Wherefore, generally, they were courtiers and favourites of their princes, and got many boons thereby of great value.'

But a judgment hung over them, says the same considerate About the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, while the war with Spain continued, Jane Lady Killigrew, with an armed party, boarded two Dutch vessels laden on Spanish account, which had been driven into Falmouth harbour, killed two Spanish merchants, and carried away two barrels of pieces of eight for which foul fact she was in danger of her neck, and escaped only by dint of great interest, while her associates were hanged at Launceston, 'lamenting nothing more than that they had not the company of that, old Jezebel Killigrew at the place, and prayed for a judgment on her.' This strange story succeeding local writers have thought it their duty to repudiate with pious horror; but it can scarcely be altogether unfounded, since Hals names his own ancestor, Sir Nicholas Hals, the governor of Pendennis, as one of those whose influence was exerted in the lady's behalf. curious relic of this fair buccaneer was long preserved by the corporation of Penryn, in the shape of a silver cup, with the inscription, 'From major to major of the town of Penryn, when they received me that was in great misery. J. K., 1613. 'judgment' descended a few years later, when the last Killigrew of Arwennack was killed in a tavern scuffle, in the same town of Penryn, by one Walter Vincent, a barrister, shortly before the close of the century; which Hals (through whose whole narrative the colour of some private grudge, or feud, may be distinctly. traced) records with grim satisfaction.

A little later than Hals, the Reverend Dr. Borlase, rector of Ludgvan, member of a good Celtic family, de la vieille roche, devoted himself to the task of illustrating both the natural and antiquarian history of his native county; but, except a strong attachment to the subject and a certain quaint originality of thought and expression, it cannot be said that he brought any very eminent qualities to the task. His antiquarianism soon loses itself in the mazes of Druidical and Phænician controversy, which he was quite incompetent to unravel—his scientific knowledge in old women's stories, such as the learned Royal Society was very apt to indulge in during the earlier period of its activity. The good Doctor was in repute as an 'ingenious' provincial personage, and corresponded from his nook with Pope, whom he. furnished with mineral specimens for the construction of his Twickenham grotto. 'I have placed them,' says the poet, prettily, 'where they may best represent yourself—in a shade, but shining.'

One merit, however, the Doctor possesses, which better antiquaries and profounder philosophers too commonly want—he is very readable. His folios are still in request, and far worse entertainment may be found than in turning over their pages in the leisure of a Cornish manor-house or town library.

Of other topographers, such as Norden, Tonkin, C. Gilbert, and Davies Gilbert (whose Parochial History is a poor compilation, very unworthy of the writer's ability), we need not make farther mention; and scarcely of the Reverend Richard Polwhele, to whom indeed, we owe a certain kindness for his preservation of a vast amount of legendary story and social gossip, which would have perished without him, but whose egotism, literary vanity, tastelessness, and wonderful prolixity are past all pardon. Trashy as his 'History of Cornwall' is in every respect, it preserves its place on the shelves and keeps up its price, for want of a later and better. We shall be very glad if we have said enough to set some of those few who have sufficient learning and patience those who have zeal in the cause are abundantly numerous—on devising the best means of supplying this deficiency. of Cornwall, such as we can conceive, would be a more attractive work than almost any other county could furnish, combining the account of very curious physical phenomena and highly striking scenery with that of a most important branch of our national industry—the records of a distinct people and language, of mysterious antiquity, with those of many stirring events of modern times, and family annals unusually rich in variety of character and incident. The tourist has already been provided with an .ample and interesting guide in the excellent 'Handbook of Devon and Cornwall.'

When Gilpin, the author of 'Forest Scenery,' wrote his Tour in the West of England towards the close of the last century, he disposed of all Cornwall in the following brief paragraph:—

From Launceston we travelled as far into Cornwall as Bodmin, through a coarse, naked country, and in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived. Of wood, in every shape, it was entirely destitute. Having heard that the country beyond Bodmin was exactly like what we had already passed, we resolved to travel no farther in Cornwall, and instead of visiting the Land's End, as we had intended, we took the road to Lescard, proposing to visit Plymouth on our return!

Nor can we blame the accomplished writer, who only saw nature according to his lights, that is, with the trained jadgment of a landscape gardener. If he had continued his journey to the Land's End, he would equally have found all barren. The seventy miles from Launceston to Mount's Bay

make the dreariest strip of earth traversed by any English high road. In the eastern portion, indeed, the rough granitic tors and boulders, and the greater height of the hills, lend something of a wild interest to the scene; but, after passing Bodmin, the Cornish moorland appears in its true character—the most impracticable, as well as desolate, of all British wildernesses. For its desolation is not that of nature alone. The whole surface has been excavated, dug into hillocks, disturbed and turned over and over again, sometimes by the primeval stream-works of the 'old men,' sometimes by more modern labour, in search of metallic wealth. Off the roads it is utterly impervious on wheels or on horseback, and only to be walked, or rather floundered, over, by jumping from patch to patch of firmer land. Flat. or slightly undulating, and bounded towards the horizon by low rounded hills of similar character to itself, it stretches almost from sea to sea, a most unclassical 'Campagna,' covered with the ruins of obscure industry.

Such is the region which gave Cornwall its ancient fame and character, when chiefly traversed by tourists on their way abroad, rolling along its only high road to Falmouth, the Atlantic posterngate of England. We will take a very different course, and endeavour to conduct the traveller with us, as compendiously as possible, along the two convergent shores which stretch, bay

after bay, towards the setting sun.

The long range of mural cliffs which commences at Hartland Point in Devonshire, extending to Tintagel in Cornwall, faces due west with scarcely any interruption. Owing to this exposure, whether aided by the violence of the converging currents of the Bristol and St. George's Channel, or by some other unexplained cause, the sea breaks on it with a sustained violence unequalled elsewhere, it is said, in these islands. Not on the Land's End itself—not on the outer line of the Hebrides—not even on the magnificent coast of Clare in Ireland, do the long rollers of the Atlantic march in with such stupendous weight and force as along this portion of Cornish shore. The enthusiast for marine scenery has only to take his stand on the breakwater at Bude, when a spring-tide is rising even in calm weather, in order to enjoy the full effect of this magnificent exhibition of the power of ocean. Near the bold headland crowned by Tintagel Castle the coast becomes loftier and more broken in picturesque inlets; and still farther west, from Padstow haven to the 'Towans,' or sand-dunes, of Perran, the hard schistose rocks, of which it is chiefly composed, become almost horizontally stratified. This peculiar formation exposes them to the action of the billows at their base, and wears them (like cliffs of secondary

secondary sandstone elsewhere) into a thousand fantastic shapes flat-topped islands and peninsulas standing out like enchanted castles against the horizon; gigantic staircases, stacks, columns, turrets, caverns, and 'bellows-holes' of every conceivable shape and character. This last-mentioned portion of the Cornish seaboard is perhaps on the whole the most picturesque, if not absolutely the grandest in its features, and it is the least accessible and the least known.

Bare, bleak, and solitary as this north-western coast may be, it is apliced by the numerous and beautiful 'combes' or valleys which open into it, and which nearly all pursue an absolutely straight course, east and west, from their origin in the moorlands to the sea. We must call on the author of 'Westward Ho,' who writes with all the enthusiasm of a native, to aid our powers of description:—

Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak wood, nearer the sea of dark green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs, which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged iron-stone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow; its crystal trout-stream winding across and across from one hill-foot to the other; its grey stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock-pools above the tide-mark, where the salmon gather in from their Atlantic wanderings after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's finger; its grey bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles toward the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock, which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes. Such is the "mouth," as those coves are called, and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.'

One characteristic feature is not noticed in this description. From their straight course and their opening due west, these long 'combes' admit the sunset at their extremity for a great part of the year. Few scenes of the simpler kind remain better impressed on the memory than the prospect down one of these tranquil valleys, with its rippling mill-stream and rich enclosures, when the red ball of the autumnal sun just sinks between its soft seaward portals of sloping turf, lighting up the line of golden sand which forms its bar, and the intense blue of the strip of

ocean beyond. A north-looking shore has, doubtless, its disadvantages—nothing, indeed, can repay us fully in our latitudes for the privation of our rare and precious sunbeams; but it has one great compensation—the colouring of the sea, at almost all hours, is incomparably deeper and more various than on coasts

where the spectator faces the meridian light.

One of these combes, in a singular insulated position, north of Bude, contains the site, we can hardly say the remains, of the original Stowe, held for 600 years by the brave Cornish Grenvilles, not to be confounded with the more eminent family of Wotton; for though genealogists have invented a connexion between them, their arms as well as history are different. No family ever acquired so strong a hold on popular affection in Cornwall as this gallant race. 'You are upon an uncommon foundation in that part of the world,' says George Grenville, the poetical Lord Lansdowne, in a letter to his nephew, William Henry Earl of Bath, in 1711:—

'Your ancestors, for at least five hundred years, never made any alliances, male or female, out of the western counties: thus there is hardly a gentleman, either in Cornwall or Devon, but has some of your blood, as you of theirs. I remember the first time I accompanied your grandfather (Sir Bevil Grenville) into the west, upon holding his parliament of tinners as Warden of the Stannaries, when there was the most numerous appearance of gentry of both counties that had ever been remembered together. I observed there was hardly any one but he called cousin, and I could not but observe, at the same time, how well they were pleased with it.'

He proceeds to advise his nephew always to make Stowe his principal residence:—

'From the Conquest to the Restoration your ancestors constantly resided among their countrymen, except when the public service called upon them to sacrifice their lives for it. Stowe, in my grandfather's time, till the wars broke out, was a kind of academy for all the young men of family in the country: he provided himself with the best masters of all kinds for education, and the children of his neighbours and friends shared the advantage with his own. Thus he in a manner became father of his county, and not only engaged the affection of the present generation, but laid a foundation of friendship for posterity, which is not worn out to this day.'

The amiable writer, one of the last enthusias and sufferers for the Stuart cause in England, lived to see the extinction of his lineage. Their estates passed to coheiresses, and their place knew them no more. The Carterets, who followed, pulled down the Palladian palazzo built by John Earl of Bath, when it had stood scarcely half a century; many of the finest materials were transferred

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transferred to the namesake 'Stowe' of the Buckinghamshire Grenvilles; and a very indifferent 'Elegy written among the ruins of a nobleman's seat in Cornwall,' by the *first* poet Moore,

is all that remains of the glory of the western family.

Yet this famous residence (where the intrigues of the Royalists with Monk, which led to the Restoration, were mainly concocted) stood far from high roads and market towns, in a situation so strangely secluded and remote from objects of convenience and interest, that, with modern ideas, it is difficult to conceive its occupation by any family of distinction. however, that it is not easy for us to place ourselves exactly in the position of our forefathers, or to adopt the notions arising out of that position. To be near some great thoroughfare now seems to us nearly indispensable. But when there were very few such thoroughfares, when almost all places were accessible alike only through by-roads, and on horseback or in private conveyances, one place was in reality scarcely more out of the way than another, or at least the difference was far less notable than in our time. Many districts which we now term hardly 'liveable' were well inhabited by gentry of old. The favourite spots round which country-houses are now congregated had in those times no attraction from superior accessibility, and love of the picturesque was as yet unborn.

A more remarkable site among these northern combes is the beautiful Vale of Lanherne, which stretches in a direct line from the town of St. Columb to the lonely little 'Porth' or cove in which it terminates, presenting a succession of lovely scenery—the groves of Carnanton, once the seat of Noy, Charles I.'s able though miserly and crabbed attorney-general (his heart at his death was found shrivelled up, say his biographers, into the substance of a leathern penny purse); the grey Convent at Lanherne, formerly the manor-house of the Arundels, devoted by one of the family to the reception of nuns driven here by the first French Revolution; the old church-tower of Mawgan, embowered in its grove of lofty Cornish elms (the small-leaved variety, strangely neglected in other parts of England)—

'While, 'neath the shelter of those graceful trees,
Myriads of blue-bells woo the honey-bees,
And with their perfume lade the gentle gale:
And rund each cot the admiring stranger sees
Geraniums clustering as in southern vale,
And scarce believes he roams a sea-bound Cornish dale.'

We borrow these verses from Mr. Stokes, whose volume of graceful poetry, dictated by strong local attachment, we have cited at the head of this article, and on whom we intend to draw

draw for materials, though less in his poetical capacity than in that of a guide, with a true eye for the picturesque, and appreciation of the interesting in his favourite provincial history.

Cornwall is swept by the constant blasts of the Atlantic, and so extreme, says the author of the Handbook, is the fury of the gales, that even the tombstones in the churchyards are supported by masonry as a prop against the wind. The whole northern coast is of a singularly desolate and uninhabited character: it possesses only two or three wretched harbours, and the bordering villages nestle away from the blast under the landward slope of the cliffs. The traveller may scramble for many a mile over rocks which seem abandoned by man to undisturbed myriads of their own primitive population—

'The graceful terns skim o'er the heaving deep
Like winged fleets that elfin hands might frame,
Or hang in clusters round the headlands steep:
Of rarer beauty, though of harsher name,
The choughs for glossy plumes the raven shame,
With vermeil-tinted legs and bright red beaks,
Haunting remotest cliffs where sea-pinks flame:
Guillemots and gulls with hubbub fill the creeks,
But hastening from the shore for storms the petrel seeks.'.

Yet there are occasions on which these untrodden shores are crowded with a noisy population, puzzling the observer to conjecture how, in so desert-looking a country, such swarms are recruited. Some idea of its density may be attained by watching the files of farmers' carts in the mornings descending to the accessible beaches to collect the sea-sand, drifted by the north-west winds along this exposed coast, for manure. But the great opportunities, which seem to call the very cliffs into life, are those of the fishery, and particularly the pilchard fishery:—

'Impetuous pour

By every sheep-path steep the ruddy swarm
From woodland cot, green field, and heathy moor;
And from the earth's deep chambers dank and warm
The pallid miner comes, with spare but sinewy form.
Heaps upon heaps, upon the shelving beach,
The scaly captives gasping, glistening lie,
Scarcely above the empurpled waves' wide reach;
What clamour blithe of those who sell and buy!
The voice of woman and the urchin's cry
Shrill-mingling with man's rough sonorous tone:
The busy bulkers in the cellars high
Up-pile the fish: no savoury task they own,
While bay-salt o'er each layer with lavish hand is thrown.'

Our local poet seems in this passage to have in his eye the early pilchard fishery of June and July, carried on by the drift-boats, which take the fish far out at sea, and bring their catch for disposal to the shore. But ter in the summer the great shoals of pilchards begin to close in with the shore itself.

'When the corn is in the shock The fish are at the rock,'

says the Cornubian rhyme; and then begins the far more exciting, and far more important, season of the seine fishery: a most precarious harvest, for nothing can be more unaccountable than the annual variations in the habits of these migratory fish. the Cornish pilchard fishery, like Cornish mining, would seem. to demand a treatise apart. A few words of statistics, which we borrow from the amusing author of 'A Week at the Lizard,' must suffice for our present purpose. In 1847, a very productive year, 40,000 hogsheads were cured, containing somewhere about an hundred million of fishes; and representing, probably, after all deductions, a net value to the takers of 80,000l.: of these hogsheads 16,000 were sold at Naples, 10,000 in the ports of the Adriatic, the two principal markets. The fish are cured simply by pressure, in layers strewn with bay-salt; but the Spaniards, imagining them to be smoked, called them 'fumados;' whence, apparently, the highly inappropriate Cornish name of 'fair maids' for these lean and juiceless relics of the ocean.

The southern coast is very different from the northern in character, though rich in attractions of its own. Here, from come geological cause not explained, the strata, though similar to those already described in the north, are in general nearly perpendicular instead of horizontal, a circumstance which entirely changes the character of the scenery. Instead of plateaux and castellated promontories, and mural cliffs undermined at the base, we find long jagged ranges of razor-backed precipices projecting into the sea, 'aiguilles' and pinnacles of splintered rock, and branching estuaries between. Notwithstanding its more favourable south-easterly exposure, this coast is as bare and desert as the other wherever it fringes the open sea; but from its geological construction it is far richer in harbours, from the noble havens of Falmouth, Plymouth, and Helford, to the numerous deep and narrow creeks which shelter the village fishing-boats. These southern estuaries run far inland, and their steep wooded banks furnish the most visited and admired scenery of the county, though perhaps a little monotonous in their beauty. Cornwall is on the whole by no means the naked country which is commonly supposed: we have read, but cannot quote our authority, that its surface of woodland

woodland is relatively greater than that of any other county; but then by far the greater portion of this is covered with mere oak coppice, which thrives luxuriantly. Timber trees are, on the whole, a failure; they growell at first, but when they attain a certain height the ruthless sea-blast drives them to leeward, and their growth becomes slow and their shape distorted. Boconnoc, the ancient seat of the Mohuns, now of Lady Grenville, has almost the only Cornish park which exhibits the forestlike features of the oldedemesnes of middle England. ripens but indifferently; and although the climate is singularly favourable to flowers, the peasantry, at least in the mining districts, seem to have little taste for horticulture, and the tourist soon misses the lovely tressure of myrtle, fuchsia, and still more delicate plants with which the commonest Devonian cottage is so often girdled. Some imported trees flourish very extensively, like wild native plants, in the western region. The pinaster, introduced by Praed of Trevetho early in the last century, forms an ordinary feature in the landscape around Mount's Bay: the 'Pinus Austriaca,' a tree of similar habits, seems to brave the Atlantic blast with equal vigour. The tamarisk, also an importation, now forms a copious and beautiful underwood in the sequestered combes of the southern coast, especially in the region of serpentine rock which stretches towards the Lizard lights-

> 'Those ever burning fires, which smile O'er night's bleak ocean many a mile, To welcome Albion's truant child From Indian shore, or western wild.'

But the indigenous shrubs of this remote corner of England surpass all exotics in their profuse beauty; such as the two species of heath peculiar to Cornwall—Erica vagans and Ciliaris, the latter the most graceful of the tribe—and the Cornish double-flowering furze, of singular size and richness, which blooms almost all through the year, but most abundantly in that season when nature seems to stand most in need of gay attire, and covers the bleak hill-sides in early spring with an expanse of gorgeous yellow carpeting.

South and North meet in the low moorish plateau which divides the Hayle estuary from Mount's Bay, almost united in springtides; and beyond it the traveller greets at last the amphitheatre of dusky hills which constitute the Land's End promontory—the Bolerium of old times, the very Cornwall of Cornwall, the last stronghold of the old Celtic tongue and thoughts, and to this day the most intensely national portion, so to speak, of the peninsula. It is a bleak and bare region to the eye, except

only the sheltered coast of Mount's Bay; but abounding in life, wealth, and mining and commercial activity; while its soil, strange to say, is among the most fertile, and its agriculture among the most profitable in England, Longin being mainly supplied with early vegetables from the district about Penzance, while the very last wheat-fields in England, near the Land's End, produce on their warm bed of 'growan,' or decomposed granite, from thirty to forty bushels to the acre. To the stranger, however, the chief attraction of the district is in the magnificent cliff scenery which stretches round it in a semicircle from St. Ives to Mount's Bay. The Land's End is itself an impressive scene, but much surpassed in grandeur and picturesqueness by many points of the vicinity—the greenstone cliffs of Zennor, the headlands of Tol-pedn-penwith, Castle-Treryn, and the Logan. The vast expanse of ocean, from these heights, is at all times a grand spectacle; it is terrible, when a fierce westerly gale seems to level before it the whole floor of the sea, driving forward one blinding sheet of foam even to the summits of the Land's End precipice; but it is yet more solemn in its quieter mood, when, with little wind stirring, the vast billows, propagated from some centre of storms far in the Atlantic, come slowly to break on the rocks in measured cadences of thunder, the very types of enormous power in repose.

Such is the land of the Cornu-Britons, that small but stronglycharacterised Celtic people, about whom so much has been dreamed by the learned, and so little is really known. they were a distinct race, and had a peculiar language, is certain; but the particulars which are recorded respecting the annals of the one, and the genius and literature of the other, seem in the last degree vague, shifting, and mythical. Of one tradition, carelessly repeated by one historian after another, the slightest inspection of the country, or even a good map, is sufficient to prove the unsoundness. This is the story, that the Cornubians occupied in the last century of Saxon dominion a considerable portion of the kingdom of Wessex; that they were expelled from Devonshire by Athelstan, and the Tamar fixed as the boundary of the races, only as late as A.D. 936. If Athelstan's successes are correctly reported, they probably amounted only to a reconquest of territory which the Cornubians (aided by the Danes) had for a short time wrested from the Saxons. real national boundary between Celt and Saxon was assuredly fixed many generations before the reign of Athelstan. the Tamar ever that boundary. A military frontier it may have been, a national limit never. The proof of this assertion will be found in the fact that the names of villages and farms on

both

both banks of the Tamar are equally Saxon. The limit between Celt and Saxon, as unerringly ascertained by the test of nomenclature, passes not along the Tamar, but (in accordance with the general law of ethnography nearly along the headwaters of the streams flowing into it—a line crossing the peninsula transversely from a little west of Plymouth to the neighbourhood of Tintagel. To the east of this line the map discloses very few Cornish names; to the west, scarcely a single Saxon. Now it must be remembered that at the date of Domesday, or reign of Edward the Confessor, these local names were almost entirely the same as now. The inference is inevitable, that the geographical division of Celt and Saxon was likewise the same as now; and the farther inference is almost irresistible, that a line so definitely marked must have been the same for generations, probably for centuries, before. Without, therefore, going farther into the subject, we will only express our own adhesion to those who believe that the last substantial struggle between the two nations took place at a far earlier period; that the Cornubians were finally driven by the Saxons into their remote and permanent quarters in the seventh century, the date of A.D. 647 being positively fixed by some authorities. This supposition leaves untouched the vexed question whether King Arthur, who, if real, must have flourished in the sixth century, was a mythical or an historical personage. The conquest seems to have been accomplished not without hard fighting; for antiquarian research seems to disclose faint records of a stand made against the invaders on the Exe, and again on the Tamar; nor without the expulsion of the royal house and chief nobility, who migrated, it is said, into Armorica. Subsequently to this time the political boundary may have varied, as we have said, owing to partial successes of the Dano-Cornish forces, but the national boundary was then fixed for ever.

Nor have the Cornish race remained permanently owners of the soil, even within the narrow limits thus assigned to them. The pride of ancestry was, indeed, in former times intense in Cornwall, and is a rooted feeling even at the present day, unfavourable as are our modern habits of thought to its maintenance. There are two things, it is said, of which every tradesman and small farmer west of Traro is thoroughly persuaded—the one, that he will some day or other make his fortune in a mine; the other, that he is in some way descended from King Arthur. That mysterious potentate was equally familiar in the Cornish pedigrees of older time. In the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy under Edward the Third, one of the witnesses deposes to having seen the shield of the Scropes hanging over an hostel occupied

occupied by a Cornish knight of the family of Carminow (azure, a bend or, is the proper cognizance of that house), and that the owner, on being questioned, affirmed that the bearing in dispute was granted to his family by King Arthur! Some pedigrees indeed are still more boldly imaginative. The Vivians of Truro are derived by certain genealogists from one Vivianus Annius, a Roman general, and son-in-law to Domitius Corbulo. short, the proverbial extravagance of Cambrian descents finds its counterpart among the kindred race-south of the Bristol Channel. And yet a somewhat closer inspection of history is but little favourable to the Celtic pretensions. It seems clear from Domesday Book and the later recensions of tenants in capite, that before the Conquest Saxons, and after the Conquest Normans, were the owners of the soil, with very slight exception, from the Tamar to the Land's End. We believe that scarcely any properly Cornish lineage can establish, on fair grounds, a connexion with those named in Domesday, except Trelawney and Trevelyanthe latter no longer inhabiting the county. The Dinhams, Mohuns, Bassets, Blanchminsters, Grenvilles, who parcelled out the land under the Earls of Cornwall, looked down on the indigenous gentry with the same contempt which (as we are now told) was measured out to them in return by the real old Norman families. who, though descendants of sea kings themselves, had grown too proud and too lazy to take much part in such a filibustering business as the invasion of England by William the Bastard. But their period of triumphant supremacy was (in Cornwall at least) a very Wars and feuds, forfeitures, outlawries, mortgages, and, more perhaps than any other cause, premature marriages and 'fast' lives, devoured the proud blood of the Conquerors. Some, indeed, of the great Norman races of the county were only extinguished in the last century; but the great majority had died out long before, and the Celtic gentry—the men of Tre. Pol, and Pen—slowly emerged from under the debris of Saxon and Norman, and, boldly ignoring their period of depression, assumed (like Carminow aforesaid) the position of direct descent from the chivalry of the Round Table. These families, like their kindred in Wales, seem to have been very long without proper family The Cornish, says Carew, 'entitle one another with his own and his father's name, and conclude with the place of his dwelling, as John Thomas Pendarves,' &c. And when the branch of a family obtained a new seat, it changed its name accordingly. This practice, says Tonkin (in 1736), was in use within a century of his time.

The Cornish title to the honour of a distinct written language and literature is, after all, scarcely less apocryphal than the pedi-

grees of the native aristocracy. Of course the extreme antiquity of the language is undeniable, and its close kindred to the Welsh. But the authenticity of its supposed literary monuments is very questionable, and the whole subject of them is involved not only in obscurity, but, it may be suspected, in a good deal of mystification. The Cornish have been at all times a little inclined to play on the credulity of 'foreigners' in this matter. The learned Daines Barrington was sadly hoaxed by the wits of Mount's Bay, on his search after Celtic antiquities in 1773; and as he tells us that he went about offering money for Cornish words, he certainly laid himself open to such liberties. At an earlier time it seems to have been a favourite exercise of ingenuity to compose pseudoantique remains of the Cornish language, in which it is impossible now to disentangle what is ancient from what was invented. Cornish was last used in divine service (it should seem) in Landewednack, the southernmost parish of England, about 1680. was currently spoken in the parishes west of Penzance for a generation or two later. There its authentic history ends. posterior instances of its use commonly cited are very doubtful. The traces of it which ingenious people have detected in the modern English dialect of Cornwall are almost wholly imaginary. We have seen many words of the latter noted as Celtic which are in reality good, but obsolete, Saxon. Modern Anglo-Cornish is, in truth, a rather superior provincial dialect, abounding in sound Shakspearian and even older expressions and more intelligible than some of those spoken farther east. Of true Celtic it has scarcely anything except what may be termed words of art, such as the nomenclature of the rocks and their phenomena, in use. among the miners. In fact, we doubt whether the production of a hybrid language (such as modern English) is not confined to times when written literature abounds. Primitive tribes seem rarely or never to mix languages. We believe that the French peasants, conterminous with the Bas Bretons, speak a dialect as free from Celticism as those of Touraine; the Walloons of Liege, surrounded by Flemings, have little tincture of Flemish in their peculiar French; the Alsatian has little or no French in his bad German. One peculiarity, quaintly noted by old Carew in the Anglo-Cornish, may still be observed; it had not above two or three of what he calls 'natural oaths,' but this want was 'relieved with a flood of most bitter curses and spiteful nicknames.' To this day, a Cornish scolding is most profuse and exuberant in flowers of eloquence, for which little authority can elsewhere be found.

It has been seen that the Norman families obtained, with few exceptions, but a slight and temporary hold of territorial power in Vol. 102.—No. 204.

Cornwall;

Cornwall; and notwithstanding their secluded position and their love of long-descended pedigrees, the Cornish have been, on the whole, less feudal in their notions, less led and swayed by aristocratic influences, than the inhabitants of most English counties. The bulk of the people rose against the Government in three several and very remarkable insurrections—twice under Henry the Seventh and once under Edward the Sixth; and on neither occasion do we find that any leading family was engaged in the rebellion. And at the present day, if any political partisan were to seek to rouse the passions of the western population, he would find his purpose much better answered by enlisting in his cause a few Methodist teachers and a few mining 'captains,' than through the gentry of the district. This is not inconsistent with the exercise of great local influence, here and there, by individual gentlemen who stand high in public estimation as benefactors of the county. No race estimate services of this kind more highly, or repay them more cordially, than the Cornish. Such men as the late Lord de Dunstanville and Mr. Tremayne-we might cite some equally remarkable living names, were it not our purpose to avoid all personal allusion—exercised a kindly authority among them hardly surpassed by that of the Grenvilles and Trelawneys of old times. But the homage was tendered rather to the καλος καὶ αγαθος, as a Greek republican might have expressed it, than to the Edyévns.

The main reason forethis inferior force of the feudal principle was to be found, doubtless, in the commercial and self-relying habits of the people. Those habits, on which we shall have presently to dwell more at length, are rooted among them from an antiquity far exceeding that of the oldest family annals. industry of our ports, our manufacturing provinces, our coal districts, almost that of London itself, are mere products of recent ages, compared with the trade of the Cornish tinner. For it must be remembered that owing to the profound freedom from war and revolution enjoyed at all times by this secluded corner of the world, and its monopoly of an indispensable commodity, that industry has never been interrupted. Since Diodorus Siculus wrote his account of the dealings in tin between the Britons and the traders from the Mediterranean on that isle of Ictis which nothing but antiquarian perversity could place elsewhere than at St. Michael's Mount—a spot which answers the description alone and exactly—the ore has been raised, and wrought, and bartered without the intermission probably of a single generation. tourist who reaches Falmouth by sea may look with respect on that bare, brown mountain which rises to the left, mangled as it is with the scars and seams left by the mining operations of successive

cessive ages; for Carn Menellis has never rested, we may believe, from the strokes of the miner's pick, nor its neighbouring creeks from the dash of the trader's oar, ' since first the old Phœnicians came.' This primæval subterranean corporation, with perpetual succession, is but slightly affected by changes in the ownership of the soil above ground, and recks little of the revolutions

of noble or gentle houses—things of yesterday.

But another reason for the comparatively small influence of great Cornish families is to be found in their own want of durability. In most secluded districts and extremities of our kingdom families and descended honours are comparatively of long continuance; from causes too natural to need explanation. Cornwall forms an exception. Names and titles seem to arise and to vanish, as we turn over the pages of its county history, as rapidly as the fleeting vapours of its ever-changing climate. There are, no doubt, families of very respectable antiquity, but these have for the most part to make out their pedigree and inheritances through singularly complicated female descents. Constant intermarriages may have tended in some degree to produce this tendency to decay. The Grenvilles, as we have seen, called cousins with almost all the county. The commercial prosperity of the people, and comparative abundance of ready money, have also contributed to frequent changes of property, by facilitating its alienation. Something must also be attributed to a certain tincture of migratory habits, restlessness, and love of adventure, which seems to belong to the race, high and low; 'partly,' to quote again our friend Carew, ' for that their issue male, little affecting so remote a corner. liked better to transplant their possessions to the heart of the realm.' But the natives themselves have a more compendious way of accounting for the phenomenon, by the 'doom' supposed to attend Cornish honours. 'Peerages planted in Cornwall.' says Borlase, 'have seldom been long-lived; they have seldom arrived at the third, never at the fourth generation. Vix gaudet tertius hæres.' Titles have been multiplied since Borlase's time; but we remember at this moment only a single exception to his rule, in the flourishing house of St. Germain's. We suspect that the landed property of most of the county has changed hands within the last half-century; and much of it must in ordinary probability soon change hands again, with a rapidity well calculated to keep alive the popular superstition on this subject. A singular amount of this change in earlier times was brought about by premature deaths and tragic catastrophes, contrasting oddly with the very peaceful history of the county in general. The house of Grenville was absolutely cut off in war, in the field

> x 2 or

or by camp sickness. The last Lord Mohun, the last Lord Camelford, fell in celebrated duels—the last Killigrew, the last Noy, in tavern brawls. These were all 'strong bloods,' as the Scotch phrase it; and peculiar energy in one generation is apt, says Aristotle, to degenerate into wildness and even madness in succeeding ones—a fancy which Cornish family legends would seem to corroborate.

We are rather surprised at the bold assertion of Mr. Hingston, one of our most promising English antiquaries, that Cornwall is 'probably richer in antiquities of every kind than any other county; unless, indeed, the ingenious writer means to include in the term 'antiquities' the multitudinous remains which fancy has classed as British or Druidical. With these we have not troubled the reader, on account of our own humiliating inaptitude for such speculations, which in ten minutes always give us the sensation described by the student in 'Faust,' 'as if a mill-wheel were going round in his head.' Cornwall, we should rather have said, is not peculiarly rich in 'antiquities' of the more modest mediæval sort, but what it has are very characteristic and very interesting. Few districts have their architectural remains, such as they are, so well preserved. The hard grey moorstone of which they are mostly built seems almost indestructible by time, and preserves its edges with wonderful firmness, notwithstanding the damp saltness of the climate. The lover of domestic architecture especially may revel in the study of relics which seem to bring back past times and past modes of thought and action far more vividly than those of less unfrequented districts, where decay has been more rapid and the spirit of restoration more rampant. Beginning with the very earliest Christian times, his eye may range, from specimen to specimen, through the long Plantagenet centuries, and through what the author of Crotchet Castle somewhere calls 'that blissful middle period, after the feudal system went out, and before the march of mind came in.' The old castles of Launceston and Restormel seem to require comparatively but little labour to make them habitable once again, and to revive the short and precarious feudal splendour of the 'duchy of Cornwall.' The towered edifice on St. Michael's 'guarded' Mount-half convent, half fortress—is but little changed inside or out (allowing for a slight amount of modernising for domestic purposes) since the wars of the Roses. Cotele, the lovely and unique seat of the Edgcumbes among the hanging woods on the banks of Tamar, has been preserved with punctilious accuracy, a perfect model of a gentleman's mansion of the Tudor times; even the furniture sedulously kept up in the same antique character. Farther in the interior

of

of the county, and out of the way of tourists, lies the beautiful. and perfectly preserved house of Lanhydrock, built by the first Robertes Lord Radnor in 1636-1641, as the inscriptions testify, but wearing a far older appearance; for, no doubt, novelties in architecture travelled slowly into the West in those times. Cotele has been maintained by reverential care, Lanhydrock by a fortunate neglect; for until the time of the present possessor no one seems to have cared to meddle with its gray walls or its primitive decorations and furniture. It stands almost untouched, as if it had been buried alive since the days of the Puritans, whose head-quarters it formed during the campaign of 1644 in the civil Lord Robartes, its builder, was a stanch Presbyterian; and the library collected by himself and his chaplain—one Hannibal Gammon-stands on the old shelves of the long gallery as if its Roundhead purchasers had been using it only yesterday rare old tomes of scholastic divinity and philosophy, mingled with the controversial tracts of the day, and acts and proclamations of the Long Parliament uncut from the press-a large part seasoned with many a bitter MS, marginal note against prelacy and popery. An avenue of old sycamores, now decaying, leads from the beautiful insulated portal in front of the house across the park. That avenue was planted under orders sent by Lord Robartes from London, when he had become Conservative, and had been clapped by Oliver Cromwell into the Gatehouse, just two centuries ago. Except the house of the Pophams at Littlecote (where the identical swords and steel caps of Cromwell's Ironsides hang round the hall), we know no spot which so vividly brings back the memories of the Great Rebellion, so peculiarly. attractive to the English mind.

Except in the north-eastern angle of the county, the commonalty are undoubtedly in the main of the old Celtic stock; but they have become far more a mixed race than their kinsfolk in the Highlands, Ireland, Wales, or Brittany; not from invasion, but from the gradual infusion of other blood through commerce and the demand for labour. This is proved by the considerable mixture of English with Cornish family names throughout the To this cause is probably to be attributed the circumstance that they have less of a marked national physiognomy than is usually found in secluded districts. Physically, they are a very fine race, well fed, sturdy, and laborious; in some remote districts (such as the extreme southern peninsula of Meneage) greatly exceeding the usual stature; peculiarly broad-shouldered everywhere; a Cornish regiment of militia is said to cover more ground than the same number of men from any other county. They are long lived also, when the underground population (probably

- not exceeding from 10,000 to 20,000) is left out of the estimate. The life of the poor miner himself is a short and a painful one. Continuous labour in an intensely heated atmosphere (the internal warmth of the earth increasing rapidly, as is well known, as we descend below the surface) is aggravated by the great additional exertion of ascending to 'grass' from a depth of perhaps 2000 feet at the end of the day's work. It is to us perfectly inexplicable how the invention of the 'man-engine,' for relieving the miner of this terrible drain on his strength, has made no progress, among a people so singularly ingenious and full of resource, for the last twenty years, being still employed, we believe, in two or three large mines only. But the 'mining population' generally, including the families of the underground labourers, and the numbers who find employment in connexion with the mines aboveground, are as hardy and well-grown as the rest. general prevalence, however, of an ungainly, slouching carriage, renders the appearance of this athletic race far less promising than the reality justifies, and strikes forcibly any one who is at all accustomed to the upright bearing of the drilled populations of the continent. On the delicate subject of female beauty it is dangerous to venture. Observing a sage moderation, we will only say that good looks, if not absolutely prevalent, are very common among the better half of the Cornish nation; that in youth they are often attended with a peculiar smoothness and clearness of complexion not so easy to describe as to appreciate, which the learned derive from the fish-eating propensities of the maidens in question; but that the traveller must not raise his *anticipations too high. He will not be often delighted with those visions of wild and exquisite beauty which seem to greet him from the flower-canopied porches of a thousand cottages in the sweet shire of Devon.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the Cornish—though, happily, not a warlike people, nor likely to become so for lack of example, while order is maintained among this dense and active population by a detachment of some thirty or forty soldiers at Pendennis—are a peculiarly brave one; brave, even beyond the common standard of the quality claimed by Englishmen; with a dash of the reckless and lavish courage of their Celtic ancestors; strengthened, doubtless, by the constant habit of risking life in the adventures of the sea and the mine. This quality they showed abundantly in the old fighting days, the record of the 'Cornish armies' disclosing a succession of dashing exploits against superior odds. In the Civil War, Colonel Frennes's Bristol garrison surrendered almost without a blow from mere terror of the wild Cornish, who had the character of running

like cats up walls and earthworks. They were still more formidable from the ease with which they were (and still are) trained into soldiers upon occasion, owing to the habits of discipline and of common action which their modes of life give them. their impulses, tastes, and pleasures are almost all gregarious. In old days they met, quarrelled, and fraternised, in faction-fights like those of Ireland, wrestling matches, hurling matches, and The gentry seem to have lived in a social, similar amusements. Castle-Rackrent kind of fashion of their own. 'A gentleman and his wife,' says Carew, 'will ride to make merry with his next neighbour, and after a day or two these two couples go to a third; in which progress they increase like snowballs, till through their burdensome weight they break again.' Long after the time of Carew the late Mr. Beckford gave a singular picture of Cornish hospitality in 1787, in his account of his reception at a seat near Falmouth, when windbound before his voyage to Portugal:—

'We had on the table a savoury pig, right worthy of Otaheite, and some of the finest poultry I ever tasted; and round the table two or three brace of Cornish gentlefolks, not deficient in humour or originality.... About eight in the evening six game cocks were ushered into the eating rooms by two limber lads in scarlet jackets; and after a flourish of crowings the noble birds set to with surprising keenness. Tufts of brilliant feathers soon flew about the apartments; but the carpet was not stained with the blood of the combatants; for, to do Trefusis justice, he has a generous heart, and takes no pleasure in cruelty. The cocks were unarmed, had their spurs cut short, and may live to fight fifty such harmless battles.'

It is however just to add, what Beckford does not, that the Squire Trefusis of this sketch (afterwards Lord Clinton) was at the time a youth of three-and-twenty. Cock-fighting, we presume, is now extinct. Wrestling is almost discontinued, except as a publican's speculation. Hurling is kept up, though with less spirit than formerly. But the spirit of aggregation rather finds a vent in camp-meetings, temperance-parties, and monster tea-drinkings; how much for the better or worse we, leave it to others to say. The Cornish motto of 'One and All' is true enough as expressing this propensity, though absurdly false when quoted (as it commonly is) in self-laudation for a supposed spirit of national unity. Never was a small people more curiously and readily divisible into factions, or more disinclined (we are sorry to say it) to really useful co-operation. The railway history of the last few years gives abundant and melancholy proof of our assertion. The shrewd Cornishmen rushed, tête baissée, into the network of controversies in which the interested originators of rival railway schemes had involved the question of supplying

their county with the means of locomotion. We can remember the time when narrow gauge and broad gauge bred discord in families almost to the extent of Low Church and High Church—when a partisan of the 'Great Central Line' would hardly speak to a brother townsman on the local committee of the 'Cornwall.' This was some twelve years since; and what is the result? Hundreds of thousands have been spent, and this populous and wealthy region is still, strange to say, 'beyond railways,' and with every prospect of remaining sometimes of incomplete lines, correspondent in their landings on the hill sides.

conspicuous in their loneliness on the hill sides.

It is rather singular that a hotblooded people thus easily excited by local quarrel should be comparatively indifferent to political agitation; but such, we apprehend, is the fact. Notwithstanding the density of population and the habits of association which belong to the labouring classes, they have taken but little share in the public movements of late years; leagues, and unions, and Chartist gatherings have had small attraction for them, nor has any merely political cause found numerous and sanguine adherents in Cornwall. Much, no doubt, is owing to their geographical position, which almost cuts off the contagion of 'foreign' zeal. There prevails also among them an amount of self-education in political matters, arising from circumstances in their social economy, which makes them far less easily the prey of mere agitators than operatives in general. Through companionship in mining adventure—through the working of the 'tributer' system of mining labour, which Mr. Babbage considered so excellent a thing that he has urged its extension to other branches of industry—through the usage of conducting fishing operations 'on shares,' in which all the crew take part-Cornishmen are familiar from their youth with the principle of 'co-operation,' and consequently have not much to learn either of the strength or weakness of the Socialist scheme. 'Strikes,' we believe, are unheard of in the county. Doubtless, also, the scenes with which they were familiar for centuries in the elections for their twenty boroughs, and the habit of seeing, 'oculis fidelibus,' the principle of representation reduced to a most homely and bibacious contract between vendor and purchaser, were not without their effect in disgusting the better class with the whole subject, like the periodical excesses of the Helots at Sparta. But we trace something of this comparative indifference to politics even in their earlier history. It is true that the Cornish took a very important share in the Great Civil War. Twice they may be said to have rescued the royal cause—in the campaign of 1643, by the victories of Stratton and Lansdowne; and again, in 1644, when Lord Essex

was drawn into Cornwall by the representations of Lord Robertes and other Roundhead gentlemen-whose object, says the Royalist Sanderson, was to collect their arrears of rent: which imputation is denounced by his lordship, in a marginal note on the passage in his library at Lanhydrock, as a 'base lie.' This time the county was more divided: a good many sided with Essex; but the Royalists again prevailed, and the Presbyterian leader was forced to avoid a ruinous surrender by a discreditable flight. But notwithstanding these exploits, there seems to have been little permanent on passionate loyalty; the county submitted very quietly to the law of the strongest, and showed no vehement monarchical predilections afterwards. Local historians remark with how little personal feeling or asperity the war seems to have been carried on in Cornwall; by all, perhaps, except the fierce old Cavalier governor of Pendennis, Sir John Arundel of Trerice, who took the matter in earnest, and neither gave nor asked for quarter: one of his four sons was killed in single combat by a Roundhead captain at the siege of Plymouth, and the victor had the assurance to demand of Sir John, as a magistrate, the reward which Parliament had offered for every slain Royalist officer. In later times the only political movement with which the Cornish name is much associated is that occasioned by the imprisonment of the seven bishops, one of whom (Trelawney, of Exeter, afterwards of Bristol and of Winchester) was the chief of his ancient family. The famous ballad,—

> 'And shall Trelawney die? There's twenty thousand underground Will know the reason why,'—

is, we fear, with the exception of the burden, a modern invention of the Rev. Mr. Hawker of Moorwinstow, a writer of no common poetical talent. But the bishop, besides his descent, had precisely the character which commands the popular favour, always inclined to smile on the strongwilled and arbitrary. 'It is an old saying in our county, observes the poet Lord Lansdowne, 'that a Trelawney never wanted courage, nor a Godolphin wit, nor a Grenville loyalty.' And neither ordination nor consecration had extinguished in Sir Jonathan the 'savage virtue of his race,' though compelled to exhibit it in the courts of law instead of the field. As visitor of Winchester school he put down by his summary will some of those servile customs (the only discredit of Wykeham's magnificent foundations) which the scholars were compelled to observe. As visitor of Exeter College, it is matter of Oxford tradition how he drove up to the gate in his coach and four, and seized on and suspended, ipso facto, an Arian president

and six senior fellows. It was he who won for bishops, by dint of litigation, that privilege of examining all clerks presented for institution in their diocese, which has proved of late years a somewhat dangerous prerogative. Peace he to his manes!—but he left but little of that commodity, we suspect, in the three dioceses which he successively administered. Since his time, we are aware of no political leader round whom the sympathies of Cornishmen have rallied, nor any political cause which has produced

much excitement among them, except the cider-tax.

An account of the Mines, and the mode of working them, will be found in the Introduction to the 'Hand-book.' The visitor who explores them will find little, the writer tells us, to gratify curiosity. The excavations are 'generally so low and narrow as to admit the passage of one person only at a time, and that in a stooping posture. The miner, too, like the mole, is solitary in operation, and is often discovered alone at the end of a gallery, in a damp and confined space, boring the solid rock, or breaking down the ore, by the feeble light of a candle.' From the little work on 'Cornwall, its Mines and Miners,' it appears that the number of people employed directly or indirectly by tin and copper mines (the latter now by far the most important), including those of the neighbouring part of Devon, which have recently risen once more into consequence, may probably reach 80,000 or 90,000. The wages of 'tributers,'* in 1857, averaged 58s. 3d. per month; those of 'tutwork' (taskwork) men 53s. 8d. The total dividends of shareholders in British mines have varied in the eight years ending 1853, inclusive, between 130,000l. and 330,000l.

We extract from the same useful little volume the following

account of the characteristics of the mining population:-

'The superiority of the Cornish miner to the agricultural labourer may be at once inferred. The latter is confined by habit to a set task. He is never thrown on his own resources in the progress of his occupation, and he goes through life as a mere human machine, performing exactly the same thing from youth to age, neither increasing nor diminishing his scanty stock of ideas. But the miner is the reverse of all this. He is engaged mostly in work requiring the exercise of the mind. He is constantly taking a new "pitch" in a new situation, where his judgment is called into action. His wages are not the stinted recompense of half-emancipated serfship, but they arise from contract, and they depend upon some degree of skill and knowledge. In fact, the chances of the lode keep alive a kind of excitement,

and

^{*} The tributers receive a proportion of the proceeds arising from the sale of the ore, the value of which varies from 6d. to 13s. 4d. in the pound, and it is the chance of hitting upon a rich and high-priced lode that keeps them in a constant flutter of speculative life.—Hand-book to Cornwall, p. 40.

and foster a hope of good fortune that never altogether deserts the miner. If at all imaginative, he dreams in the underground darkness of becoming suddenly rich. He is a kind of subterranean stockjobber, and, doubtless, the excitement such gentlemen feel on the London Stock Exchange, in "making a price" of Consol sor of North-Westerns, is paralleled near the Land's End, in the heart of the humble tributer or tutworker.

'From the absence of traditions as to the original peculiarities of the Cornish miners (adds the same writer), I infer that they have always been a milder and more mannerly race than the northern pitmen. Forty or fifty years ago the Newcastle collier was an oddity. What with his hair in long curls, or his tail of hair tied up with ribbons; and his fancy-flowered waistcoat, or "posy vest;" and his velveteen breeches, and his flowing knee ribbons, and his "clocked" stockings, and his round ribboned hat; there never was, probably, such a dashing workman in any department of labour in this country. But you hear of nothing whatever of this kind as formerly prevalent amongst Cornish miners.

'As to games and sports of bowls, and donkey-races, and cock-fighting, and dog-baiting, I never heard of any of them in the western mining districts. In these, too, you find few or no characteristic amusements at night. Music is welcome, and you may find a few local bands composed chiefly of miners, but they are not general. I gave some instances of the peculiar fondness for mathematical studies amongst the northern pitmen. I found few or none such in Cornwall. Neither mathematics, nor any other branch of study, is fervently pursued there, and any instance of excellence in any one branch of science stands out as singular.'

The characteristics of the mining class apply with scarcely less truth to the rest of the population. For the intermixture of employments is great; in all the mining and maritime part of. the county, the small trader and the farmer are habitually speculators in mines and fisheries. That strange-looking individual, whom you, an eastern visitor, may observe in swallowtailed coat, rusty silk hat, black trowsers and stockings, and low-quartered shoes, at work in his croft of potatoes, or cultivating a pretty luxuriant two-acre field of wheat, in the half-reclaimed flats about Tregonning Hill or St. Agnes' Beacon, seems a very heterodox specimen of the British agriculturist; but, if you knew his history, you would probably find that he has, or has had, shares in a drift-boat, a scine, and a neighbouring mine or two, and his soul is at this moment far away from his dirty acres, wandering in Eldorado. He has seen, what we ourselves have seen, a common miner of one year driving his carriage and pair of greys the next, and the moral of the third year, in which the miner in question has passed the Insolvent Court, is lost on him. It is strange that a population unusually orderly and sober, and reasonably honest, should be also one of habitual

habitual gamblers, active or speculative. We suppose that this kind of poison, like others, loses its deleterious effect on the constitutions of those who are thoroughly inured to it. It must be added, that, with the spirit of self reliance which this kind of life engenders, it creates also a very considerable amount of self-opinion. The thorough Cornishman's respect for his own shrewdness and that of his clan is unbounded, or only equalled by his profound contempt for 'foreigners' from the east; a class created for his benefit—given over to him for a prey. And this feeling increases ludicrously in intensity as we advance further west, until we reach the Land's End parish of St. Just, in which the despised 'East' comprehends all the rest of England. It must be owned that the Cornubians have daily and abundant proof of the gullibility of the men of the east, and the Londoners in particular; the opening of a new undertaking, by what they term a 'hearty set of adventurers' fresh from the metropolis, is a great opportunity for local jubilation. We have seen it calculated that on a long term of years the balance-sheet of Cornish mining, taken together, presents a loss instead of a gain. This we can hardly believe, but we have no doubt whatever that the entire trade fully illustrates Adam Smith's proposition, that profits, in a business partaking of the nature of a lottery, are habitually somewhat lower than in others, owing to the innate gambling propensity of mankind.

One more quality we must allude to, as partly arising from their economical circumstances, partly, perhaps, innate in the race—the great predominance of the imaginative faculty. It may seem strange to assert this of a county which is totally without poetical legends—a county which has never produced a single English poet, hardly a few third-rate versifiers. So hard-driven have the Cornish been to add a few bards to their very handsome list of local divines, lawyers, and men of science, that they have endeavoured to make a laureate even out of Peter Pindar; but though that eccentric personage (Dr. Wolcot) much affected the character of a Cornishman—though he calls on him-

self, in one of his odes, to

'Answer! for Fame is with conjecture dizzy—Did Mousehole give thee birth, or Mevagizzey?'

—though he passed his best years in Truro, where his talk made him at once the scandal, terror, and pride of the sober little town—he was in truth a Devonian, by birth and parentage. Nor can we make an exception for two poets of the present day, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Hawker, whom we have quoted in these pages—for both, unless we are mistaken, are only settlers in Cornwall.

But

But the faculty in question is not less marked and powerful, although its usual manifestations are not of the poetical order. and it connects itself more readily with the practical. The sense of the vague and indefinite, which is of the essence of poetry, mingles greatly with that restless aspiration after change of place which makes the Cornishman one of the most locomotive of man-Emigration has been so large of late years as to keep the population stationary, notwithstanding a flourishing state of domestic industry: in all parts of the new world, in North and South America and Australia, knots of Cornish emigrants will be found, generally, but not always, attracted by their peculiar industry, and generally prosperous, though more through speculative qualities than the cool and thrifty determination of the sons of the The very recent outburst of the old English colonizing ardour, which has founded for us a fourth empire in the seas of the south, found its representatives and interpreters in the late Sir W. Molesworth and Charles Buller-Cornishmen both. Sometimes the same imaginative tendency tinges religious zeal: as in Henry Martyn, the Cornish missionary, the most imaginative, and by reason of that very faculty the most influential, of that noble band. Sometimes it colours the pursuit of science, as in Sir Humphry Davy—the most eminent of modern Cornishmen —in whom undeniable genius, as well as great practical shrewdness, were united with a good deal of the visionary, and something—the words will out—of charlatanerie and pretension. Oftentimes we find it hovering on that undefined border which lies between enthusiasm and imposture, and leaving us uncertain whether he who exhibits it is really deceived or a deceiver. Easily affected by the wild and mystical, the Cornish seem calculated to become at once the frequent victims, and frequent originators, of imposture. They rose twice in rebellion for that enigmatical personage, Perkin Warbeck-in whom, were he true prince or pretender, no other part of the nation seems to have taken the smallest interest. The pseudo Sir William Courtenay, who led the blind Kentish peasants, a few years ago, to confront with naked breasts the muskets of the soldiers, came from Cornwall; so, if we are not mistaken, did Joanna Southcott; and many more of less note might be named, of whom to pronounce with certainty whether they were crazed themselves, or the wilful producers of craziness in others, would be a difficult task.

Under all the changes in their ecclesiastical history, the Cornish have been, as may well be supposed, a people peculiarly liable to devotional influences. Their antiquaries have devoted many a weary page of illustration to those meagre legendary traditions which speak of the immigration from Ireland into their peninsula

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peninsula of that series of saints, male and female, who have given strange names, unknown to other hagiologies, to the parishes of half the county. They were an apocryphal set at best, and their so-called histories seem as baseless as those of Uther Pendragon or Corineus the Trojan. Nevertheless, scanty as our proofs are, it is scarcely possible to doubt that this western region was the seat of a flourishing Christian community long before the arrival of Augustine in Kent; a community which ignored Roman tradition and discipline, kept Easter after the Greek fashion, and derived its distant origin from that oldest mother of Churches, the patriarchal seat of Jerusalem. The most interesting relic of that early period (as it may be somewhat confidently named) was discovered about twenty years ago -the buried church or oratory of St. Piran. The parish of Perranzabuloe, or Perran in the Sands, as its name imports, extends over a large tract of towans or dunes-moveable hills of blown sand, driven continually inland by the fury of the northwest wind. Twice, according to the traditions of the place, the inhabitants had removed their parish church before the march of the invader. The very site of the first church had long been The second was deemed to be protected by a running stream—for a loose sand-hill can no more cross a running stream than a witch can perform the same feat; and we have noticed in this very parish a drift of nearly one hundred feet high, divided by a mere rivulet of water from the green pastures to leeward, over which it has seemingly impended for many years without being able to reach them. But the rill which protected the second church of Perran was diverted for mining purposes: the sand began to overwhelm the second church, and the inhabitants reluctantly removed the ornamental masonry in 1803 to a third site, two miles off. At last, in 1835, the original church itself was brought to light by the shifting of the sands—surrounded by hundreds on hundreds of skeletons, ranged in orderly ranks; for the sanctity of the spot rendered it a favourite cemetery for centuries_after the church itself had been abandoned. This last event must have taken place before the invasion of Athelstan in A.D. 936, if we may believe the Rev. Mr. Haslam, an enthusiastic ecclesiologist, as beseems the curate of St. Piran's: though we will not indorse all the conclusions which he draws in his curious little volume, 'Perran Zabuloe, or the lost Church found,' from these 'withered skulls, and bones, and heaped-up dust,' and the rude walls of uncemented stone around which they lie. Both the little church itself (only 25 feet long) and these remains of mortality have suffered much from Vandal spoilers since their discovery. But it is still a singular and a solemn sight, that small

small fragment of the hoariest Christian antiquity, with its roundheaded doorways, its distinct nave and chancel, and the ancient skeletons still bleaching in the dry sand near it, as the traveller comes suddenly on them in the utter solitude of the 'towans,' which spread like undulating waves for miles around. He must be a very philosophic, or a very reckless observer, whose heart is not stirred; with a strong sense of that coming day when those mouldering relics are to meet and join together, 'bone to his bone,' and shall 'live, and stand upon their feet, an

exceeding great army.'

A very large number of the Cornish country churches are of one period, namely, the first half of the fifteenth century; solid and simply ornamented edifices of moorstone or killas, chieffy remarkable for their large symmetrical, though somewhat heavy, Standing for the most part on elevations, and uniform in size and shape, they rather bewilder than direct the stranger as they are seen peering over the wide sweeps of dreary, treeless More remarkable perhaps are those of later construction, such as the twin Tudor churches of Launceston and Bodmin. carrying the style of that period almost to its highest point of ornament, and striking from the execution of all that ornament in the hard granite of the neighbouring moors. The people long remained zealous and somewhat turbulent Catholics; they rose in 1547 against Protector Somerset, under the nominal leadership of Humphrey Arundel of the Mount, but in reality under priestly inspiration, as is very obvious from the curious set of demands which they served on the royalist officer Lord Russell at Exeter, in which his Majesty was required to abide by 'all the decrees of the general councils,' and, moreover, to take the advice of 'Arundel and the mayor of Bodmin.' The suppression of this rebellion, and the severities used towards the insurgents, were among the best preserved Cornish household traditions. unfortunate mayor of Bodmin, who had been so ambitious of 'advising' the King, was hanged at his own door; his wife had been moved to petition for his life, 'but' says satirical Hals, 'to render herself the more amiable petitioner before the Marshal's eyes, this dame spent so much time in attiring herself and putting on her French hood, then in fashion, that her husband was put to death before her arrival.' We hear no more afterwards of religious disturbance in Cornwall: the reformed faith quietly prevailed. Puritanism, however, took but little hold of the people; nor did George Fox, the Quaker, although he often perambulated this remote peninsular region, and had evidently a liking for it, produce any very extensive awakening among them. But his journals (or rather the compilation which goes

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by that name—for Fox, 'hero' though he may have been, was utterly incapable of penning them) give a very terrible account of the kind of justice and correction administered in Cornish local courts and local prisons of that day. Take the following recital of the adventures of himself and companions among the 'dark, hardened people' of Launceston:—

'Now the assize being over, and we settled in prison upon such a commitment as we were not likely to be soon released, we broke off from giving the gaoler seven shillings a week for our horses and seven shillings a week for ourselves, and sent our horses out into the country. Upon which the gaoler grew very wicked and devilish, and put us down into Doomsdale, a nasty, stinking place, where they used to put witches and murderers after they were condemned to die.'

The description of Doomsdale which follows is far too horrible for insertion, but will scarcely be deemed incredible by those familiar with the history of prisons in England:—

'This head-gaoler, we were informed, had been a thief, and was burnt both in the hand and the shoulder; his wife too had been burnt in the hand. The under-gaoler had been burnt both in the hand and in the shoulder; and his wife had been burnt in the hand also. And Colonel Bennet, who was a Baptist teacher, having purchased the gaol and lands belonging to the castle, had placed this head-gaoler therein.'

The conversion of the people of Cornwall from what is called in religious works their state of spiritual apathy, denied to George Fox, was reserved for a greater man, the renowned John Wesley. We have never been able to discover what particular cause directed Wesley to select this county as one of his principal fields. The first viat to Cornwall recorded in his journals took place in 1743, the latest in 1781, when he preached for the last time from his famous stand in the natural amphitheatre, or 'pit,' at Gwennap, which is still the anniversary-meeting ground of his followers. 'I believe,' he says, 'two or three and twenty thousand were present. I think this is my ne plus ultrà. I shall scarce see a larger congregation till we meet in the air.'

Very great, doubtless, was the change effected by Wesley in this western region in the space of a generation. His preachings began at a time when the outward disregard of religion was great in Cornwall as elsewhere; the churches were neglected, their services few and ill attended; the very phraseology of popular piety, so familiar to the ears of a former generation, had become nearly obsolete. 'I asked a little gentleman at St. Just,' says Wesley, 'what objection there was to Edward Greenfield?'— a pious tinner, on whom the constables had seized. He said, 'Why, the man is well enough in other things, but his impudence

dence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, sir, he says his sins are forgiven! In those times, and partially indeed long after, the manners and habits of the Cornish populace seem (as we have partly seen) to have strongly resembled those of the Irish, without the religious fervour which characterises the latter. There were the same clannish propensities, the same faction fights, the same riotous fairs and noisy funerals, the same disposition for turbulent encounters with the established authorities on every local occasion. Drunkenness must have been nearly universal: we can hardly realise the extent of the change throughout society, and in both sexes, which has occurred in this particular. 'A lady of a distant county,' says the gossip Polwhele, 'lately observed to me that Cornwall, and the west of Cornwall particularly, are remarkable for beautiful women. The girls are very pretty, she said, up to the age of thirteen; after which their complexions are soon spoilt by brandy-drinking, and their health impaired!' The inhuman practice of wrecking, of which so many stories are told, continued in full vigour. no great distance from St. Anthony, says the same authority, 'a wreck happening on a Sunday morning, the clerk announced to the parishioners just assembled, that "Measter would gee them a holladay." This is a fact; but whether measter cried out, as his flock were rushing from the church, "Stop, stop! let us ctart fair!" I will not aver.'*

About the time of which Polwhele writes, a charge was rife (says Mr. Redding) against a man of a certain position in society of having 'tied up the leg of an ass at night, and hung a lantern round its neck, and driven it himself along the summit of the high cliff on that part of the northern coast where he lived, in order that the halting motion of the animal might imitate the plunging of a vessel under sail, and thus tempt ships to run in, from imagining there was sea-room, where destruction was inevitable.'

Such were the materials out of which Wesley, and his associates and followers, constructed one of the most orderly and

^{*} The 'Sir Balaam' of Pope is enriched by two shipwrecks which 'bless the lucky shore' of his Cornish lands. 'The author,' says the poet in a note, 'has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre, the people. Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.' This was written in 1732. The Cornish are fond of asserting that the 'wrecking' propensity is now wholly obsolete. We have heard of no recent instances, but are not so sure that the spirit is absolutely extinct. The agent for a county candidate was very lately asked, when canvassing a coast district, 'what Mr. — thought about wrecking?'

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civilised societies in the world. Mr. Mann's tables, which we cite with every allowance for the imperfections ascribed to them, give 45,000 adult members of the Church of England in Cornwall against 116,000 Protestant Dissenters; but if the western and industrious part of the county were taken by itself, the proportion of the latter would be still further increased. These Dissenters are almost entirely Methodists; the old connexion forming about one-half. No other form of Protestant dissent has taken much root in Cornwall. The Church of England maintains her ground but hardly against the current of popular impulse; and the causes which have lately filled so large a proportion of her pulpits, in this part of England, with stanch 'ritualists' and clergy of very exalted opinions, have given her for the time even less chance of success than heretofore, notwithstanding all her awakened zeal and activity.*

Thus far, could Wesley revisit the earth, he would find that his labours had been crowned with outward success; but whether the character of the religious faith which now bears his name in these western parts would meet his entire approval, may be doubted. Fanaticism (we are anxious to use the word with as little disrespect as possible) can scarcely take strong hold of the popular mind, except in one of two shapes, either under the guise of priest-worship and ritualism which satisfy the fancy, or of that strong predestinarianism which masters and engrosses the intellect. Any revival which (like Wesley's) rests on neither of these principles, so deeply rooted in human nature, is usually, we fear, short-lived in the full extent of its fervour, although it mayelong survive in name. The Calvinism of Whitefield had made an impression in Cornwall, contemporaneously with Wesley's preaching, much greater than is to be measured by the number of his nominal adherents. Wesley seems to have had himself a suspicion that his own favourite Arminian tenets were scarcely strong meat enough for the eager-minded population whose spiritual hunger he had excited. 'The more I converse with the believers in Cornwall,' he says in 1762, 'the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing

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^{*} In out-of-the-way parishes, however, the Church will sometimes be found holding a very exclusive tenure of popular affection. A friend of ours, looking into a church on the coast a few years ago, observed the elergyman (an excellent man, since deceased) performing some occasional service in a comfortable arm-chair. He asked the churchwarden the meaning of this singular ecclesiastical usage, and was answered, that the parson had met with a had accident the other day among the cliffs, that he proposed to get a curate, but that the parish were determined against dissent and novelties of all kinds, and did not feel comfortable under the proposal; that they had therefore begged him to go on as before, doing just as much duty as he pleased, when he pleased, and how he pleased.

the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced.' The general tendency of Cornish popular Methodism, whatever its more orthodox teachers may maintain, we believe, notwithstanding the high moral character of the people, to be towards Antinomianism of sentiment at least, if not of doctrine.

If the fatalist theory tends also to engender spiritual prideand in Cornwall, as in Wales, it is impossible not to be struck with the prevalence of that failing in its coarsest forms-it adds at the same time a peculiar vigour to the native virtues of courage Many are the records of unassuming bravery. and endurance. contained in the annals of Cornish enthusiasm. When the Anson frigate went to pieces, years ago, on the terrible beach of the Loe Bar near Helston—where, as the people of the neighbourhood affirm, the bodies of the drowned, if recovered at all, reappear stripped of their very clothing by the grinding of the rollers on the shingle—the only assistance that could be given was by rushing as far as possible into the surf, and snatching at the bodies as the breakers carried them struggling towards the shore. A poor methodist teacher, whose name is unrecorded, volunteered for the service; he rode twice into the sea and rescued two sailors, but on the third venture both horse and rider were swept, away. A more remarkable story, of a few years back only, has met with an unpropitious lot, in our opinion, by falling into the hands of Mr. Carlyle, who has dressed it up as an illustration of heroism; but the fact is true, and the scene was a mine in the neighbourhood of Liskeard. Two men, an older and a younger, were at work blasting in a level. Not till the fuse was lit for effecting their purpose did they discover that the 'kiddle,' or basket, which was let down to carry them out of danger, was only large enough for one. The elder man, a class-teacher we believe, insisted on his younger companion mounting without him, because, as he said, he had himself assurance of salvation, while his comrade might risk soul as well as body. He crouched down in a corner, and the explosion passed safely over his head. Such a story is far best left to make its impression without rhetorical aid; but the reader may compare, if he will, the terrible narrative in Sir Walter Scott's journal in the Orkneys, of the three cragsmen suspended by a rope, of which the strands were visibly parting overhead: the topmost man, convinced that it must break with the weight of the three, deliberately cut it asunder below himself, and launched his father and brother into the abyss.

Of Cornish superstition, too nearly akin to Cornish devotion—corruptio optimi pessimu—we hardly venture to say all that the subject suggests. It is so prolific that we might fill pages, not

with mere legends wrought up for literary purposes, but with serious accounts of the wild delusions which seem to have lived on from the very birth of pagan antiquity, and still to hold their influence among the earnest and Christian people of this corner of England. Stripping off the romantic and the amusing, it is in truth rather a humiliating topic to dwell on. Superstition lives on, with little abatement of vitality, in the human heart; in the lower classes, it wears its old fashions with very slow alteration in the higher, it changes them with the rapidity of modes in fashionable circles. We read with a smile of amusement and pity the account of some provincial conjuror who follows with slight change the trade of the witch of Endor; and we then compose our features to a grave expression of interest (for so society requires) to listen to some enlightened person's description of the latest novelties in table-turning or spirit-rapping, or some fair patient's account of her last conversation with her last quack doctor. We feel therefore rather ashamed of professing superior wisdom to our Cornish friends; but the subject is too characteristic to be wholly omitted. Certainly the Celtic races stand pre-eminent among mankind in the variety and strangeness of their intimacy with the invisible world. It seems the growth of their very climate and geographical position among the mists of the Atlantic-

' Placed far amid the melancholy main'-

in a region with ever-varying aspects of land, and sea, and sea-born vapour, producing fantastic appearances unfamiliar to the denizens of those drier and warmer regions where the bright aërial perspective remains unchanged through months of sunshine, and where the storm, when it comes, envelops all at once in unmitigated darkness. Optical delusions are rare under that transparent canopy, save in a few excepted cases, such as the pretty spectacle of the Fata Morgana. And mental delusion, περὶ τὸ θεῖον, or 'demonomania,' though by no means unheard of, is seldom a prevalent or lasting epidemic in regions where mere material life is so self-sufficing. Our Celts, on the other hand, are probably those very Cimmerians of whom Homer had that sublime, because indefinite, conception—dwellers on the confines of the living and dead, themselves wrapt in eternal and death-like gloom-ηερί και νεφέλη κεκαλυμμένοι; which idea Claudian has materialised and degraded, in the well-known lines-

> 'Est locus extremum quâ pandit Gallia litus, Oceani prætentus aquis Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantûm Flebilis auditur questus; simulacra coloni Pallida, defunctasque vident errare figuras.'

This conversion of the vaguely sublime Cimmerians into gross, matter-of-fact, provincial 'coloni,' scot-and-lot payers of Aquitaine and Armorica, living among ghosts, meeting ghosts daily on their excursions, and hearing them squeak as they flit by, is no doubt of a deep order of bathos, and strongly exemplifies the difference between the inspired bard and the rhetorical versifier, And yet the Claudianic description, in its naked grotesqueness, does express in an uncouth way the curious terms of familiarity in which the Celtic population have lived, from time immemorial, with the spirits of the dead, and the elvish races of middle air. The mythology of Ireland, the Highlands, Wales, and Brittany, has long furnished food for romance: Cornish superstitions have been less 'exploités' for the market, partly because less known, and partly because less attractive from what we have termed the essentially unpoetical spirit of the people, which has never invested them with any kind of legendary interest. But they are grotesque enough, and gloomy enough, to serve the turn of any compiler of such lore; and, moreover, of a very practical character to this day. 'Within my remembrance,' says Polwhele in 1826, 'there were conjuring parsons and cunning clerks; every blacksmith was a doctor, every old woman was a witch. In short, all nature seemed to be united—its wells, its plants, its birds, its beasts, its reptiles, and even inanimate things-in sympathising with human credulity; in predicting or in averting, in relieving or in aggravating, misfortune.' Holy wells-not the least graceful relic of paganism-have pretty nearly lost their influence in Cornwall, after long ages of popularity; yet we have heard of relief sought in this way within these few years. Many a spell and amulet still survives, and many a strange traditional cure; though we question whether rheumatism is still treated with 4 boiled dunderbolt '(thunderbolt or Celt), as Polwhele says it was in his time. The Pixies, or rather 'piskies,' are still favourite subjects of half-credulous talk, if not so implicitly believed in as formerly: our readers may find in the papers on Cornish Folk-lore in 'Notes and Queries' the pretty story of the Pixy-led schoolboy, who was carried, on pronouncing certain magical words, with a host of the little people, from Polperro through the air to Seaton Beach, and thence, if we recollect rightly, to the King of France's cellar-a tale of yesterday. But the gloomy and the malevolent superstitions have, unhappily, the most tenacious hold. Drowned men are still heard to 'hail their own names' in stormy weather. near the spot where they perished. The 'Death-ship' still stands in to shore-tall, dark, square-rigged, with black sails, beating up against wind and tide—as the omen of remarkable deaths. Sturdy sailors, their limbs distorted by cramp or rheumatism, will* even

even now ascribe their sufferings—ay, and swear to the tale in Court—to the wicked practices of some old woman whom they have met on the hill-side, waving her stick in the air. Miners, almost as superstitious as sailors, are not vexed, so far as we are aware, like their brethren in Germany, with visitations of Kobolds and Berg-Geister; but they hear underground the noise of the 'knockers,' the imprisoned spirits of Jews, sent to work in the mines by the Roman emperors,—so at least Mr. Kingsley tells us; it may, however, be doubted whether the notion has not a more modern origin, unknown to the miners themselves, and is perhaps connected with those Jews who commonly farmed or wrought the mines under the Plantagenet kings. We hardly venture to catalogue among superstitious practices the use of the divining rod, provincially termed 'Dowsing,' frequently resorted to at this day to discover metallic veins, lest some even of our scientific readers should tax us with presumptuous unbelief. But the most inveterate and most mischievous of surviving delusions is that of 'ill-wishing' and 'overlooking,' which is nearly identical with the evil eye of the East, the Jettatura of the Neapolitans. A sinister look, or a muttered expression of discontent, is carefully treasured up by the object of it, and any mischance which follows set down to the score of 'ill-wishers.' And, precisely as at Naples, the faculty is thought to be hereditary. We remember a gang of gipsies driven from their breezy encampment near the Land's End, and scarcely escaping personal violence, not from any prosaic objections to their thievish habits, but because they were reputed to 'ill-wish' the neighbouring population. exhibition of a horseshoe is still the favourite prophylactic.* We have seen them nailed on cottage doors, vessels, omnibuses, and vans, and in one instance on the gate of a borough gaol. gaoler, when questioned, affected a philosophic sneer, but ascribed the horseshoe to the weakness of his wife; she fancied, he said, that her husband might have 'ill-wishers' inside the gaol; which was likely enough.

Of Cornish traditions the most famous, for many a generation, was, perhaps still is, that of Tregeagle, or 'Giant Tregeagle,' a personage round whom, as round the Grecian Hercules, all the scattered fragments of popular fiction seem to conglomerate. The real John Tregeagle, of Treworder, Gent., &c., and Justice of the Peace, was, it seems, steward to the Lord Robartes whom we have already mentioned, and must have belonged to.

^{*} It may not be generally known that the virtue of the horseshoe resembles that of the 'pentagram' with one angle left open, into which Faust enticed Mephistopheies. The evil one, it seems, has a tendency to moving in circles, and consequently, when once enclosed in the horseshoe, cannot easily get out at the heel.

the sceptical party, inasmuch as he was the author of the commitment and persecution of Ann Jefferys, a maiden who pretended to have dealings with the Pixies; nevertheless, he figures in the legend as a conjuror. After his death, his ghost was called as a witness, at Launceston assizes, to prove some issue in a civil action in which his landlord's family were concerned, which purpose he laudably fulfilled, but, having done so, deliberately refused to quit the court, and was only dislodged at last by the spells of a more powerful magician. But his conqueror, it seems, like Michael Scott, only obtained the phantom's submission at the price of always finding him some work to do. Thenceforward his story becomes a hazy tissue of nightmare-like legends—of incessant labours at ghostly and impracticable tasks, such as we attempt in dreams. Sometimes he is found occupying a particular room in the old manor-house of the Robartes family, working all night at endless accounts, in which there is always a sixpence wrong. Sometimes he is damming the mouth of the Loe-Pool with sand, which the high tides and the land floods regularly wash away. Sometimes he is draining a desolate lake on the moors with a limpet-shell having a hole in the bottom, a legend, by the way, which we found current among the Devonshire moormen respecting Cran Mere Pool in the centre of Dartmoor.

'And still some new labour the wizard must find, The wandering phantom to tame and to bind. When round Hensbarrow Beacon the winter winds roar, 'Tis the voice of Tregeagle abroad on the moor: When the cliffs of the Deadman re-echo the waves, 'Tis his spirit that moans in those tide-furrowed caves. The quoits, that he pitched on a saint's day at play, Lie piled on the margin of Veryan Bay. A sackfull of sand from his shoulder let spill Dammed up the Loe River to Helston town-mill: They open the channel with labour and pain, But fast as they open it closes again. Sometimes he is set (when the weather is cool) To drain, with a limpet-shell, Dozmery Pool: And if at his promising task he rebel, The wild fiends oft chase him, with laughter and yell, Through furze-brake and thicket, o'er stone and o'er stock Till he flies, for escape, to the top of Roche Rock, And the rider by night

Passes by with affright
The lone chapel-ruin which stands on the height,
And hurries his pace,

Lest his eye-sight should trace, Looking out from the window, the skeleton face.

. We have endeavoured to represent our Cornish fellow-citizens such as we conceive them to be, in the strength as well as the weakness of their character, without selecting merely those points on which they are accustomed to compliments, and, at the same time, without any attempt at satire or any conscious misrepresentation. No one can have lived among them on terms of familiarity, much less intimacy, without acquiring perhaps an undue bias in their favour from their hearty and hospitable ways, and from that peculiar raciness of character which always belongs, for good or for evil, to people whose land is no thoroughfare; and yet removed by their industrious habits and great commercial activity from the apathy and contented barbarism which are apt to prevail in districts so circumstanced. A deeper interest also attaches to strong local peculiarities in our day, when they are doubtless on the verge of disappearing. They cannot long coexist with our modern rapidity of communication long, that is, in an historical sense of the word; though they will as yet survive through some generations ere they are replaced by that uniformity of thought and action, and extinction of mere local influences, which seems destined to be the ultimate result of our present course of improvement. Whatever sentimental regrets we may entertain for the past, we cannot doubt that anomalies of this kind do substantially act as so many obstacles, so much unnecessary friction, in the way of the machinery of civilization, and that the power of combined action on the one hand, the bower of human thought itself on the other, will gain enor, mously by their entire removal. But this, as we have said, is a consummation as yet far off, even in our small island and intensely active society. In the mean time, it affords the purest and highest satisfaction to observe, that as from time to time the research of the antiquary fixes on and endeavours to portray these features as they exist in his own day—as we pass from the page of Carew to that of Hals, Borlase, Polwhele, and the other authorities to whom we have referred, and thence to the evidences of our own observation and that of our contemporaries—we trace, throughout, evidences of the substantial advance of good and decay of evil; the coarser, darker, and more repulsive features of the social organization tend the most clearly and rapidly towards disappearance. A century ago the inhabitants of the county which we have been describing were, as a people, very careless of religion, if not irreligious; they are now notorious for the prevalence of devotional feeling, with a strong tendency to the enthusiastic. They were all but universally addicted to drunkenness; intemperance is now exceptional among them. They were pugnacious and turbulent; they are now orderly and peaceful, notwithstanding

. Cornwall.

notwithstanding their habits of association in great numbers, in a deree surpassed by no civilized community. They were wreckers and smugglers; wrecking has not only ceased, but they are distinguished for their humanity and courage on the occasions of the many shipping disasters along their coasts; and smuggling (though probably from other than moral causes) is comparatively a trifling evil. Those who view things on the dark side will have it that these undeniable improvements have been effected at the cost of much loss of the rough but sincere morality of earlier life; that criminal offences, particularly of the fraudulent class, have multiplied, and the breach of some common moral laws has become more ordinary. It may be so: we have little confidence in statistical comparisons between the amount of crime at one period and another, knowing the many causes which lead to uncertainty in such comparisons; but the published tables are quite sufficient evidence of the relative amount of crime as between one locality and another, and they show that Cornwall stands remarkably high in this particular among the counties of England. But, however some may reject the notion as a paradox, the amount of legal crime is probably a very imperfect index of the general morality of a district or people. rather to the tone of public opinion. If that be manifestly improved in the great mass of the community,—if many a practice, formerly regarded as venial at best, be now looked on with disfavour, if not with contempt and abhorrence, - if there is a general and increasing admiration of that which is good, though mixed with much false sentiment and visionary enthusiasm, a general and increasing detestation of vice in the abstract, though it be. accompanied with much of cant and self-righteousness, and with much of weakness in practice—the heart of the people is sound, and their deliverance from bondage is proceeding. It is a good sign when not only the vicious, but the merely thoughtless and extravagant, instead of setting the fashion, as they may be said to have done among the low as well as the high in days not very long gone by, are reduced rather to an apologetical state of selfdefence, and forced to murmur their complaints against the hypocrisy of the world, and their conviction that they are not in reality ' so much worse than other folks. And it may even happen that crime appears at the same time to remain stationary, or even to increase, because the criminal population, which lives in habitual conflict with justice or by preying on the remainder, is more distinctly marked out as a class, and cut off from sympathy with the rest of the community.

ART. II.—1. The Book of Rugby School, its History, and its Daily Life. Rugby, 1856.

2. Tom Brown's School Days, by an Old Boy. Cambridge,

1857.

OUR readers must not be scared by the scholastic character of the two works by which this paper is headed. We by no means propose sending them back to school, nor to inflict on the memory of our senior friends the reminiscences of the difficulties by which the pursuit of literature was beset when George III. was king; those good old times are among the things that were, and now that the secret, 'knowledge is power,' is more fully revealed, a spirit of improvement has stirred the stagnant Education is the panacea of the day, by which all that is rotten in the State is to be cured, and while progress is the theory, pace is the practice. Formerly there was no royal road to mathematics, but now, it seems, the rugged path is to rival in comfort the Great Western Express, and we heartily wish the philanthropic speculators a pleasant journey, for in proportion as the moral and intellectual faculties of man be developed, the more is he raised above the beasts that perish. But we fear the advantages are not all in one direction, and the old conveyances may possibly, however inferior in some respects, be surer and safer in the end. •

Be that as it may, the works prefixed to this paper seem to use not inaptly to illustrate this popular topic, and it was at Rugby that Arnold originated and established a better system as regarded the education of the upper classes. He is the Hamlet of the Rugby drama—the 'genius loci'—and shines throughout the bright light which was there first reflected. His impress is, indeed, everywhere, and remains as the footsteps of a megalotherian traced on antediluvian sand, now hardened into enduring rocks—the tracks bear a lasting record of his presence and action. Thus is it that the spirits of the eminent survive the grave; although dead, he still speaketh, inspires, and directs.

The idea and execution of the Book of Rugby is taken from the instructive but somewhat stilty work of Mr. Walcott on William of Wykeham and his colleges. It records the incidents of a school which now numbers an existence of nearly three centuries, and thus fixes recollections for ever, by type, as memory once interrupted can never be recalled. The performance, a labour of love, is a memorial of filial affection, raised by many alumni, in honour of a site where their golden age of youth was

spent.

The book is prettily illustrated with vignettes and wood-cuts, which bring before the stranger's eye the striking features of country and of those prominent objects which recall to the memory of former boys many a fond remembrance, hived in their bosom, like the honey of the bee. The record was edited by Dr. Goulburn, the accomplished head-master, on whom the mantle of his eminent predecessor worthily descended, and by whom his system was continued. Brought up himself at Eton, a school that long has basked in the sunshine of royalty, he laboured to communicate its polish and urbanity to the native rusticity of Rugby, a local foundation of mere mesocratic origin. He has recently passed from being the teacher of boys, to become the instructor of men, and the wider school of the metropolis is opened to his piety and eloquence.

'Our first founder,' Lawrence Sheriff, a native of Rugby, was a plain, homely, right-minded Englishman, who, having risen from an humble beginning, accumulated a large fortune in dealing with the fruits and spices of the West Indies. was warden of the Grocers' Company during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; this was a critical epoch in the advance of civilization, when the discovery of a new world had opened space to the expanding intellect of the old one, which just then had been awakened from the long slumber of the dark ages by the restoration of classical literature: a new life was thus infused into the sacred cause of education, which finds a counterpart in the * movement of this present moment. Luther, when he threw his inkstand at the head of the Evil One, had taught the laity their true weapon of offence and defence, with which they could wrest from the papal clergy that monopoly of knowledge, long the secret of their strength. Thus the great Reformer emancipated the mind of man, and shivered, once for all, those fetters forged at Rome by the mystery of iniquity. Again the dissolution of monasteries had thrown into the market, lands hitherto

enabled to endow their new foundations.

Lawrence Sheriff seized the prevalent spirit, and by his last will, August 31, 1567, bequeathed a third of his Middlesex estate to the foundation of 'a fair and convenient school-house and to the maintaining an honest, discreet, and learned man to teach grammar;' the rents of that third, which then amounted to 8l. annually, had swelled in 1825 to above 5500l., and to this happy change the present buildings are owing. Thus was sown that little grain of mustard-seed which has expanded to such dimensions, until a new power was set in motion by Arnold by which a thrilling action has been imparted from it to every public

locked up in mortmain, and far-sighted lay benefactors were

school in England. Well may his favourite motto, 'Forwards, forwards,' be interlaced on coign and buttress with the L. S.—those simple initials which Lawrence Sheriff modestly directed to be inscribed in remembrance of himself and of his works.

The progress of the school before this new life was breathed into it by a master-spirit was slow and unobserved. A local and provincial character was the consequence of a remote midland situation, and one undistinguished by any impressive features of landscape, nor can the present school buildings boast of much artistical pretension. They were erected in the sad period of the Georgian and of poor sham Gothic. But architecture at that moment was in statu pupillari, and under the guidance of the Wyatt school was feeling its way to a restoration of worthier The cost exceeded 35,000l.—so soon had the art of constructing architectural bills arrived at colossal maturity;—substantial convenience has been consulted in preference to taste and ornament, but the least said is the soonest mended, and the considerate Rugbeians, like the children of Noah, dutifully draw a veil over the masonic nakedness of Mr. Hakewell, nor do they pretend to class their architect with a William of Wykeham.

The chapel is somewhat better, and bears with its painted windows, 'storied bright,' the mark of Arnold; they are his work, and tell of his earnest desire to enhance the decorum of God's temple; and here he rests from his labours surrounded by those of his pupils who also have been prematurely cut off. Yet if they have known few of the pleasures of this world, they at least have not, like him, felt many of its sorrows, and death has not

separated those who in life were united.

The localities and peculiarities of the school, past and present, are detailed in the Book, and, however delectable to Rugby esoterics, possess less interest for the public 'without;' and accordingly availing ourselves of the undoubted prerogative of reviewers we skip largely. It appears that formerly the boys were treated hardly, were half imprisoned, and put on the smallest rations, a plentiful allowance of the rod excepted. Birch was then universally deemed to be the mowin uhn by which the fundamental rules of grammar were to be inculcated. A grim tower is still pointed out among the local lions of Rugby, and not the most agreeable to old-boy reminiscences. In it is a sort of straff kammer, a torture room, in which a late pædagogue—one Dr. Wool of the plagosus Orbilius breed, small in stature but powerful in stripes, applied the argumentum baculinum with such striking effect, that the smarting recipients vented their wounded feelings on getting out, by exclaiming, 'Great cry and little Wool.' We may mention that the only former playground of the well-

flogged

flogged boys was the churchyard, and that the juxtaposition of lively gambols and grave-stones was thought by their pastors and masters consolation sufficient to contribute to their longevity. Occasionally, and by way of a treat, a representation was offered them of Taming the Shrew, by ducking a scolding garrulous crone in a neighbouring pond, and douching her into a healthier condition of tongue: thus a moral was added to their merriment. Now a change has come over these grave relaxations of merry old England, and to the many modern improvements an adequate playground has been also added. Such an arena for games, forms an essential part and parcel of every well-considered plan of generous education; in this smooth bowling-green 'close,' with its tall spiral elms, is to be found the surest and most agreeable restorative to the over-strained intellect; by this specific both the pylorus and the pineal glands—where French savans say the soul is secreted—are taught their muscular and moral functions, and the inevitable dullness and degeneracy that comes over the boy of all work is best avoided. Nay, when the poetry of ingenuous youth has grown up into the prose of place and parliament, a little old-fashioned sport, alternated with office, is found to act as a corrective to pedantry, priggery, and red-At Rugby the noble pursuits of cricket-ball and foot-ball are followed out of doors with no less zest and delight than those of literature are pursued within. The bold and manly games so peculiar to the public schools of England, represent the gymnastics of the sages of antiquity. They were earnestly and wisely encouraged by Dr. Arnold, who throughout his life found in violent exercise, pursued with a boyish enthusiasm, an anodyne to his severe mental labours. He never forgot the cheerless condition dragged through, during his time in Commoners at Winchester, and now happily changed; there cribbed and cabined in a small court, the boys, like caged eaglets, • beat their breasts at the prison bars, and could not get out, except on rare holidays, to exercise and play, to life and liberty. Nature, and boy nature particularly, abhors a vacuum, and the luxuriance of the soil will run to weeds unless due changes and courses of culture be observed. Youthful and superabundant energy has a tendency, like gases generated in an ill-ventilated mine, to explode if confined, and break out in bullying and misconduct. Incalculable evils were thus wrought, and youngsters who came innocent and unscathed from their parental homes ran the risk at this, the most impressionable age, of learning much that was most objectionable in the very spot to which they were sent to be taught and trained to good. Many a gallant vessel of rare promise

promise was cankered with dry rot in the very docks where it came to be fitted out for sound action.

Football is indeed the game par excellence of Rugby, as cricket is of Eton; the fight is fought again in long chapters both in the 'Book' and by the 'old Boy.' Such is the hold it maintains over grown-up recollections of 'ours,' whose shins and memories tingle with delight at kicks and deeply-impressed details: "these are a trifle too technical for the uninitiated, and, however suggestive συνετοίσι, are 'caviare to the general,' for readers only fully sympathise with what they fully understand. The fascination of this gentle pastime is its mimic war, and it is waged with the individual prowess of the Homeric conflicts, and with the personal valour of the Orlandos of mediaval chivalry, before villanous saltpetre had reduced the knight-errant to the ranks. The play is played out by boys, with that dogged determination to win, that endurance of pain, that bravery of combative spirit, by which the adult is trained to face the cannon-ball with equal alacrity.

The playground is indeed the place for the hardest work physical at all events; and as the hardiest mariners are formed in the stormiest seas, in these hard contested matches will be found by no means the worst competitive examinations for those of our gallant youth who, from a more favoured development of body than of brain, will and must take to the profession of arms. Many a fine fellow who would fail lamentably in extracting a cube-root, will, in after-life, face an enemy's square, and break it effectually. The Isthmian games of our public schools go much to make England what it is. We must not make education too uniform, or expect from the great number that intellectual superiority which is attainable by very few. The gifts of Providence are varied, and there is a glory of the sun as well as of the moon. Nor must we be impatient, or suffer the tender brain to be overstimulated and over-strained; if a little learning be dangerous, a mistake in the opposite direction may be fatal. The education of nations differs no less than the natives do in thought and deed, and each system must be judged by the results; nor need we much fear the comparison of one of our manly English public schoolboys with the pale-faced student of Germany, or the over-taught pupil of the French Polytechnique. In our independent out-ofdoor games in the 'Close,' or Campus Martius, pluck, blood, and bottom are best tested; and those lessons will long, we hope, be taught, by which, in the words of the Duke, Waterloo was

The kitchen and dining-halls at Rugby are no less ample and well

well considered than the playgrounds; and thus the brain and body, marvellously connected, are each braced up, and are fitted to perform their moral and muscular functions. Here again Dr. Arnold had learnt at Winchester what to avoid; and the feeding his tender flock was no less looked after by him than the nurture of their intellect. Food for the mind forms a fitting banquet to spirits and immortals, but with frail flesh, bodies and souls must be kept together, and with the young and growing, physical frames require to be built up by a substantial bill-Arnold never forgot the 'Do-the-boys' dietary which prevailed at Winchester under the dynasty of his, and, we regret to add, our day. Half a century has not effaced the horrors of our reminiscences, of the pains of stomach there endured. We are still haunted by the ghosts of those gigantic radishes which first introduced a boy's digestion to the heart-burn; and our memory is sourced by the juice of those rare fruit-pies which fizzed on the pewter plates as aquafortis; for after that fashion were we taught chemistry by the dominant Dame, an Alma Mater of most vinegar secretions, while the best coats of our new stomach were corroded and prematurely worn out. We rejoice to hear that a more liberal system of spits is now in operation at Winchester-novus jam vertitur ordo. There is much virtue in the beef of Old England, to which, coupled with rum, General Foy attributed the Duke's victories in Spain; and in the deathstruggle of the bayonet the better man must prevail.

The instruction afforded to the boys at Rugby is no less nutritious, and retains the leading characteristics of the old school; it is based on a thoroughly grounded study of Greek and Latin, the most efficient instrument for the education of the better classes, whose high destiny it is to govern their fellow creatures. The ancient languages, when patiently turned and trenched, form the rich loam with which experience has proved that the mind of man is the best fertilized; the study may not chime in with the Utilitarian and Manchester school, but if it produces wisdom, and fits men for holding high office, if it ripens reflection in the mind, and by bringing them early in life into contact with what great sages have thought and great poets have sung, and thus sharpens the powers of reasoning and refines the imagination, and these were the only results, no other recompense need be sought by the gentlemen and generosi of England.

The 'Book' enters into these and other details, and fully treats on the first and material founder, Lawrence Sheriff; the good works and character of Thomas Arnold—the second and moral founder—form also a book or rather constitute the Book of Rugby. This masterly work of Canon Stanley's was based on a personal knowledge,

knowledge, gained first as a pupil, and subsequently as a loving life-long friend. It gives the very form and pressure of the man and reveals the inner thoughts and secret workings of his soul. This text-book at Rugby will ever rank with the masterpiece of Boswell, which it rivals in photographic portraiture and sur-

passes in elevation of tone.

The career of Thomas Arnold, although teeming with the poetry of common life, was not one of stirring incident or romance; it consisted in labouring to his best in his sacred vocation. Born in 1795, he was educated at Winchester College, and here, however his dormant capabilities were recognised by his masters, he gave to us, his schoolfellows—and we well remember him—no great promise of a future excellence, which ripened slowly; but even then his nos showed itself in his love for history rather than for poetry, and for truth and facts in preference to fictions. Already in his schoolboy correspondence did he inveigh against the incorrectness and exaggerations of the Roman historians; and thus early anticipate the views of Niebuhr.

Arnold went young to Oxford, took a high degree, gained the prose prizes, and obtained a fellowship at Oriel, then reputed to be the blue ribbon of the University. Aristotle, Herodotus, and Thucydides formed the studies and relaxations of his maturing life; and on them, coupled with the Bible, he hought the knowledge of a Christian, καλος καὶ αγαθος, was the best based. There he acted as tutor, and his colleagues consisted of eminent men; for Copleston, Whately, Keble, Pusey, Newman, and other celebrities of great religious earnestness and intellectual activity. were then stirring up the long stagnated waters of English thought and theology. His natural self-confidence was increased by a certain local unsubmissive independence of opinion and dogmatism, and scanty sacrifice to the graces, by which many members of other colleges were offended and alarmed. He was. too, a Whig and a Reformer, in the palmiest days and in the very citadel of Toryism, yet though a true reformer he was a constructive and not a destructive; what he most desired was to turn the capabilities of existing institutions to better results, to remair and not to overthrow. He was not seldom misrepresented by the odium theologicum of powerful parties of every sect and creed, for-impartial in his dislikes-his hand was against all, and consequently all were against one standing thus aloof. Not only did his opponents inveigh against many of his schemes as pernicious or Utopian; but Oxford became an absolute workshop of lies, εργαστήριον ψευδών, when set in action by theologians, who would have dealt with him as mercilessly as the only English Pope, Adrian IV., did with his namesake, the bold freethinker of Brescia. Arnold distinguished distinguished Christianity against all Churches that claimed to be chartered corporations and the privileged channels of salvation. He did not limit his definition of the 'Church' to the clergy alone, but included the laity also in this 'Congregation of Christians,' of which he maintained that the true Ecclesia was constituted. He also upheld the authority of scripture against the technical phraseology of Councils, Fathers, and Tractarians, which he condemned as distorting the truth, tending to popery and priestcraft, and substituting unrealities for realities.

He looked upon the so-called High Church doctrines as the greatest obstruction to the full development of national Christianity, and opposed that party because they maintained the union of Church and State to be all in all, and because they acted as if Gospel principles were to be made subservient to that conflexion, while he denounced the Evangelicals and Dissenters from their wish to keep Church and State distinct, instead of labouring to make both alike kingdoms of Christ: he irritated all classes of his antagonists by his plain expression of opinions, for he was a hard and fearless hitter, to whom words were never given to conceal thoughts, and when they burnt within him he felt that it was his duty to speak out, and he could not remain silent: strong in intellect and determined in intention, he considered neutralitato be the resource of the weak-minded and Again, the indolent tendency to let well alone, was considered by him a most fatal bar to progress; accordingly he pursued his course through evil and good report, and survived to see the opinions of the public in many points come round to his His notions in some particulars were not ours, but never did man better merit the triumphant reception he met with from , all classes when, having lived down calumny and opposition, he appeared in the crowded theatre of the University as Professor of This was deemed by him to be the greatest honour he could possibly receive, for he loved Oxford from the first to the last, and in spite of all her faults and antagonism to himself. turned to her with the most faithful filial affection.

After a residence of nine years he removed from Oxford to Laleham, married, took private pupils, and passed another nine years in a paradise of peace. Here his powers ripened, and full of lofty designs and panting for a wider field of usefulness, he in 1827 succeeded Dr. Wool in the head-mastership of Rugby: now his professional life began, and he plunged into fourteen years of uninterrupted toil. The natural characteristics of the monotonous country about Rugby were most uncongenial to him. The all-ennobling feeling of duty reconciled him, indeed, to the change, but he felt as a 'plant in a pot' that took no root, and Vol. 102.—No. 204.

could be removed without breaking any fibre. What he delighted in were the ancient associations of King Arthur at Winchester, and the soul-elevating mountains of the Lakes. Rugby, with its commonplace country and antecedents, its elm hedgerows and 'thirteen cattle fairs,' touched no chord in his heart. It was at Fox How, near Ambleside, where he had planned a retreatsenectutis nidulus—that he breathed freely.

But he harnessed himself cheerfully to his work, of which he was a worshipper, holding labour-which of itself formed his best pleasure—to be his appointed lot on earth. A craving for rest was to him a sure sign that neither mind nor body retained their pristine vigour, and he determined, while blessed with health, to proceed like the camel in the wilderness, and die with his burden on his back. To do his duty to his utmost was the height of his ambition, those truly English sentiments by which Nelson and Wellington were inspired; and like them he was crowned with victory, for soon were verified the predictions of the Provost of Oriel, that he would change the face of education, through the public schools of England. He was minded—virtute officii—to combine the cure of the souls to that of the intellects of. the rising generation, and to realize the scripture in principle and practice, without making an English school a college of Jesuits.

A feeling of the failings and shortcomin of our public schools-pointed out by Cowper and others-had long been working among the thoughtful and serious, when Arnold led the van, giving shape and guidance to the movement. It was the very nick of time, soon after Waterloo had shut the temple of Janus, and the degrading despotism of brute force had been struck down; now the military incubus was removed, the mind of Europe had begun to raise its head, which had drooped during the protracted struggle-pro aris et focis-waged to the knifeagainst Buonaparte. War had long previously become the normal state of things, and had formed the engrossing thought of the patriot and philosopher; when all grasped the sword in defence of country and king, the sinews of a strong man were more prized than intellectual accomplishments; but Arnold—the Luther of educational reformation-appeared with the peace to give utterance to the thoughts of thousands.

His principles were few: the fear of God was the beginning of his wisdom, and his object was not so much to teach knowledge as the means of acquiring it; to furnish, in a word, the key to the temple. He desired to awaken the intellect of each individual boy, and contended that the main movement must come from within, and not from without the pupil; and that all that could be, should be done by him, and not for him. In a word, his scheme scheme was to call forth in the little world of school those capabilities which best fitted the boy for his career in the great one. He was not only possessed of strength, but had the art of imparting it to others; he had the power to grasp a subject himself, and then engraft it on the intellects of others.

The three ends at which he aimed in the order of their relative importance, were first and foremost to inculcate religious and moral principle, then gentlemanlike conduct, and lastly intellectual ability. To his mind religion and politics—the doing one's duty to God and man-were the two things really wanting; unlike the schoolmasters of his early life, he held all the scholarship man ever had to be infinitely worthless in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement. He gave the name of Wisdom, emphatically, to knowledge rich and rare, but pervaded through and through by the light of the spirit of God. He dreaded the co-existence of mere intellectual eleverness, coupled with moral depravity; he sighed when he thought of Bacon, the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind; and shuddered at the misdirected eleverness of Voltaire. The union of talent and turpitude shadowed out in his mind the image of Mephistopheles. He, on the contrary, professed to deal with the highest elements of human nature, and to bring the principles of Christianity to be on all the civil relations of life: to this focus every thought and action were concentrated, and hence their power.

He loved tuition for itself, of which he fully felt the solenn responsibility and the ideal beauty, and which he was among the first to elevate to its true dignity. To him tuition was a substantive duty, a τελος of itself, and not treated as a temporary task, one ἐκ παρέςγου, and a mere means leading to some other end. It was the destiny and business of his entire life. His own youthfulness of temperament and vigour suited him better for the society of the young than of the old; he enjoyed their spring of mind and body, and by personal intercourse hoped to train up and mould to good their pliant minds, while wax to receive, and marble to retain.

One of his principal holds was in his boy sermons, that is in sermons to which his young congregation could and did listen, and of which he was the absolute inventor; the secret of that power lay in its intimate connexion with the man himself. He spoke with both spiritual and temporal authority, and truths divine seemed mended by the tongue of an expounder whose discourse was a living one—doctrine in action—and where precept was enforced by example. His was the exhibition of a simple earnest man, who

practised what he preached, who probed the depths of life, and expressed strongly and plainly his love of goodness and abhorrence of sin. There was, indeed, a moral supremacy in him; his eyes looked into the heart, and all that was base and mean cowered before him; and when he preached, a sympathetic thrill ran through his audience.

But Tom Brown must describe the great event of his own and of every Rugby boy's life—the first sermon from the Doctor. He sketches—

'The tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long lines of young faces rose tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength. . What was it that moved and held us reckless childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth; who thought more of our sets in the school than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God? We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another, and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye and man too for the matter of that), to a man who we felt to be with all his heart and soul and strength striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights, to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to keep him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain too for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was his thoroughness and undaunted courage which more

than

than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.'

This belief amounted to personal idolatry; such were the feelings of love, reverence, and confidence which he inspired. He led his pupil to place implicit trust on his decisions, and to esteem his approbation as their highest reward, and they were willing to die for him; his most earnest desire was to win their hearts, and stand to them in loco parentis rather than in that of a dreaded master, whom to circumvent was the object of the boy's every thought. He gained his end by treating them as gentlemen, as reasonable beings in whose conscience and common sense he might confide, and to this appeal to their pobler faculties, to his relying on their honour, the ingenuous youth responded worthily. The tender plants which would have been nipped by harshness, distrust, and suspicion, when forced by his genial warmth waxed strong and bore good fruit in their season. His government of the school was no reign of terror, nor did he rely on the meaner motives of fear and punishment, not that he banished the rod, his ultima ratio, but resorted to reasoning and talking as his first He kept much in the background this rude, primeval, time-honoured corrective, to spare which was once thought equivalent to spoiling the child: he wielded it with force on proper occasions, and applied it for misdemeanours inevitable to youth-lying, for instance-and best cured by birch.

He scouted the pseudo-humanitarian theories of the degradation of corporal punishment to those who cannot feel the degradation of guilt; it is the cause of the flogging, not the operation, that gives the sting; no boys feel any ignominious or personal feeling in a mode of correction common to all, and a condition of their inferior state of boyhood. With much the same feeling he was not opposed to fagging, which, however denounced by the said pseudo-humanitarians, is accepted without repining by the boys themselves as part and parcel of the institution of schools, and as the servitude of their feudal system; all he aimed to do, was to regulate and, as it were, legalise the exercise of it. 'It was in the Sixth Form that the keystone of his government was centered, and he held that to be an intermediate power between the master and the masses of the school. He had early learned the value of this imperium in imperio, of this internal police, as practised by the Prefects of Winchester; and since, wherever a large number of boys are gathered together, the strongest will lord it over the weaker, by delegating as a trust a portion of his own power, he restored the balance between oppressed weakness and oppressive strength. Placed in the hands of

seniors of the school, a guarantee was given for its impartial exercise, which tempered the brute force; and the Prefects became harbours of refuge, to which the boys fled from the tempest of petty tyrants. Much as he supported this delegated authority, he watched carefully over and put down any abuse of power in a martinet monitor. The Prefects themselves were no less benefited; sprung from the boys, they found the necessity of setting a good example and tone, and their privileges spurred on their inferiors to rise by industry to their eminence. Justly, therefore, did Arnold encourage these officers ·of his army, who alone could check many evils that no master could discover. By appealing to their honour, by fostering their self-respect, and calling out their powers of governing their inferiors, he ripened their manhood, and they early learnt habits of command; and this system, found to work so well, is continued, and, with many of his excellent principles, is now acted on in most of the chief public schools of England.*

Infinite, indeed, are the causes of national thankfulness suggested by the reflection of the numerous pains and perils from which the search of knowledge is now exempted, so much is the moral tone raised, such are the new lighthouses erected and harbours of refuge provided; and many are those, born and yet unborn, who, destined by their own industry and merit to achieve greatness and to be the architects of their own fortunes and fame, will owe to the blessings of a sound foundation laid in a good school the first steps of their future elevation. Assuredly posterity will not willingly let die the name of Arnold, who led the movement and was the Columbus of the educational voyage of discovery.

Such is the amended system of education now pursued at Rugby and at our principal public schools, those feeders of our Universities and other institutions where the sons of our better classes are 'raised' and the men are moulded whose high destiny it will be to govern their fellow-citizens. The difficult question as regards their humbler brethren, whose lot it is to eat bread by the sweat of their brows, is more perplexed, and as yet, we fear, has to be solved. While the Government and well-intentioned individuals wish to extend popular education, the masses, the working bees of the community, remain indifferent, and will scarcely accept as a gift the proffered boon. It is scholars rather than schools that are wanting. These schools are deemed by them to be things devised by the upper classes, who have nothing in common with their wants and wishes.

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^{*} These, and other school conclusions, are pleasantly worked out in the 'School Experiences of a Fag' himself, one who writes with the fullest connaissance de couse.

They have no great desire to learn what is taught, and consider the education offered by the State as too uniform and general, and not sufficiently professional, and hold that all beyond the elementary processes of reading, writing, and a sprinkling of arithmetic is above their sphere of life, and little suited to their practical needs. What they eagerly desire, and for which they would overlook a controlling power by the State, which wounds their domestic liberty and action, is such a training institution as will tend to produce the greatest and most immediate returns in their respective vocations of labour. They are utilitarians from necessity, and must look to the most practical education by which their particular craft is advanced—that one which they have to offer in barter for better wages and more constant employment. Profit is their primary consideration; it is a question of the labour-market, and, as they live from hand to mouth, and life is a perpetual struggle, they cannot afford to wait. Their children form part of their productive power, hence the premature age at which they remove them from school, which they do as soon as they can earn a mouthful of bread. It requires for the practisers of handicrafts properly to lean their business—the agricultural and much-sneered at branch not the least-an earlier and more uninterrupted observance than is generally imagined. cannot run the risk of present good for a future possible better; they are impatient to realize, and naturally attach little value to all that goes beyond that industrial training that bears on their individual occupation.

But we must quit this vexata quastio and turn to Tom Brown, who sets before us a real picture of the school-days at Rugby of a boy of his class, and at the moment when Dr. Arnold was working out his great educational experiment. This attractive and suggestive book is singularly free from all sickly Tom's plain, unvarnished tale is told in simple sentimentalism. language, but the highest themes are often touched on, and with an earnestness so natural and unaffected that the serious tone never The book will be read with general pleasure. We have all been boys in our time, and a fellow interest pervades any faithful record of the associations of a starting-point in common. As years glide on, we recur with a satisfaction tinged with sadness to the pleasures of memory of a moment when every organ of mind and body offered, in all the freshness of vitality, new inlets of delight.

The family of the Browns were of the juste milieu, and removed alike from the scum that often froths on the social surface as from the dregs that sink to the bottom; the members—true Britons—for centuries have been the working bees of the community, and, sturdy

sturdy in mind and stalwart in frame, have in their quiet homespun way subdued the earth at home and abroad, evincing a pugnacious propensity; all their opinions are downright beliefs; they have a testimony to deliver and a work to do, which they will speak out and maintain to the death, however counter to common opinion. Thus carrying their lives in their hands, and getting hard knocks and work in plenty, they have won our battles from Crecy to Trafalgar.

Tom, the son of a Berkshire squire, was reared near the healthy downs of the Vale of the White Horse, where the hardy spirit of Alfred still lingers, and here he early imbibed that fresh love of Nature which he has so closely observed and so truly described. Impatient of petticoat rule, he soon emancipated himself—never, however, to forget the early religious views instilled by a careful mother, and we can have, as Gray said, but one. His father, although a Churchman and a Tory of the old country gentleman school, was strongly imbued with the specious doctrines of the equality of man. These, when espoused and expounded by well-intentioned philanthropists of Young England, in white waistcoats, have evaporated in Christian socialism; but under the ancient régime of France, and when worked out to their logical conclusion by the disciples of Voltaire, naturally led to revolution and to la Sainte Guillotine.

Equality of manuseems to us to be the child of conceit and egotism, and diametrically opposed to the first principle and great law which pervades the system of human economy established by the Creator. There, however the balance of actual happiness, and compensation may be adjusted, variety, infinite and inexhaustible, forms the rule. The 'diversity of the gifts' of Providence, mental and physical, those of fortune and condition, are as plainly evinced as the difference in the faces of their respective subjects. The identical similarity of the two Dromios is no less a fiction of the poet than this equality, bodily or intellectual, which is contended for by a political Procrustes.

Tom's father, who reasoned better on breeding bullocks and crossing cattle, coincided with Burns in points of blood and pedigree in the human species, and holding them as 'leather and prunella' in lords and ladies, maintained that, while the rank only marked the guinea stamp, the man was the thing for all that. It mattered not a straw to him whether his son, in whom these social views sunk deeply, associated with the sons of peers or of ploughmen. Nor was much harm done to the muscles of the young squire by the rough exercises of rustic playmates, while his grammar was rescued by a timely removal from smockfrocks, although many think the separation of classes to be one

of the worst signs of the times. Tom soon passed from a seminary for young gentlemen into a larger sphere of existence at Rugby. We quote his racy record of his first step into life on the top of a fast coach—one of the institutions of those premacadamite days, and still so delectable to old stagers. But first we may quote the Squire's parental and parting counsels, the excellent sermo pedestris, which he elaborated after protracted ponderings, aided by a reflective cheroot, and by his own crassa Minerva and sound common-sense. Those manly, honest thoughts, expressed in plainswords, and no mistake, will, we trust, long find an echo in thousands of English hearts:—

"And now, Tom, my boy, remember you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel, blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you would n't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

'To condense the Squire's meditation, it was somewhat as follows: "I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and erve God; if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he 'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harfli than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he is n't sent to school for that—at any rate not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greeh particles, or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted so to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want," thought the Squire; and upon this view of the case framed his last words of advice to Tom, which were well enough suited to his purpose.'

The turn-out of the Tally-ho—the sketch of the road, its ways and worthies, are touched with the truth and local colour of the Nimrods and the Hieovers of the past; the detail sparkles with a nicety and fidelity that marks the observant spirit of the age, and which finds utterance in the immortal works of Dickens, and expression in the pictures of Millais.

Just as Tom is swallowing his last mouthful of breakfast,

'Boots looks in and says, "Tally-ho, sir;" and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock. "Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the

chest. "Young genl'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o' game, Rugby," answers Ostler. "Tell young gent to look alive," says Guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top-I'll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind." "Good-bye, father-my love at home." A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the ostler lets go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up; Ostler, Boots, and the Squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp. "Sharp work," says the Squire, and goes in again to his bed, the coach being well out of sight and hearing. Tom stands up on the coach and looks back at his father's figure as long as he can see it, and then the guard, having disposed of his luggage, comes to an anchor, and finishes his buttonings and other preparations for facing the three hours before dawn; no joke for those who minded cold, on a fast coach in November, in the reign of his late . Majesty.'

The pachydermatous 'Old Boy' now speculates on the thinskinned degeneracy of the rising race:

'I sometimes think that you boys of this generation are a deal tenderer fellows than we used to be. At any rate you're much more comfortable travellers, for I see every one of you with his rug or plaid, and other dodges for preserving the caloric, and most of you going in those fuzzy, dusty, padded first-class carriages. It was another affair altogether, a dark ride on the top of the Tally-ho, I can tell you, in a tight Petersham coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without legs, for not a bit of feeling had you in them after the first half-hour. But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman-of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoar-frost over the leaders' ears into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy pikeman or the ostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight, and last but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes. Then the break of dawn and the sunrise, where can they be ever seen in perfection but from a coach roof? You want motion and change and music to see them in their glory; not the music of singing-men and singing-women. but good silent music, which sets itself in your own head, the accompaniment of work and getting over the ground.'

But time and the pace wear out the longest, coldest stage,

'the Tally-ho is past St. Alban's, and Tom is enjoying the ride though half-frozen. The guard, who is alone with him on the back of the coach,

coach, is silent, but has muffled Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat-sack over his knees. The darkness has driven him inwards, and he has gone over his little past life, and thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words; and has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown as he is, though a young one. He is chock full of hope and life, notwithstanding the cold, and kicks his heels against the back-board, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend the silent guard might take it. And now the dawn breaks at the end of the fourth stage, and the coach pulls up at a little road-side inn with huge stables behind. There is a bright fire gleaming through the red curtains of the bar-window, and the door is open. The coachman catches his whip into a double thong, and throws it to the ostler; the steam of the horses rises straight up into the air. He has put them along over the last two miles, and is two minutes before his time; he rolls down from the box and into the inn. The guard rolls off behind. "Now, sir," says he to Tom, "you just jump down, and I'll give you a drop of something to keep the cold out." Tom finds a difficulty in jumping, or indeed in finding the top of the wheel with his feet, which may be in the next world for all he feels; so the guard picks him off the coach-top and sets him on his legs, and they stump off into the bar, and join the coachman and the other outside passengers. Here a freshlooking barmaid serves them each with a glass of early purl as they stand before the fire, coachman and guard exchanging business re-The purl warms the cockles of Tom's heart and makes him "Rare tackle that, sir, of a cold morning," says the coachman smiling; "Time's up." They are out again and up; Coachee the last, gathering the reins into his hands and talking to Jem the ostler about the mare's shoulder, and then swinging himself up on to the box, the horses dashing off in a canter before he falls into his seat. Toot-tootle-too goes the horn, and away they are again, five-andthirty miles on their road, (nearly halfway to Rugby, thinks Tom,) and the prospect of breakfast at the end of the stage.

'And now they begin to see, and the early life of the country-side comes out; a narket cart or two, men in smock frocks going to their work pipe in mouth, a whiff of which is no bad smell this bright morning. The sun gets up and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet at the heels of the huntsman's hack, whose face is about the colour of the tails of his old pink, as he exchanges greetings with coachman and guard. Now they pull up at a lodge, and take on board a well muffled-up sportsman, with his gun-case and carpet-bag. An early up-coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary. And here comes breakfast. "Twenty minutes here, gentlemen," says the coachman, as they pull

up at half-past seven at the inn-door.

'Have not we endured nobly this morning, and is not this a weathy reward for much endurance? There is the low dark wainscoted boom hung

hung with sporting prints; the hat-stand, with a whip or two standing up in it belonging to bagmen, who are still snug in bed, by the door; the blazing fire, with the quaint old glass over the mantelpiece, in which is stuck a large card with the list of the meets for the week of the county hounds. The table covered with the whitest of cloths and of china, and bearing a pigeon-pie, ham, round of cold boiled beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a tray of hot viands; kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and musting coffee and tea, all smoking Tom has eaten kidney and pigeon-ple, and imbibed coffee, till his little skin is as tight as a drum; and then has the further pleasure of paying head waiter out of his own purse, in a dignified manner, and walks out before the inn-door to see the horses put to. This is done leisurely and in a highly finished manner by the ostlers, as if they enjoyed the not being hurried. Coachman comes out with his way-bill, and puffing a fat cigar which the sportsman has given him. Guard emerges from the tap, where he prefers breakfasting, licking round a tough-looking doubtful cheroot, which you might tie round your finger, and three whiffs of which would knock any one else out of time. "Let 'em go, Dick!" The ostlers fly back, drawing off the cloths from their glossy loins, and away we go through the market-place and down the High street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy burgesses shaving thereat, while all the shopboys who are cleaning the windows, and housemaids who are doing the steps, stop and look pleased as we rattle past, as if we were a part of their legitimate morning's amusement. We clear the town, and are well out between the hedgerows again as the town clock strikes eight.'

'Todo tiempo llega,' as the Spaniard says. The 'Tally-ho' keeps time, Rugby is reached, and Tom is duly delivered by the guard into the hands of the tormentors. The solitary traveller, cast on the wide world of New-Boydom, is plunged into its mysteries and miseries. Sad, indeed, and sinking are the first sensations of those who, delicate in mind and body, when torn from the affections of home, are abruptly exposed to the buffetings and want of sympathy of public schoolboy nature; when every cause of annoyance, personal and private, and all that is most avoided in after life, is most harped on; when every weak blot is hit, and followed up with the pain-inflicting, curious felicity of nicknaming. Tom finds a friend of his family, and is let by his 'cute chum' into the secrets of the prison-house, and, thus piloted, steers safely through shoals in which the unprotected are too often swamped. Strong in body and heart, quick in eye and hand, companionable and courting danger with true English schoolboy love, he soon settled into his place. He details the different phases of his new life with an accuracy that rivals his record of the stages of the road, and gives a peep behind the curtain that is hung over the sanctum sanctorum of the educational system of our 'upper ten thousand 'class-a system so utterly inaccessible and unintelligible to our ten-pounders and to foreigners who 'don't understand us.' The new boy, well broken-in by his rough rustic antecedents, plunges at once into the 'scrimmage' of football, and our Brown comes out of the fight black, blue, and bruised, with a capital character for courage, and there is no quality which boys are quicker to estimate or appreciate higher. Tom's first and most successful appearance is crowned by certain sausages, with which he, a fresh boy, with money in his pocket, regales his brother combatants—long broziers; these he is. taught to toast, and eats with an appetite that surpasses the best sauce concocted by Soyer. The scholastic Saturnalia and the peristaltic motions are enlivened by tossings—so delectable to bulls and bullies; but our Tom cares as little for the blanket as the best broken-in farthing minds a chuck. The result is, that he wins golden opinions, and passes for a regular trump.

The initiatory elements of instruction are wound up by a speechification from Pater Brooke, the cock of the school who is about to leave and stands up for the Doctor. We have no space to report him. He alludes to the difficulty of introducing changes, unpopular at all schools, where, however bad, old customs are clung to by the youngsters as the Persians and Medes did to their laws; the orator enlarges on the worries the new master had in effecting reforms which had perplexed Golgothas of grey heads, and had troubled the port and prejudices of many a senior common room. Much time elapsed before the Doctor's young and restive team settled to the collar, but his final victory was won by the moral and intellectual influence he gained over the head boys with whom he was thrown into immediate contact. He became their guide, philosopher, and friend, and they soon saw his real value, while to the rest of the school he was merely a dreaded master.

Tom prospered, and passed his time not so unpleasantly. He drained to the bottom the fresh, brave, new, and unique school life, so full of games and good fellowship, so ready at forgetting, so capacious of enjoyment, and so bright in forecasting; he felt a happiness which far outweighed all the troubles with the masters, and all the cuffs, kicks, and faggings of big boys and bullies. He starts in good repute, and justly observes:—

^{&#}x27;In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives probably when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on

the society you live in, than you ever can have again. Quit yourselves like men then; speak up, and strike out if necessary for whatsoever is true, and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs, and you may leave the tone of feeling in the school higher than you found it, and so be doing good which no living soul can measure to generations of your countrymen yet unborn. For boys follow one another in herds like sheep, for good or evil; they hate thinking, and have rarely any settled principles. Every school indeed has its own traditionary standard of right and wrong, which cannot be transgressed with impunity, marking certain things as low and blackguard, and certain others as lawful and right. This standard is ever varying, though it changes only slowly, and little by little, and, subject only to such standard, it is the leading boys for the time being who give the tone to all the rest, and make the school either a noble institution for the training of Christian Englishmen, or a place where a young boy will get more evil than he would if he were turned out to make his way in London streets, or anything between these two extremes.'

Tom next half is promoted to the 'lower fourth,' the most numerous and dangerous form, the pons asinorum, over which big dunces cannot pass, but there stick growing to be bigger and worse bullies of the smaller fry: Tom describes himself as a promising specimen of this precious form of British growth:—

'As full of tricks as monkeys, and of excuses as Irish women, making fun of their master, one another, and their lessons, Argus himself would have been puzzled to keep an eye on them; and as for making them steady or serious for half-an-hour together, it was simply hopeless.'

He succumbed to the temptation, and bad fair to become a scapegrace; but while he lost character with the tutors, he kept caste with his comrades, as a good fellow and a 'brick.' But, and it is an ill wind that blows no good, Tom, by perfecting his acquaintance with all the idlenesses and irregularities of the place, has been enabled to map out the breakers ahead for the benefit of future navigators, and it must be remembered that the best sailors are formed in the most dangerous seas-which we suggest as a consolation to parents about to expose their young hopefuls to a scholastic Scylla and Charybdis. Tom, at all events, idled prodigiously, broke bounds and rules, waxed strong, and fonder of the pursuits of football than literature, poached on the Avon, like Shakspeare, and swam and dived in it like an otter. Though he failed in hexameters, he was foremost in fight; yet whatever his practices in fist philosophy, he sided with the theories of Polonius, into whose mouth, albeit a fool and a lord of the bedchamber, Shakspeare judiciously has placed

placed the soundest views, derived from the knowledge of the world gained at courts.

'Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.'

Tom, while condemning the brutal brutalising prize ring, contends like a man for honest stand-up fighting, honoris causâ, and gives each round of one, in which he figured, with a tact and truth that would do credit to the most judicious of bottle-holders or to the best reporter of 'Bell's Life.' He does so

'Partly because he wants to give you a true picture of what every-day school life was in his time, and not a kid-glove and go-to-meeting-coat picture; and partly because of the cant and twaddle hat's talked of boxing and fighting with fists now-a-days. Even Thackeray has given in to it; and only a few weeks ago there was some rampant stuff in the "Times" on the subject, in an article on field sports.

Boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight.

Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, amongst any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take

its place?

'Learn to box then, as you learn to play cricket and football. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better, for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there's no exercise in the world so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the

back and legs.

'As to fighting, keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say "Yes" or "No" to a challenge to fight, say "No" if you can,—only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say "No." It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say "No" because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see.'

Our pugnacious Tom, by resisting the illegal fagging of big and cowardly bullies, soon passed with the lovers of quiet and comfort as a reformer and a rebel, and is viewed as a sort of Mazzini or ticket-of-leave boy. The Doctor, whose singular knowledge of boy-nature was almost intuitive, saw that there was virtue in him, and was minded to try how the elevating effect of having a real work to do might operate on a boy in whom there was such a capability of good. He hesitated before he adopted the last resource of sending away from the school a black sheep that disfigured and injured his flock. This process of quiet expulsion

pulsion was one of the specifics which he most firmly practised, and the unfettered power of doing so was the first and sine quâ non stipulation that he made previously to his acceptance of the head mastership; however lenient in first instances, he felt that mistaken elemency to the few might, if carried too far, be injustice and cruelty to the many. He never scrupled to weed the confirmed tarcs out of the corn, and well knowing how small a leaven leavens a large mass, preferred the amputation of a diseased limb to risking the exposure of the whole body to the progress of gangrene. A bad boy was in his eyes the principle of evil, and he held the greatest ignorance and dullness to be comparatively light, compared to confirmed habits of idleness and profligacy, and thought the example of a bold boy, and one popular with his comrades, was the most infectious. He determined, however, to give our Brown a chance, and the next half placed in Tom's study, and under his care, a new boy named Arthur, of delicate frame, and of refined tastes. This lad, the very antithesis of his future friend, was the only son of the widow of a most exemplary clergyman; the father had fallen a victim to over duty in an over-populous and underpaid manufacturing parish, and had early instilled moral and religious principles into his sensitive child. The tender, home-sick cutting, so ill suited to the rough usage of a public school, was thus grafted on a vigorous stock, and imparted some of his aroma to the hardier trunk. This exchange and moral amalgamation tended to mutual benefit. The gentle stranger found in his sturdy guardian a buttress and a backbone, and one who made school things pleasant or less unpleasant to him, while Tom, feeling the dignity of responsibility, and the duty of watering a twig placed under his care, turned over a new leaf himself, budded, flowered, and in due season produced excellent fruits. His dominant qualities were developed, and by protecting a helpless client, he protected himself. The spirit of the wild animal in him was tamed, and Tom was saved while on the very brink of destruction. The working out this favourite experiment of Arnold's forms the turning-tide in Tom's affairs; the narrative, cleverly told step by step, becomes saddened by the death of one of the boys, and by a critical illness of Arthur's; the key-note is pitched in a lower tone, and is attuned to serious events. By those who wish merely to while away an idle hour, this latter portion may be found less entertaining than the earlier chapters. It is tinged with a reflective and sincere piety; and that such sound sentiments should have ever occurred to any 'old boy' at any public school passes the anderstanding of those who are much older; this higher note rises with the catastrophe, and the conclusion is heightened by the

the pathos, which is contrasted by the liveliness, dash, and go of the commencement; the drama passes from the comic to the tragic, and the curtain falls like a pall on the sudden and most deplored death of Arnold. Tom, who had left Rugby, while far away sporting in Scotland, casually hears of the appalling event from a callous college-companion. The different impressions produced on them by the intelligence are very powerfully drawn. For Tom sport has now lost its savour; he flies from the moor and burn, and breaks away, urged by deep, loving loyalty to his old master. Driven, as by the gadfly of the Greek tragedy, he hurries, feeding on his sorrows, to perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of his departed hero and saint. He revisits the old scenes, unchanged in material form, but, now that the soul is wanting, all lonely, silent and sad, and where every site recalls the image of him who was its animating spirit, but who has departed never to return: and to this change we must all come. This was the first great event in his life, the first gap that the angel of death had made in his circle. All that was left on earth of him he had honoured so much and so long was lying cold under the chapel floor; and, faithful to the sun that had set, Tom stood there alone:-

'The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head and fell in gorgeous colours on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then leaning forward with his head on his hands, groaned aloud. "If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, to have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and reverenced him, and would by God's help follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away for ever without knowing it all, was too much to bear"-" But am I sure that he does not know it all?"-the thought made him start-" May he not even now be near me, in this. very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow' -as I shall wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?" He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them.

And then came the thought of all his old schoolfellows; and torm after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and reemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling, they who had honoured and loved from the

first, the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him—where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood—at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart

till it could feel that bond.

'And let as not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness.'

ART. III.—1. The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, &c. By Lieutenant-Colonel Chesney, R.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London, 1650.

2. Memoir on the Euphrates Valley Route to India. By W. P.

Andrew, F.R.G.S. London, 1857.

3. The Isthmus of Suez Question. By Ferdinand de Lesseps, Minister Plenipotentiary. London, 1855.

THE problem of the age we live in is 'how to save time.' It is to its solution that the intelligence, the varied knowledge, the indomitable energy, the most earnest study of our countrymen, are mainly directed. It is the essence of almost every great question of modern days. It may be accepted as the type of our civilization. Whatever we do must be done quickly, and he who is before his neighbour is most certain of success. To the oft-quoted, though misquoted, saying that 'knowledge is power' must now be added the axiom that 'time is power.' Like any important discovery in the material or moral world affecting the human race, this newly-awakened desire to 'save time' is influencing the cha-

racter and feelings of men far more than a superficial inquirer might suppose. The intercourse of nations, the social relations of individuals—politics and society in their broadest and narrowest sense; our education, the development of our faculties, our arts and sciences, our dress, our mode of living, our language—everything, in short, except perhaps our religion—have already been more or less affected by this new element in modern civilization, and are being affected in a manner and to an extent which may be productive of results far beyond the reach of human foresight.

We have called this a new element, and such it undoubtedly is. Time appears to have been in no way considered by the ancients, except perhaps in war; and even in this case it was only by the inspiration of his genius that some great commancer triumphantly acted upon a principle not yet generally recognised as a fundamental part of military science. The rapid passage of time may have been deplored by the poet or the moralist, but it was only as curtailing human enjoyment or human powers. It requires, it would seem, a very advanced and peculiar form of civilization before the importance and value we now attach to it can be appreciated. Indeed, the amount of its appreciation might be taken as the measure of the development of civilization as well as of the intellectual faculties. To the brute creation time is of no account. By man in a state of complete barbarism it is scarcely more heeded. Even nations in that stage of civilization of which we may accept the Turks and Persians of to-day as types, have been almost indifferent to it. It is only through contact with the West that they have learnt to set any value on In the East, time is not, up to the present day, accurately measured, nor is it much regarded in transacting either public or private business. With the Greeks and Romans, as with European nations of the middle ages, down to the period of the highest development of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, time seems to have been no essential element in man's work. Beauty of form, solidity of construction, richness of materials, were their aim; the time to be taken up in attaining these objects did not enter much into their calculations. Our forefathers raised monuments to the glory of God and of their country: we raise them to our own profit and for a dividend. For how many ages was the ocean ploughed by the same rude galleys, and was Europe traversed by the same bridle-paths! If the Romans, in the plenitude of their power, united their most distant possessions with the capital, making it the world's centre, the roads they constructed were for the purposes of government alone. It remained for this generation to comprehend the value of a minute in every relation and circumstance of life.

We are led into these reflections when we look, with feelings somewhat of dismay, on the multitude of prospectuses, pamphlets, and memoirs relating to new schemes which encumber our table, and at the list of similar projects which daily figure in the columns of the newspapers. A temporary dejection in the money market, or exciting political events, may have checked for a moment their flow, but they are ready to burst out again like a flood upon us. Railways, ship-canals, electric telegraphs; continents to be cut asunder, oceans to be united; the globe to be encircled with wire, the bed of the sea to be tunnelled; plans for education, normal and training schools, steam-ploughs, agricultural and spinning machines, model farms, cattle-shows, glass palaces; all have the same end and object in their different way —the saving of time; the enabling us to do that which is to be done, not better nor more surely than it was done before, but more quickly. And it is fortunate for us, as a nation, that we reap this harvest of ever-busy minds-of the skill, the energy, the perseverance and pluck of the Anglo-Saxon tribe. We have entered ourselves in a desperate race against time. The prize is worldly wealth, worldly prosperity, worldly supremacy. It will not do to relax a muscle; we must whip, and flog, and spur on, for there are those who are hard upon us, and we are only winning by a neck.

Almost any one of the numerous schemes to which we have alluded would afford materials for an article; a mere comparison of them in their relation to the great art of 'saving time' might be as profitable as amusing. But there is one class deserving special notice at this moment—we mean the various projects for bringing England into closer communication with her vast eastern possessions. This subject is now forced upon us. Constant and speedy relations with India have become essential to the maintenance of our power over that country. India must henceforth be governed as an integral part of the empire. There must be no more divided government and divided responsibility, resolving themselves into no government and no responsibility. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, in order to bring India under direct and immediate control, that we should possess the means of obtaining prompt information, of despatching orders with the utmost speed, and of sending out troops at once to enforce them. Had we been in possession of these means during the last few months, or had proper use been even made of the means we possess, how much disaster, how much bloodshed, how much treasure might have been spared! Every encouragement that Government can legitimately give should be extended to private enterprise, as every step should be taken that falls within its province

vince to promote any sound scheme having these great objects in The opening of the shortest route to India, and the best mode of telegraphic communication with the East, become, therefore, questions of the utmost importance. We propose to devote this article to their consideration.

The passenger communication with India comes under the general definition of 'overland routes.' In the present political condition of the world these routes may be reduced to two-that across Egypt and the Isthmus of Suez, and that through the north of Syria and the Valley (as it is somewhat incorrectly called) of the Euphrates and Tigris. Neither of them are, in the true meaning of the words, 'overland routes,' as the greater part of the journey in both instances must be performed by sea. There is a third and an 'overland' route in the strict sense of the term, viz. that through Persia and Central Asia or Beloochistan, but, for reasons exclusively political, it is now entirely out of the question, and will probably remain so during our time. Kingdoms will have to be conquered and savage tribes subdued before the iron way can be led through those inhospitable re-

gions. We need not, therefore, do more than refer to it.

The practicability of crossing Northern Egypt and the Isthmus of Suez by a railway, and thus connecting the Mediterranean and Red Seas, has been proved, the road being nearly completed. Nothing more can be done to quicken the land-transit by this Any further saving of time must be effected at sea by increasing the speed of the steamers employed. in bulk, owing to the expense and inconvenience attending its discharge and re-shipment and its conveyance across the Isthmus -to say nothing of the difficulties and dangers of the navigation of the Red Sea by sailing vessels-must still be carried round the Cape of Good Hope. To avoid these obstacles to the Suez land route the canal across the Isthmus has been projected. this undertaking the Egyptian Government has given its assent, and the privilege of giving it effect has been granted to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, formerly the diplomatic agent of France in But two essential things are still wanting before it Egypt. can be commenced—the consent of the Sultan, without which the Viceroy cannot sanction a project so deeply affecting the future of the country he governs, and the necessary capital. It is to aid him in obtaining these requisites that M. de Lesseps is seeking the support and sympathy of the great mercantile communities and capitalists of England, through whom he would compel the British Government to withdraw that opposition which we now learn from Lord Palmerston has been strenuously and successfully exerted at Constantinople for fifteen years against

the scheme, and which, notwithstanding the endeavours of French representatives, has hitherto prevented the issue of the Sultan's firman. Through them also he would induce the British public to subscribe the necessary capital, not, probably, to be obtained elsewhere.

There is a popular maxim as to the indiscretion of giving one's reasons for a decision or an opinion. It would have been well if Lord Palmerston had borne it in mind when answering a question put to him by Mr. H. Berkeley, in the House of Commons, on the 8th of July last, and had not stated the grounds for the opposition of the British Government to the Suez canal. According to his Lordship, they are two-fold: first, because its construction would tend to the more easy separation of Egypt from Turkey, and would, therefore, be in direct violation of 'a policy supported by war and the Treaty of Paris;' and, secondly, remote speculations with regard to easier access to our Indian possessions, only requiring to be indistinctly shadowed forth to be fully appreciated.' We cannot conceive two reasons less acceptable to liberal and impartial men-less consistent with the spirit of the age-or, thus openly avowed, more calculated to bring this country into disrepute, to lead her into collision with other states, and to confirm the wide-spread, though, we had hoped, groundless, suspicions entertained by foreign nations of the selfish and jealous policy of England.

We confess that we cannot well understand the first objec-In what way would the canal endanger the political ties existing between Turkey and her dependency? Does Lord Palmerston fear that the vast increase in the commerce, wealth, prosperity, and consequent civilization of Egypt, which the projectors of the canal anticipate would ensue from its construction, might lead to this result? We have always advocated a policy tending to augment the strength and to maintain the integrity of the Turkish empire. It is the policy most consistent, we believe, not only with the true interests of England, but of the whole of Europe, as long as the present political division of the continent exists. But we cannot admit it to be a part and parcel of that policy to prevent or retard the progress and happiness of all the various provinces and races included in the dominions of the Sultan. If the disgraceful misgovernment that has prevailed in Turkey, reducing the finest regions in the world to a wilderness, and bringing misery upon millions, is to weigh for ever upon those who groan beneath it; if a condition of the integrity of the empire is, that all its limbs should be in equal decay and wretchedness, the sooner this state of things ceases the better. We believe that it is only by the establishment blishment of a just and progressive system of government, by the development of its immense resources, and by gradual amalgamation with the rest of Europe, that the Turkish empire can be kept together, and can deserve the support of civilized nations. We should therefore hail with satisfaction any scheme likely to improve and raise Egypt as well as every other portion of the Sultan's dominions. The prospect of such a result would be, to our minds, one of the strongest arguments in favour of the Suez canal.

As to those 'remote speculations with regard to our Indian possessions,' which Lord Palmerston did not 'more distinctly shadow forth, because they will be obvious to any one who pays any attention to the subject,' we entirely concur in the following observation, contained in an able article on the Suez Canal, in a recent number of a contemporary.* 'As far as political motives are concerned, we can conceive no policy more absurdly illiberal than that which should seek to close one of the great avenues of the trade of mankind to suit some fanciful theory of rival influence; and we entirely repudiate every such sentiment as utterly unworthy of ourselves and of this country.' We leave the organ of Her Majesty's Government to reconcile these just and liberal sentiments with the declaration made by Lord Palmerston in his answer to Mr. H. Berkeley!

The insinuations against the character and motives of M. de Lesseps, made by Lord Palmerston in the speech to which we have alluded, and justly repudiated with indignation by that gentleman's friends and the many honourable men who are acting with him-are but a sample of that recklessness of assertion and accusation that sacrifices men's characters to divert the attention of the House of Commons from the real merits of a question. Whatever may be the result of M. de Lesseps' endeavours to obtain the support of the British public, he has identified his name with a project seriously entertained by some of the most eminent engineers, English and foreign, of the day. That scheme may be impracticable or unremunerative, but it is certainly not among those presented to the world so entirely without the countenance of men of known position, ability, and integrity, as to deserve the designation of a 'bubble,' or to warrant its advocates being charged with deliberate fraud or discreditable speculation.

There was the less temptation to Lord Palmerston to have recourse to such pretexts that there are, it appears to us, unanswerable objections to the Suez Canal, amply sufficient to deter British capitalists from investing their money in it, and the British Government from giving them the slightest encouragement so to do. We believe the scheme to be commercially an unsound It is possible that the physical difficulties may not exceed one. those pointed out by M. de Lesseps and the eminent engineers selected from various European states who aided him in his investigations. Were those difficulties even greater than they are, there are probably none which modern science could not ultimately overcome. The question, however, is not, the practicability of the undertaking, but the cost; and on this point we are convinced that, if the most sanguine and exaggerated views of the projectors as to the increase of commerce and of transit of every kind were more than realized; were the Suez Canal to become the great highway of nations between the West and the East, even the 'Gates of the East,' as it has been the fashion to call it; and were all the local advantages predicted for Egypt to be derived from it; still, on account of the enormous expense of construction and maintenance, it would not 'pay:' and it is in this point of view alone that British capitalists can be called upon to consider it. The whole question has been so thoroughly and ably argued in the article in our contemporary already mentioned, that, to avoid going over the same ground, we prefer referring our readers to the statements and facts it contains. The principal objections to the enterprise may, however, be thus shortly summed up—we assume that the canal is to be constructed, as a commercial speculation, with English and foreign capital; if it were to be a great national work undertaken by the Turkish or Egyptian government, some of these objections might not apply. 1. The expense of building the necessary harbours at the two outlets of the canal: that on the Mediterrantan would probably have to be carried out to sea at least five miles, on a shallow shelving coast with a mud bottom, and with the uncertainty of finding, except at an enormous depth, any solid foundation for the required stone-work. The entrance to this harbour would, at the same time, be always difficult and dangerous, and liable to obstruction, on account of the shifting mud-banks, caused by the deposit of the alluvium from the Nile, swept by currents and prevailing winds into this corner of the Mediterranean. 2. The difficulties and dangers of the navigation of the Red Sea—closed altogether during part of the year to sailing vessels. 3. The expense of constructing the canal, owing to the elevation of the land in some parts, and its depression below the sea in others, requiring gigantic embankments. 4. The expense of maintaining the canal, and of keeping ...

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the locks in repair, necessitating heavy transit dues, for which the saving of time would scarcely compensate. 5. The impracticability of forming, at a reasonable cost, a canal capable of receiving the large vessels now constructed for the eastern trade, and the probability of steamers of even increased size and steam-power, like the Great Eastern, being built to perform the voyage round the Cape to the island of Ceylon in less time than would be occupied in performing that through the Suez Canal. 6. The impossibility, in the present political condition of the East, of ensuring, by any previous arrangement either with the Egyptian or Turkish Government, the maintenance of the canal and necessary locks in proper working condition. It may be added, that, whilst the expense of constructing the canal and harbours, the cost of labour and of materials, is very considerably understated, the calculations as to the amount and value of the commerce likely to be secured by the proposed route are founded

upon the most erroneous and exaggerated data.

These objections to the Suez Canal being, it appears to us, conclusive, it is the more surprising that Lord Palmerston did not simply decline to offer any encouragement to English capitalists to embark their money in an undertaking which must utterly fail as a commercial speculation. By declaring that the opposition of the Government was founded upon mere political jealousy, and thus throwing down the gauntlet, he has invited the opposition of France and other nations to all future schemes in which British capital may be usefully employed, or which may prove advantageous to British interests. Additional bitterness is thus added to that antagonism and to those dangerous intrigues and struggles for influence that have so long disgraced the diplomacy of England as well as that of other Power in the East. We insist the more strongly upon this, because there are other schemes of the utmost importance to England already before the Porte, and to be hereafter brought forward, which will now have to contend against the avowed as well as secret hostility of France and other states, naturally stimulated and excited by this declaration of the Prime Minister.

It being admitted that no shortening of the time by Suez can be effected after the completion of the railway from Alexandria to the Red Sea, except by the improved construction of steamers, and from thirty to thirty-five days being the average length of the voyage to India by this route, let us inquire what advantages are offered by that through Syria and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, known as 'the Euphrates Valley Route.' A company for carrying it into effect, represented by a chairman, directors, and the usual appendages, has already been formed, a firman for

the construction of a railway upon certain conditions has been obtained from the Sultan, the Turkish Government offers a guarantee of six per cent, upon the capital expended, and all that now remains to be done is to get the necessary money—not the least important consideration in an undertaking of this nature. The claims of this route to public support have been put forward and advocated in a memoir of considerable pretensions by Mr. W. P. Andrew, Chairman of the Scinde Railway and of the European and Indian Junction Telegraph, as well as of the proposed Euphrates Valley Railway. This publication has been compiled from various sources, and shows no personal or practical acquaintance whatever with the country to be traversed, its resources and its inhabitants. The plan proposed is-to commence by a railway from a harbour to be constructed on the coast of Syria, at Suedia, the ancient Seleucia, to Kalah Jaber, a small Arab settlement on the Euphrates; that river is then to be navigated by small steamers constructed for the purpose, and to be in correspondence with sea-going vessels running from Bussora to Bombay or Kurrachee. The river navigation is hereafter to be replaced by a railway, to be extended in sections along the banks of the Euphrates and through Mesopotamia. The imperial Firman authorises, we believe, the immediate construction of the first section of the railway from the Mediterranean to the Eughrates, limiting for the present the guarantee of six per cent. interest to that part of the undertaking only. The concession is for ninety-nine years, after which period the railway becomes the property of the Ottoman Government. The construction upon similar terms of the remaining sections is to depend upon the success of the first. The country between Suediand Kalah Jaber has been surveyed by Sir John M'Neil, and approximate estimates have been made both for the railway and the harbour. The plans proposed for the navigation of the Euphrates and for the future completion of the railrand are based upon the examination of the Mesopotamian rivers and the country they water, made by General Chesney and other officers engaged in the Euphrates expedition.

The route to India by the Euphrates is no new route. It was frequented by merchants up to the sixteenth century, before the voyage round the Cape became the most secure and economical to the far East. The dangers and privations of the journey, the depredations and cruelties of the wild Arab tribes, the intolerance and jealousy of the Turkish rulers, the desolate regions once thickly inhabited and the scene of the most remarkable events of sacred and profane history, the frowning shapeless ruins upon the banks of the great river, marking the earliest seats of

human

human civilization, and verifying, to the veriest tittle, the prophecies of God's judgments, have been described by Italian and English merchants, whose simple yet engaging narratives may be found in the collections of Purchas and of Ray. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a fleet of boats was actually maintained at Bir, on the Euphrates, for the use of British traders. A considerable commerce was then carried on by land between Europe and Northern Syria, Mesopotamia, and India, chiefly in Eastern commodities of small bulk and great value, much sought after and esteemed in European markets, such as jewels, pearls, rich brocades, silks, spices, incense, and various substances used in medicine and chemistry. Aleppo, Mosul, Baghdad, and Bussora were then populous and prosperous cities, the emporia of trade, and each distinguished by some peculiar manufacture or producer But the open country between them, although containing a larger population, and being, in parts, far better cultivated than it now is, seems to have been scarcely more secure than at the present day. The desert, scoured by marauding Bedouins, had to be crossed-black-mail was levied upon caravans, and upon boats and rafts descending the rivers, if they were not plundered, by the Arab and Turcoman chiefs. The whole journey to India and back, perhaps lasting several years, was a series of adventures and escapes, which furnished on the return of the traveller endless stories for ready listeners, and rendered him 'a man of note for the rest of his days. Such journeys were rarely repeated; the dangers and difficulties were too great.

The trade of the East once drawn into a new channel—that round the Cape of Good Hope—the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris were deserted by European merchants and trade, and the cities upon them fast fell into decay. Plague and misgow mment completed their ruin. Baghdad has lost nearly all its commerce, and four-fifths of its inhabitants; Bussora is a mere heap of ruins, inhabited by a few starving Arab families; Mosul has become a small town, without the remembrance of the manufacture which once rendered its name celebrated; Aleppo, from its nearness to the sea and from being the depôt whence the large Arab tribes in the Syrian desert are supplied, still retains something of its ancient prosperity. An English factory, as the trading establishments in the East were once called, long flourished there. Shakspeare alludes to the city as one frequented by Englishmen:—

'Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tiger.'

The factory was closed, with others in various parts of Turkey, on the extinction of the Levant Company. This Company had been founded under a royal charter of Queen Elizabeth in 1582, granting

granting the exclusive privilege of trading with the dominions of the Grand Signor to Edward Osborne, alderman, and Richard Stapers, merchant, 'in consideration that they, her Mties faithful subjects, by their adventure and industrie, and to their great costes and chargies, traveled and caused trouble taken, as well by secret and good meanes as by dangerous waies and passagies, to set open a trade into the dominions of Turkey, not heartofore in the memory of man known to be followed by any of this nation.' According to the annual trade returns, commerce in Northern Syria appears to be so rapidly reviving, that Aleppo promises to become once more a very flourishing and important city. Its present port on the Mediterranean is Alexandretta or Iscanderoon. a small hamlet with a few warehouses, and the ruins of extensive buildings, formerly belonging to the European factories. It has no harbour; but a bay of some extent, sheltered from the prevailing winds, affords capacious and secure anchorage for the largest fleet. Although this is the only safe port on the dangerous coast of Syria, the extreme unhealthiness of the place, owing to a small marsh extending from the foot of the mountains to the sea, has deterred Europeans and others from settling there. A little labour, judiciously employed, would drain the stagnant water and check the fever. Plans have been proposed for the purpose, and even the necessary funds have been found; but, as usual in Turkey, the marsh still remains.

The caravan track from Alexandretta to the interior crosses a lofty and precipitous range of mountains. This range, ending abruptly in the Mediterranean to the south of the bay, completely cuts off this part of the coast from the district and city of Aleppo. It may be considered as impracticable for a railway. The sea termines of the proposed new route must, therefore, be sought elsewhere, and Suedia has been selected as the most favourable spot. The Orontes, after flowing by the ancient city of Antioch, here finds an outlet into the Mediterranean. A valley dividing the great range of Lebanon thus affords easy access to the very heart of northern Syria. Between Aleppo and the spot where the river turns suddenly to the west to seek the sea, there is an undulating country offering no serious difficulties to the construction of a railway.

The advantages of the position of Seleucia as a port for the commerce of northern and central Syria had not escaped the successors of Alexander. The populous and powerful city of Antioch alone demanded a safe refuge for her galleys employed in commerce and war. The remains of an extensive man, aqueducts, and deep channels for draining cut through the living rock, still testify to the labour bestowed upon the construction of a suitable

harbour

harbour and of works for the salubrity and convenience of the place. The small plain, formed by an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, in which Seleucia stood, is one of singular beauty. The river enters it through a narrow defile, after winding beneath the groves and waterfalls of Daphne. The declivities of the hills are clothed with orange and lemon trees. Fruits, from the west and the east, have been successfully cultivated at different elevations on the mountain-sides. The climate is more temperate and equable than in any other part of Syria, and Suedia has been recommended as a healthy retreat to invalids from Europe and India. The malaria which appears to linger in some parts of the valley would disappear before proper draining and cultivation.

It is somewhat remarkable that a port, by its position of so much importance and so admirably situated for commerce, should have been suffered to fall into decay and finally altogether abandoned. The harbour once closed, the open roadstead afforded no protection to shipping, and, with the departure of commerce, the city was deserted. When in 1834 it was determined to fit out an expedition to test the capabilities of the Euphrates for steam-navigation, Suedia was chosen as the place of disembarkation, on account of the facilities afforded by the valley of the Orontes for the transport of heavy materials across the country

from the sea to the river.

The results of this expedition are so much relied upon by the projectors of 'the Euphrates Valley route' as furnishing arguments and data in favour of their scheme, that it may be as well to sum them up in a few words. It was undertaken, as it is well known, upon the report and urgent recommendation of General (then Colonel) Chesney, an artillery officer of considerable abilities and enterprise. He had himself, with remarkable resolution and energy, examined the course of the Euphrates and its confluents, and the country through which they flow, at a time when to travel alone and unprotected amongst the wild tribes of those regions was a work of no small peril and hardship. The scheme he proposed for navigating the rivers of Mesopotamia by steam was warmly taken up by King William IV., and a Committee of the House of Commons having recommended its adoption, a vote of money was given towards its accomplishment. After contending with the usual difficulties and intrigues, Lord Ponsonby, then British Ambassador at Constantinople, was able to obtain from Sultan Mahmoud a firman authorising the presence of English stamers on the rivers.

Colonel Chesney, accompanied by several able and experienced officers in las Majesty's service and in that of the East India.

Company.

Company, which was associated in the undertaking,* disembarked at Suedia with two iron steamers, constructed for river navigation upon the best plan of the day by Laird and Co., of Liverpool. These vessels were in pieces, and engineers were sent to put them together on the river. The work was accomplished with less difficulty than might have been anticipated, though with the loss of eight men by fever. Bir, or Birijik, a small town remarkable for a fine castle of the time of the Crusades, and the ferry where the greater part of the caravans trading with the interior cross the river, was chosen as the place of rendezvous for the expedition. The Euphrates is there a broad and deep stream.

The steamers possessed none of those improvements which experience and science have since introduced into the construction of similar vessels. They lacked the necessary speed, they drew too much water, and had other defects. The difficulties and obstacles experienced by the 'Euphrates' and 'Tigris'-for so were the vessels named-in descending the stream were far greater than had been foreseen. Sandbanks, want of sufficient water, and rapids over ledges of rocks and massive stone dams, built for purposes of irrigation, impeded their progress, and exposed them to occasional danger. The 'Tigris' in the early part of the descent foundered during one of those violent storms of wind not uncommon in spring in Mesopotamia. Many valuable lives, as well as the vessel and its contents, were lost by this unfortunate accident. The 'Euphrates' at length reached Bussora, and thus established the practicability of navigating the river from Bir to the sea.

*This attempt not having been considered satisfactory as establishing the navigability of the Euphrates for any practical purpose, the Government declined to take any further part in the expedition, withdrew the officers in the King's service, and gave over the steamer to the East India Company. The

and the same that the

Directors

^{*} Amongst them were General, then Captain, Estcourt, who died Adjutant-General of the Army in the Crimea; Lieut. Fitzjames, of the Royal Navy, an officer who united to an eminent degree the fine qualities of a British sailor, and who renounced professional advancement to join the ill-fated expedition under Sir John Franklin, in which he perished; and Capt. H. Blosse Lynch, of the Indian navy. Mr. Christian Rassam, a native of Mosul, and now British Vice-Consul in that town, acted as interpreter, and rendered valuable services in establishing relations with the Arabs. Mr. Alexander Hector, a gentleman who had already shown the adventurous spirit of a British merchant in ascending the Niger with Lander, accompanied the expedition with a view to ascertain how far a trade could be established with the Arabs, and what the resources of the country might be. The result of his observations was the establishment of a commercial house at Baghdad, the first to open a direct trade with England. These pioneers of commerce and civilization deserve, at all times, honourable mention.

Directors appointed Captain Lynch to its command, and sent out three new iron vessels round the Cape to be put together at Bussora. They were not in most respects better adapted to river

navigation than those previously employed.

Colonel Chesney undertook the task of drawing up a narrative of the expedition, and its appearance was expected with interest both by men of science and by those who were interested in the many questions, political and commercial, involved in the practicability of the navigation of the Mesopotamian rivers. a delay of some years the first two volumes were published in Although unusually bulky, even for works of this character, they scarcely touched upon the history and results of the expedition, which were reserved for two other volumes. They contain a history of the ancient world in general, speculations upon the site of the Garden of Eden, dissertations upon the geography of all Asia, and commentaries upon the military operations of the ancients, compiled, it would seem, from Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, well-known gazetteers, Bryant's Mythology, and other popular works of that nature, repeating their long-exploded errors, and exaggerating their absurdest theories. As an instance amongst very many of the extraordinary want of knowledge which this work displays, rendering it of no value even as a work of reference, we will quote the description of the two great Mohammedan sects:-

'The sword of Mohammed,' observes Colonel Chesney, 'was not to be successfully resisted, and the new doctrines were received in the divided forms now known as Sunnie and Shiah. After a protracted contest the former sect (that of the Arabs) was established in the eastern provinces, and the latter in Persia Proper. The Sunnie belief is that there is one immortal God, whose works are without beginning or end, and that he will be visible to the souls of the blessed; whilst the Shiahs deny the immortality of the soul, and maintain that the coexistent principles of Zoroaster will for ever contend for the mastery.'—vol. i. p. 85.

It is not surprising that the work was only saved from total uselessness and consequent failure by some interesting maps. Its success, however, was not such as to induce its author to publish the remaining volumes, consequently the history of the Euphrates

expedition has yet to be told.

The ascent of the river—by far the most important result of the expedition—was undertaken in 1840, under the auspices of the East India Company, by Lieutenant (now Captain) C. D. Campbell, of the Indian Navy, one of the most intelligent and skilful officers in that admirable service. He was well qualified for such an enterprise by his judgment, his amiable character,

and the tact he displayed in dealing with the people of the country. Obstacles of a very formidable nature had, however, to be encountered. One vessel sank after striking upon a rock, but was raised by the exertions and admirable management of Captain Campbell. Nearly two months were consumed in dragging the steamers over the shallows and rocks, and through the rapids, and in overcoming other difficulties, before they reached Belis, where they remained until the next season.

The principal results achieved by the expedition when under the control of the East India Company were—the navigation of the Tigris to within about thirty miles of Mosul, and of the Seglowiyah, or canal, now closed, uniting the Euphrates and Tigris near Baghdad, by Captain Lynch; and that of the river Karoon and of the great canal, said to have been constructed by the Emperor Valerian during his captivity, nearly as far as Shushter, of the other rivers of the Persian province of Khuzistan, of the Bamishere, or second outlet of the united rivers of Mesopotamia and Susiana, from Mohammerah to the Persian Gulf, and of the Hie, a branch of the Tigris, connecting the two rivers in the lower part of their course, by Captain Selby. These results were no doubt of considerable importance as indicating new outlets for British commercial enterprise, and as establishing the practicability of bringing this part of Asia into direct steam communication with the sea. But the Indian government did not consider that the advantages of maintaining a steam fleet on the Euphrates or Tigris were such as to justify the expense. Three steamers were consequently transferred to the Indus. The fourth, for a long time under the command of Captain Jonesa most able and zealous officer, now the Company's political resident at Bushire-continued, until our recent operations in the Persian Gulf and against Mohammerah, to perform periodical voyages between Baghdad and Bussora, more for the purpose of retaining our privilege to navigate the rivers and of maintaining our influence in Western Asia than of transporting an occasional mail from India, or specie, and other cargo of value, but of small bulk, belonging to foreign and native merchants trading in those parts.* During the war with Persia other vessels were placed on the rivers, and have not yet, we presume, been removed.

Since

^{*} Captain Jones, during the period of his command, not only continued to explore the Tigris and Euphrates and their confluents, but also the countries which they water. His admirable maps and papers in the Transactions of the Geographical Society of Bombay afford much precise and important information upon some of the most interesting regions of the globe. His careful and beautifully executed surveys of the sites of Babylon and Nineveh, and of other ancient cities, have been published by the East India Company.

Since the Euphrates expedition first explored the two great rivers of Mesopotamia considerable changes have taken place in their beds, especially in the latter part of their course before uniting at Korna. The Euphrates below Hillah, the site of ancient Babylon, has almost lost itself in vast marshes, through which, according to a letter lately published in 'The Times' from the Rev. G. P. Badger, who accompanied Sir James Outram during the Persian campaign, no passage even for vessels of small draught now exists. Owing to utter neglect the banks of the Tigris have gradually yielded to the pressure of annual floods. Its waters are deserting their old channel, and are forming once more those vast Chaldwan swamps de-This negligence in maintainscribed by ancient geographers. ing the embankments of the rivers is of comparatively modern date, and may be attributed, like many other evils in Turkey, to the centralisation of government introduced by Sultan Mahmoud. Under the old system, when the pashas or governors were invested with almost unlimited authority, and were not only responsible for, but interested in, the prosperity of the provinces committed to their charge, the Arab tribes were compelled to keep up the embankments within their jurisdiction. The south of Mesopotamia is inhabited by many small tribes usually under subjection to the powerful tribe of the Montefik, living on the Shat-el-Arab, or united waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, and in the desert to the west of Bussora. The Montefik, therefore, were responsible for the good repair of the embankments in a large district. It is related of one of their former chiefs that, having succeeded very young to his office, some of the dependent tribes sought to throw off his authority. Amongst other acts of insubordination, they refused to perform the duty assigned to them of keeping up the river banks. The chief himself marched against them to enforce Having summoned one of their sheikhs to his tent obedience. pitched on the Tigris, he asked why the usual measures had not been taken to maintain the embankments. An insolent answer. reflecting upon his youth, having been returned, he ordered his followers to commence the works at once, and to use the sheikh as the first pile. He was seized and driven, after the fashion of a stake, head-foremost into the mud! This example had the desired effect as long as the Montefik had charge of the rivers. In the present state of provincial misgovernment, and absence of responsibility, no step whatever is taken to keep any public work in repair in Turkey. Even the roads, bridges, aqueducts, fountains, and caravanserais, built and endowed by former sultans and by private munificence, in the immediate vicinity of the capital, have fallen into utter decay.

It is not improbable that a passage may still be found through Vol. 102.—No. 204. 2 B the

the marshes below Hillah for vessels of light draught. If not, the Seglowiyah canal might be again opened at a small expense; steamers could then enter the Tigris near Baghdad, below which city there are at present no obstacles to the navigation of the river. It may, therefore, be considered as established that the rivers may be navigated by steamers from about the latitude of Aleppo to the sea. Availing themselves, in the first place, of this outlet, the projectors of the Euphrates Valley route propose to construct at once a harbour at Suedia,* and a railway from it to Kalah Jaber, from whence steamers will convey mails, passengers, and, we presume, merchandize, to Bussora, sea-going vessels performing the remainder of the voyage to India.

There is no doubt that this plan is feasible upon certain conditions. We are willing to accept on the subject the evidence of Captain Campbell, by far the most trustworthy in Mr. Andrew's Memoir:—

'The physical difficulties,' says he, 'were indeed formidable to steam navigation in its infancy; but, I may ask, where is there now difficulty in obtaining boats to run a speed of 12 to 13 knots an hour, and drawing not more than two feet water? Such boats are to be seen every day on the Thames, and with them the Euphrates can be navigated from end to end. Skill and experience and a little outlay will remove many difficulties which our ignorance of the localities and set of the current made us regard as very formidable; and the fact that a sufficient volume of water always finds a vent, without anything like the perils of the iron gates of the Danube, will show that there is no really serious or insurmountable obstruction to be overcome.'—p. 43.

There remain, however, three questions to be determined before the undertaking can be recommended to capitalists as a commercial speculation, viz. the certainty of its ensuring a regular and speedy communication with India, the probability of its being remunerative, and the amount of risk to be apprehended from the unsettled state of the country. Upon these points very considerable doubts must be entertained by any person competent to form a trustworthy opinion upon the subject, and, if these doubts cannot be cleared up, the capital necessary for executing the enterprise will scarcely be forthcoming, unless, indeed, a valid guarantee of interest can be assured to the shareholders. We have little faith in Mr. Andrew's memoir. It is so full of exaggerated statements, for the most part so palpably inaccurate, that they give to the scheme the character of a 'bubble,' which it may not deserve.

^{*} It is stated that the Turkish government have undertaken the construction of the harbour if the capital for the railway can be raised.

[†] For instance, in the prospectus of the proposed company it was stated that the distance from the Mediterranean to Jaber Castle by the railway would be 80 miles. It is found, on actual measurement, to be 150, or within 10 miles of double the distance originally estimated. We suspect that most of Mr. Andrew's calculations are of the same value, and may safely be doubled.

The

The entire distance by the proposed route between London and Kurrachee is calculated at 4715 miles: the time for the performance of the journey at 15 days 18 hours.* When a direct railway through central Europe to Vienna, and a prolongation from thence to Constantinople or to a port on the Archipelago, are opened, the journey as far as Suedia might perhaps be performed in the time assigned to it in this calculation, viz. 8 days and 12 hours.† The distance between Suedia and Kalah Jaber is put down at 100 miles: the surveys make it 150. That from Kalah Jaber to Bussora by the river is stated to be 715 miles, and is to be performed in 3 days and 3 hours. From the very tortuous course of the river it is probable that 950 miles will be found more nearly the truth, and that three days and three hours would be very far from an average voyage.† It is possible that, during the period of the highest floods in May or early in June, steamers properly constructed might occasionally descend the river in that time. But the return voyage, under the most favourable circumstances, could rarely be made in less than six or seven days. At other times of the year, when the river had resumed its ordinary level, great caution would be required on account of the difficulties of the navigation, and steamers would seldom venture to proceed at night. Judging from the experience derived during the navigation of the Tigris for some years past, not less than seven days could be fairly taken as the average of the descent, and this would probably prove somewhat below the truth; the ascent would employ about double the time. The voyage from Bussora to Kurrachee, calculated at 1000 miles, is to be performed in 4 days. Let us assume 5, and add altogether one week to Mr. Andrew's calculation; taking the average journey out by the Euphrates Route, when completed according to the present plans of the projectors, at 22 days, and the return at 26, there would be a saving of 13 days out and 9 days home upon the Suez voyage—a matter of no small importance, and one quite justifying every effort to open this route if practicable.

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^{*} Mr. Andrew's Memoir, p. 70. According to General Chesney 4973 miles and 134 days.

[†] Mr. Andrew allows only forty-eight hours by rail between London and Trieste, but does not condescend to specify the route.

t colonel Chesney ('Expedition,' vol. i. ch. 3) gives, as well as we can calculate his distances, which are recorded in detail, 937½ miles from Kalah Jaber to Bussora, and 999¾ to the mouth of the river—showing the gross misstatements in Mr. Andrew's Memoir: unpardonable, as his principal authority, Colonel Chesney furnished him the means of ascertaining the truth.

[§] During the autumn months, when the Danube is low, the voyage between Pesth and Galatz by steamers of considerable speed is rarely performed in less than five days, the distance being about 850 miles: the body of water is considerably larger than that of, the Euphrates, and there is only one serious obstruction, that of the rapids at the Iron Gates.

1.1

It must be borne in mind that in making this calculation we assume the Euphrates to be navigable the whole distance, without change of vessels or other causes of delay, and that the steamers employed are expressly constructed for speed and for the transmission of mails. Whether steam-tugs, towing large flat-bottomed boats for the conveyance of passengers and goods, as proposed by Mr. Andrew, could descend and ascend the river in the same

time, may be reasonably doubted.

In considering the commercial prospects of the undertaking, we must bear in mind that the rivers of Mesopotamia, especially the Euphrates, traverse a region which, in its present condition, offers fewer openings and advantages for traffic than perhaps any other in the world. It has a very scant population; the numerous towns alluded to in the prospectus of the proposed Company, with the exception of Baghdad and Mosul on the Tigris, exist only in the imagination of Mr. Andrew, or are mere Arab settlements, too poor to maintain even the smallest trade. It contains no mines and no forests; * only a strip of land on the banks of the river can now be cultivated, and there are not even sufficient hands to sow this strip. The Euphrates presents the strange phenomenon of a great river running during its entire course, from the mountains of Armenia to the Persian Gulf, through countries still enjoying those natural advantages and resources which once rendered them the richest and most productive of the world, without having one town of any importance on its banks. Doubtless the time may come when good government and civilized enterprise may restore to this region its early prosperity—when an abundant and industrious population may again till the soil—when the canals, whose deserted beds and lofty banks still fret the face of the land as it were with a network, may again carry moisture to the thirsty plains. All these changes may take place, but there is little hope of any in our generation witnessing them. Experience has hitherto shown that it is easier to people a new country than to restore life to an old one, as it has proved that it is difficult to bring back commerce to a channel which it has once deserted. For various reasons the countries watered by the Euphrates and Tigris offer greater obstacles to their regeneration than perhaps any other. Many of those obstacles are physical; but the greater part, and not the least difficult to overcome, are political. The Turkish Government can scarcely maintain its authority over populations within a short distance of the capital—over the inhabitants of Kurdistan and Albania it is only upheld by the presence of a considerable

^{*} We are speaking of the region traversed by the Euphrates in the lower part of its course where navigable. The mountains of Armenia abound in valuable mines.

military force. It cannot be expected, therefore, that the Porte should exercise much control over wild tribes which have the desert behind them as a safe place of refuge, beyond the reach of

such troops as can be sent against them.

The banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, after those rivers leave the mountainous region of Armenia and Kurdistan, are inhabited by Arab tribes, which may be divided into two classes—the nomades of the Desert, or Bedouins, who have no fixed place of residence, but lead their flocks over a vast tract of country, each tribe having, to a certain extent, its own pastures; and the sedentary or agricultural tribes, who live sometimes in tents, sometimes in rude huts, but rarely leave their own districts. The first do not cultivate the soil, but are entirely dependent for subsistence upon their sheep and camels, and upon contributions raised from the sedentary tribes, and such towns and villages bordering upon the Descrt as are willing to seek immunity from their marauding attacks by the payment of a yearly tribute in money or in kind. Some, encamping near the tracks followed by caravans of traders or pilgrims, levy black-mail upon them. The means of subsistence obtained by plundering travellers and villages must, of course, be very precarious, and no tribe could depend entirely upon them. The common notion that the Bedouins 'live by plunder' is a somewhat absurd one. 'ghazou,' or marauding expedition, affords them excitement, and they engage in it as a knight would have joined a foray in the middle ages. They are continually attacking and plundering one another; and as the relative strength of the tribes is constantly varying from internal dissensions, and the consequent descrtion of families, and from other causes, the results of these expeditions are generally in the end pretty well balanced. One tribe which has carried off the flocks of its neighbour frequently, a few months afterwards, not only loses the fruits of its victory, but its own sheep into the bargain. The 'ghazou' is the natural condition of the Bedouin. It is the theme of his poetry, the subject of his talk. He thinks of little else. All his wits are occupied in devising schemes for surprising his enemy and carrying off the spoil. But he must have bread to eat, clothes to put on, and, at certain seasons of the year, barley for his mare. He thus becomes dependent upon those who cultivate the soil on the borders of the desert, and who obtain supplies from the towns where merchants have their stores. This dependence upon the villages for food and clothing furnishes the sole means the Turkish Government now has of keeping the Bedouins in check, and at the same time it is the only inducement held out to the wandering Arabs of trading and turning to

some account the produce of their sheep and camels. Were it not for the necessity thus imposed upon him of visiting the villages, and maintaining amicable relations with their inhabitants, the Bedouin would be content to wander over the vast expanse of the wilderness, and would never approach a permanent habitation except in search of adventure and plunder. Had the Turkish Government sufficient foresight and skill to take full advantage of this forced intercourse between the wandering tribes and the settled population, it could soon establish a control over the former, and compel them to renounce those predatory habits which are reducing to a naked desert some of the richest provinces of the empire. With a proper system, executed with vigour on all the confines of Arabia, the Bedouins could soon be starved into submission. Hitherto the Turks have made no progress whatever in governing the Arabs. country exposed to their ravages is daily becoming more insecure, and is, of course, gradually being deserted by its peaceful inhabitants. It would take nearly half a century to repair the mischief produced by neglect and misgovernment in a few months.

The agricultural Arabs who inhabit the banks of the rivers are also divided into tribes. Like the nomades, they are generally at war amongst themselves, plunder one another, levy black-mail on caravans and travellers, and, with few exceptions, are beyond the control of the Turkish authorities. They cultivate sufficient corn, barley, and millet for their immediate use, and to supply the Bedouins, who are to a great extent dependent upon them for food. Their wants are almost as few as those of the wanderers of the desert. Their dress is nearly the same, and consists of little more than a long linen or cotton shirt, a black or striped cloak, generally of camels' hair, and a kerchief, called a 'keffieh,' of coloured cotton, mixed with a few threads of silk, thrown over the head, and held in its place by a band of twisted wool. Of these articles the shirt and keffieh are now generally of European manufacture. Formerly they were made in Damascus, Aleppo, and Baghdad; but steam-machinery has supplanted the work of hands even in the remotest parts of the East. Still the native articles, being richer in material and more durable, are preferred by those who can afford to pay the additional price. Some of the chiefs and principal men wear robes of European cotton prints and silks, and there is a certain demand amongst the tribes for cutlery and hardware.

Such being the condition of the inhabitants of the countries through which the Euphrates and Tigris flow, it is evident that there would be no sufficient local trade or traffic to maintain a large establishment establishment of steam-vessels on the rivers, much less a railway of eight or nine hundred miles in length. It is assumed by the projectors of the Euphrates Valley route that the execution of their scheme would tend to the development of agriculture and commerce. There is no doubt that this would be the case, but we very much question whether to the extent of rendering the under-taking remunerative even for fifty years to come. Population is wanting; that which exists is decreasing, not increasing, and we

see no prospect of a change.

The fertility of the soil of Assyria and Babylonia, its extraordinary productiveness as described by Herodotus and the ancient geographers, depended entirely upon a vast and complicated system of irrigation, carried out with unexampled skill and labour. The two great rivers of Mesopotamia furnished remarkable facilities for rendering this system as perfect as possible. scending from the high lands of Armenia, they are subject to a periodical rise in their waters from the spring rains and the melting of the winter snows. The Euphrates has its source in the northern slopes of the mountains, and is already a considerable river before it issues into the low country, where it receives only one stream of any importance, the Khabour (the Chebar of the Jewish captivity), which is fed by springs rising in the plains. The Tigris, on the other hand, comes from the southern slopes of the same mountain region, and is nourished during the whole length of its course to Korna by many large rivers descending from the western declivities of the great chain forming the boundary between Turkey and Persia. Consequently the periodical rise of the Tigris precedes by six weeks or two months that of the Euphrates. Availing themselves of these advantages, the Assyrians and Babylonians connected the two rivers together by a series of canals, which, like great arteries, threw out innumerable veins, giving life to the soil, and spreading fertility over the face of the land. Two navigable canals were, moreover, dug parallel to the rivers, one to the west of the Euphrates, the other to the east of the Tigris. These were connected with the parent streams by a vast number of watercourses intersecting in every direction the intervening plain. Thus, for nearly six months, when the burning sun scorches up the life-blood of every green thing, abundant moisture was poured over the thirsty soil. A system of irrigation so extensive, and requiring such constant supervision and care, could only be maintained by the labour of a dense and industrious population. As that population decreased, when the Arab and Turcoman hordes swept over the devoted plains, the canals and watercourses were first neglected, and finally abandoned. Their beds

were soon choked up by the moving sand. Now nothing remains of them but the huge embankments, looming like distant hills across the yellow wilderness, alone marking one of the greatest triumphs human skill and energy have achieved over nature. As the rivers have deepened their beds in some places, and descrted them in others, since the canals were closed, it would require the labour and capital of a thriving and laborious people to open them once more. Such a population will scarcely exist in Mesopotamia before the expiration of the ninety-nine *years granted to the projectors of the Euphrates Valley Railway for the enjoyment of their privilege.

But the Bedouins, it is asserted, are to be supplied by the railway, and steamers on the rivers. From commerce with them the profits to be expected from the Euphrates Valley route are partly to be derived. Let us inquire what may be the extent and what the habits and wants of these tribes—whether sufficient to warrant the expectations entertained by the projectors of the scheme?

There are two great nomadic tribes inhabiting the country to be traversed by the proposed railway—the Anayzeh and the Shammar. The former occupy the Syrian Desert from the foot of Taurus to the hills of Nedjd in Arabia—encroaching on the one side upon the settled districts of Syria, and on the other frequently passing the Euphrates. The Shammar encamp over the whole of Mesopotamia, from the mountains to the marshes near Hillah -sometimes crossing the two rivers. The tribes change their pastures according to the season; in the winter they wander to the south, in the summer they move as far north as they are able. Thus during the whole of the year the greater part of the country they claim as their own is altogether uninhabited. As an almost invariable rule they are at enmity, feuds having existed from time immemorial between them: they consequently live in a continual state of warfare, attacking and plundering each other, though very rarely engaging in a regular campaign, or fighting pitched battles. Their hostilities consist chiefly of marauding expeditions. It not unfrequently happens that owing to internal dissensions part of one tribe breaks off from the rest and goes over to the enemy—the most inveterate feuds being not uncommonly those which arise between members of the same tribe. Neither the Anayzeh nof the Shammar are ever united under one chief. but are both divided into a large number of branches, each having its own sheikh. Even these branches are often at war. This want of union exists in all clans, as we have had occasion to remark in describing the Kurds and other nomades of the Turkish empire, and is the principal cause of their weakness. Unlike those

those tribes, however, the Bedouins are beyond the control of the Porte, and, in their inaccessible deserts, can defy its in-

trigues and its power. The form of government of the wandering Arabs-if government it can be called—renders the prospect of ever bringing them completely under subjection extremely remote. It is very rare that a race, accustomed from the earliest period to a life of entire independence-subject to no control, except such as the laws of self-preservation and of society even in its most primitive form must impose upon all who live together—can ever be reconciled to the restraints and sacrifices of civilized life. Amongst the Bedouins the spirit of freedom and of perfect liberty and equality is protected and encouraged by customs and laws of the highest antiquity, and is nourished by their peculiar mode of life and the nature of the country they inhabit. They have hitherto resisted all temptation to abandon their hard and abstemious existence, and live to this day as they lived when they robbed Job of his flocks and herds, and when they counted the patriarchs amongst them. The extreme foresight and wisdom displayed in many of their laws and customs, all devised for the preservation of this freedom and for the maintenance of this equality, as well as the nobleness of their character in many respects, and the beauty and refinement of their language, remove the Bedouins altogether from the category of the savage tribes of America or Central Africa. They present the highest type of the pure pastoral life.

One of the most remarkable of their self-imposed laws for the maintenance of their liberty is that which forbids the concentration of the military and political authority in one chief. the real Bedouins, the commander in war is distinct from the Sheikh who heads the tribe in peace. The former is called the 'Agyd;' his office is hereditary, and his authority is recognised as supreme the moment the tribe is led against the enemy, but ceases as soon as war is at an end. The gydship may descend even to a child; and Burckhardt relates how an orphan, so young that his sister guided the camel on which he sat, headed a great tribe of Nedjd in a successful campaign. In this instance the boy had shown his spirit by refusing to sit behind his sister, the test that the Arabs considered it necessary to apply before they determined whether he was worthy to assume the command. . By the institution of this divided authority between the Agyd and the Sheikh, a salutary check is placed upon the latter, and that great danger to liberty, the union of military with political power, is avoided; at the same time no encouragement is held out to a chief to engage his tribe in feuds and wars, as he

can derive no personal advantage from them, except his share of booty.

Every precaution is taken to prevent a chief obtaining arbitrary power, or usurping an authority which might interfere with the complete independence of any one member of the tribe. He has really very little control over those who, for the sake of convenience, acknowledge his rank, and submit to a certain extent to his commands. Those who follow him do so of their own will. He cannot compel them to obey his orders. If he becomes unpopular, or attempts to interfere with those about him, he is simply left to himself. When the time comes for changing the encampment, they allow him to depart alone, or they strike their tents without consulting him and seek other pastures. A sheikh, therefore, can only maintain his influence by superior abilities and courage, and by carefully attending to the feelings and wishes of his followers. He has little real power under any circumstances, and is bound to consult the elders and minor chiefs of the tribes under him upon every occasion of importance. Burckhardt observes, that 'it is a custom among Bedouins, when a party of them, with their sheikh, visit any neighbouring town, to express great deference towards him, representing themselves as being completely under his control. This they do that the governor of the town with whom they have to treat may be inspired with a high opinion of the sheikh's great power and authority—an opinion which often causes more favourable terms to be granted than the Bedouins could otherwise have obtained. But as soon as the party returns to the Desert the mask is thrown off, and the sheikh mixes again with the crowd of his people, not venturing even to scold any of them without exposing himself to a reproachful and vituperative reply.

Neither tax nor contribution is paid to the sheikh; on the contrary, he is expected to maintain the honour and character of the tribe by receiving and ent taining its guests, maintaining the poor, and distributing presents with liberality amongst his followers. His decisions in case of dispute are only looked upon as advice, and are obeyed or not as it may suit the parties affected. He has no power of enforcing his judgment, or of inflicting any punishment upon a wrongdoer, but usually an Arab condemned by him submits of his own accord. Each tribe has its cadi, or judge, an office hereditary in families, who may be appealed to in all instances; his decisions are held to be just interpretations of the law, and are almost always implicitly obeyed, the offender being compelled by public opinion to yield. They cansist of the infliction of fines in camels, sheep, or money;

corporal

corporal punishment, or that of death, as an act of the law, as distinguished from revenge, being unknown amongst the Bedouins.

It would be difficult to devise a system of divided authority better calculated than that we have described to maintain amongst a rude people a perfect state of independence and liberty, which, however, unless controlled by some well-devised checks, might soon degenerate into anarchy, leading to the display of every evil passion. One of the most remarkable of those checks, and one, probably, of the very highest antiquity, is the 'Thar,' or blood-revenge—the customs relating to which go far to prevent not only acts of personal violence, but those feuds which, if unrestrained, would lead to the extermination of wild tribes acknowledging no control. This terrible institution renders the most inveterate war amongst the Arabs almost bloodless, and acts not only as a constant restraint upon those who, influenced by anger or avarice, might raise their hands against their fellow men, but places every member of a tribe under the constant supervision of his family, who become responsible with their lives for the blood shed by their relative. It is an interpretation of the law of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' which at first sight would appear so cruel and vindictive as to be scarcely tolerable in any condition of society. To its enforcement, however, the Bedouin tribes probably owe their very existence, and there is perhaps no institution amongst them which better displays the sagacity of those who legislated for the free children of the wilderness. The law of 'Thar' is thus defined by Burckhardt:—

'The "Thar" rests with the khomse, or fifth generation, those only having a right to revenge a slain parent whose fourth lineal ascendant is, at the same time, the fourth lineal ascendant of the person slain; and, on the other side, only those male kindred of the homicide are liable to pay with their own for the blood shed whose fourth lineal is at the same time the fourth lineal ascendant of the homicide. The present generation is thus comprised within the number of the khomse. The lineal descendants of all those who are entitled to revenge at the moment of the manslaughter inherit the right from their parents. The right to blood-revenge is never lost; it descends on both sides to the latest generation.'

The law extends to accidental homicide as well as to murder. The price of blood is fixed by ancient custom, varying in the different tribes, and may be accepted in compensation; but if refused the law is inexorable, and the relations within the admitted degree may take their revenge at any time that they may find the opportunity. The homicide and those within the khomse in this case usually leave the encampment and seek refuge with

another

another tribe, three days and four hours being allowed to them before pursuit can be made. Amongst the Anayzeh the blood of one of the tribe is valued at fifty she camels, one deloul (or riding camel), a mare, a black slave, a coat of mail, and a gun. These are given to the nearest relation of the person slain, at the door of whose tent the homicide kills one of the camels to show that the blood between them is washed out. The friends of both then feast upon the flesh, and the ceremony is completed by the homicide walking through the encampment with a white handkerchief tied to the end of his lance to announce to all that he is free from blood.

Even in war the same law exists, and when in battle a man falls, the price of blood is required from the person who is known to have killed him. The mode of detecting the homicide, and of enforcing the payment of blood-money, its amount, and other matters connected with the 'Thar,' are regulated by many singular and interesting customs, differing amongst the various tribes of the desert, all probably of very remote antiquity, and all tending to the same end, the preservation of human life.

The 'Dakheel' is another institution devised to prevent the effusion of blood, and probably no less ancient than the 'Thar.' The law of 'Dakheel' is, that if a person in any actual danger from another can touch a third Arab, though he be the aggressor's nearest relation, or even anything which he holds in his hands, or with which his body or clothes may be in contact, or if he can hit him with a stone or club, or if he can reach him by spitting at him, crying out at the same time 'I am thy protected,' the person so addressed is bound to defend him. The same protection is granted to those who have eaten or slept under the tent of an Arab, or have broken bread with him. Amongst the great tribes of the desert the law of 'Dakheel' is religiously respected. To infringe it, under any circumstances, and to betray a guest, brings dishonour not only upon the guilty individual, but upon the tribe of which he is a member, and from which he is consequently often expelled. Many instances could be related of the noble generosity and courage displayed by Bedouins in protecting those who had sought refuge in their tents from pwaful neighbours. In former days even Turkish governors respected a custom to the observance of which they frequently owed their own safety, as they constantly took refuge amongst the wild tribes of the desert from the jealous suspicion and wrath of the Sultan. Contact with Turks and Egyptians has, however, corrupted the morality of many Arab tribes, and some of the Bedouins deserve the reproach of having broken the 'Dakheel.' In some tribes in the south of Babylonia it is the

custom

custom for an Arab to cut with a knife his mark upon the stick of a traveller whom he desires to protect, frequently after having first robbed him. The stick so notched will serve as a protection to the bearer as long as he continues in the same tribe, and even on some occasions if he should find himself in another in friendly alliance with it.

The institutions we have described prevent the Bedouins from being a bloodthirsty race. Wars have been frequently waged for years amongst tribes with little bloodshed, not more than thirty or forty men being slain on both sides. Their arms are not indeed such as would cause much slaughter. Few real Bedouins use guns; they usually fight with the sword and spear, which they consider weapons truly fit for warriors. The sedentary Arabs, and some of the nomade tribes inhabiting the borders of the desert, however, have matchlocks, and the use of fire-arms is gradually increasing.

In the 'ghazou,' or predatory expedition, life is seldom lost. If, when attacking an encampment, or driving off the camels of a tribe, a Bedouin is seized, he is deprived of his clothes, arms, and mare or dromedary, and, having been captured in what is considered an act of lawful warfare, is released and allowed to rejoin his friends. When an Arab is pursued by an enemy and his life is in danger, he can save it by addressing the words of the 'Dakheel' to his pursuer, who would then only take his property. Whilst the 'ghazou' is looked upon as a kind of knight-errantry, a curious distinction is made between robbery and theft. To rob an enemy by stealth is considered honourable, though he who is taken in the act is not released as when captured in the 'ghazou,' but is exposed to severe punishment, and only obtains his liberty by paying a ransom. To thieve—that is, to pilfer property in the tents of friends, after having eaten with a man and enjoyed his hospitality—is considered mean and unworthy of a Bedouin, and one who had been detected would be scouted by the best tribes. The habit, however, is not now rare amongst them; they have learnt it in their intercourse with Turks and Europeans, but they generally confine themselves to stealing from strangers. Their mode of robbing an encampment is very singular. The herds or mares of a hostile tribe are usually the objects of these expeditions. Young men, who have no establishment and are without a horse or camel, generally resort to this mode of obtaining the property necessary to a Bedouin who is about to start in life. Several Arabs unite for the purpose, and start together on foot, frequently travelling many days' journey to reach the encampment they have selected for their

They usually proceed at night, concealing their operations. themselves during the day to avoid the horsemen of the enemy, who are generally roaming about on the watch for such visitors. If Arabs are found on foot at a distance from their tents, they are seized, without further evidence, as 'haremys,' or robbers, and treated as if detected in the act of robbing. When they are sufficiently near to the object of their journey, they carefully hide themselves until the next night. As soon as the people of the encampment are believed to be asleep, three of the robbers advance with great caution to the tents, leaving their companions at a short distance, ready to receive and drive off the booty. One of the three crawls on his hands and knees, and imitates with great skill the howling of a jackal; the fierce dogs immediately rush together to the side from whence comes the noise, leaving the rest of the encampment unprotected. The Arab either keeps them to the spot by continuing to imitate the jackal, or, gradually retreating, leads them to as great a distance as possible. His companions signal out a tent before which camels are kneeling. One steals to the entrance and stands over it with his club, ready to fell the owner should he, in case of alarm, attempt to issue from it; the other, with a knife, cuts the rope by which each camel, at night, has one of its fore-legs doubled up and tied to prevent its escaping. Having released all the animals, he leads one away: the others, as is their cus-The broad, soft foot of the camel falls noisetom, follow. lessly on the ground. No sound disturbs the sleepers but the howling of the jackal and the barking of the dogs, who are supposed to be faithfully defending their charge. The Arabs who are lying in wait drive off the booty with the utmost speed, and next morning they are far away from the encampment. stealing mares, the great difficulty is to remove the iron chains and padlocks with which their forefeet are always bound together. For this purpose the 'haremys' carry a file. When released it is not easy to lead them away without noise. Once clear of the encampment, the robbers jump on their backs, and are soon out of reach. It requires great skill and practice to steal horses, and good mares, which are usually carefully guarded and kept within the tents of their owners, are rarely taken.

Should a robber be captured, the treatment he undergoes is very curious. He at once answers the summons to confess the object of his nocturnal visit, and having been led into the tent of his captor, from which every one is excluded that he may not obtain the 'dakheel,' his hands and feet are bound. The people are then called in, and he is compelled, by threats of severe ill-treatment, to cry, 'I renounce'—i. e. the privilege of 'dakheel;'

after

after which, for the whole of that day, he can no longer claim protection from any person present. A hole, like a shallow grave, is then dug in a corner of the tent, and he is placed in it on his back, bound as he is. Camel-saddles, sacks of corn, and other property usually found in a Bedouin's tent, are piled over him upon poles placed across the hole, leaving a small aperture above his head, through which he can breathe and obtain the

scanty nourishment allowed him during his captivity.

A ransom is demanded of him, and he is kept in this painful confinement until he can procure the amount or can secure the 'dakheel' of some Arab, who is then under the obligation of releasing him and of restoring him to his tribe. obtain his liberty through the latter means, rather than by paying ransom, which he will resist as long as his powers of endurance permit, is his constant endeavour, whilst the owner of the tent is equally watchful to prevent him. No man or child (unless he be the captor's own son, of whom the prisoner cannot demand protection) is allowed to approach him, for if he can touch any person, even by spitting upon him, or if he receive from the hands of any one a piece of bread, he immediately becomes his 'dakheel.' and must be released. His friends soon hear of his misfortune. and try every stratagem to procure his liberty without paying the required ransom. One of the most curious is that related by Burckhardt, and still practised amongst the Bedouin tribes of Nedjd. A female relation of the prisoner, generally his mother or sister, visits the encampment in the character of a poor guest. Having ascertained the tent in which he is confined, she creeps stealthily to it in the night, and, finding the hole in which he lies, manages to place the end of a ball of thread in his mouth or to fasten it to some part of his body; then winding off the thread as she goes, she seeks some adjoining tent, and, awakening the owner, places the ball on his bosom, saying, 'Look on me, by the love thou bearest to God and thy own self; this is under thy protection.' The Arab at once comprehends her meaning. Guided by the thread, he reaches the prisoner, and demands him as his 'dakheel,' showing the thread which unites them. robber is at once released, is treated as if he were a newly-arrived guest, and is suffered to depart in safety to his tribe.

No disgrace attaches to an Arab who has thus been captured and treated as a 'haremy;' on the contrary, he is proud of having suffered in a daring and honourable exploit, and is not discouraged to renew the attempt as soon as a favourable opportu-

nity offers.

When the Bedouins rob travellers and caravans, they never wantonly take life, unless determined resistance is attempted, or

one of their number has been wounded or slain. In attacking they advance rapidly upon their prey, shaking their long lances ornamented with ostrich feathers, and shouting their This is done to frighten their victims; but as they war-crv. draw near they generally check their mares and demand the property they wish to seize in the well-known Bedouin formula of, O stranger, my uncle's daughter (i. e. my wife) is cold and requires thy cloak,' or as the case may be. After stripping the traveller of everything it is the custom amongst the best Bedouins to bestow upon him an old cloak or shirt, and if he be far from any encampment, and likely to perish from want of food and exposure, to conduct him either to the vicinity of tents or to point out to him a track which leads to them. An exception is, however, made in their treatment of Turks, who are usually slain without mercy, such is the hatred the Bedouin bears to the race by which

so many of his kindred have been basely betrayed.

Notwithstanding their defects and vices, arising chiefly from their mode of life, the Bedouins have many noble qualities. Burckhardt, who had the best opportunity of judging them, observes, Whatever preference I might give in general to the European character, yet I was soon obliged to acknowledge, on seeing the Bedouins, that, with all their faults, they were one of the noblest nations with which I ever have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted.' They may be accepted as representing the highest state of civilization to which wandering pastoral tribes can attain, when perfectly free and uncontrolled, except by immemorial customs having the force of laws only by common consent. would be impossible to trace the origin of these customs lost in the darkness of ages. They were not the result of any formal or definite legislation, nor can they be attributed to the wisdom or foresight of any one man. They arose from the necessities of the mode of life pursued by those who adopted them, and from the peculiar nature of the country they inhabited. That the virtues and the spirit of independence and freedom they foster have formed a race capable of performing great deeds, and of rising to the highest heroism, the history of the conquests of the Arabs. under Mohammed and his immediate successors fully testifies, as the history of the Caliphs equally proves that they are inconsistent with settled civilized life. Very shortly after the establishment of the Arabian empire the division again took place between the sedentary Arabs and the Bedouins. The latter returned to their deserts and their ancient customs, their equality and their liberty, their black tents and their camels. Whilst luxury and wealth soon corrupted the first, and ultimately led to their extinction as an independent nation, the Bedouins have maintained their freedom, although

although subject to occasional invasion and even conquest, and still wander through the wilderness, retaining unchanged the manners and the language of their forefathers. It is not probable that the Arabs will ever again appear as a conquering race. Their organization, their mode of warfare, and their resources, are not such as to render them now formidable to civilized nations. In the beginning of this century they made an ineffectual attempt to leave their deserts as conquerors, and were for a time successful against the ill-disciplined Turkish forces then opposed to Saoud, the founder of the new sect of the Wahabys, and his descendants, united the character of the religious reformer with that of the political chief, and it is by such leaders alone that the Arabs can be brought together under one standard, and be induced to desert their wilds for the sake of conquest. If they should hereafter again attempt to invade the countries bordering upon their deserts, it will be under some religious enthu-

siast or prophet.

The Wahaby chiefs insisted upon a strict observance of the ancient customs of the Bedouins, as part of the law of Mahommed which had been corrupted by intercourse with the Turks and by the vices of settled life. They displayed the same simplicity in their dress and mode of living as the humblest They would neither drink coffee nor smoke tobacco. because every artificial stimulus is included in the law applied to wine. When at the head of a confederacy which threatened at one time to spread its conquests not only over the whole of Arabia, but over Syria and Egypt, they wore no other dress than the Arab cloak and shirt, possessed no property but their mares and camels, and waited upon the poorest guests in a common black tent. Sustained by the enthusiasm and reliance of religious reformers and martyrs, it is not surprising that the new sect, comprising some of the largest and most powerful Bedouin tribes, should have been for some time successful. But they soon gave way even before the troops of Mohammed Ali Pasha. victorious expedition of the Viceroy of Egypt into the centre of Arabia, and the still more formidable danger arising from the corruption of some of the principal chiefs by the gold and promises of the conquerors, had however no result upon the tribes. The spread of the doctrines of the Wahabys was effectually checked, but the Egyptian soldiers were soon compelled to retreat, and the Bedouins were again left in undisturbed possession of their pastures.

Such being the condition of the Arab tribes, there is little hope of influencing their character or their habits by undertakings like railways and steam navigation, except in so much Vol. 102.—No. 204.

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that those who are brought into immediate contact with Europeans will lose much of their honesty and trustworthiness, but will not renounce their freedom or become industrious labourers. The utmost that can be expected is, that the prospect of gain may lead them to bring the produce of their flocks and herds more readily to a market, and to increase them as much as the resources of the country will allow. They are amongst the few races of the earth that have not to choose between civilization and ultimate extermination. Civilization cannot gradually encroach upon them. It is a curious fact that, whilst the Christian missionary has made his way to almost every part of the globe, and has taught with more or less success, he has never succeeded in mixing with the Bedouins. They wander over a region which, from physical causes, can be inhabited by none others but men following their mode of life. From the earliest times every effort has been made to reduce them to subjection, and to render their haunts, by human skill and labour, fit to receive a settled population. Canals and watercourses were, as we have described, carried as far into the Desert as human ingenuity could devise; and where water could reach, there the land was conquered. But there remained beyond a vast region which the Bedouin could call his own. There he is to be found still such as we see him represented on the walls of the Assyrian palaces, riding his swift dromedary; as we read of him in sacred history, suddenly appearing as a robber in the midst of the quiet cultivators of the soil, and as suddenly returning to his wilds; and as he defied the Romans and disappeared unharmed before their well-trained legions during the height of their power: he remains to this hour unchanged in his manners, his language, his arms, and his dress. It is this unchangeableness which renders the Bedouin so interesting as a study. He is the only existing link between the earliest ages of mankind and the present time, like a single strange animal connecting the actual world with some geological period.

There are other Arabs in Mesopotamia who deserve a short notice, the inhabitants of the marshes formed by the Euphrates and Tigris near their junction. Similar tribes appear to have dwelt in these vast swamps from the earliest period. On the Assyrian sculptures they are represented as they are found to this day, living in tents and huts on small islands scarcely raised above the level of the water, surrounded by forests of rushes, and moving from place to place in boats constructed of reeds smeared with pitch and bitumen. This mode of life, scarcely human, has reduced them almost to the condition of the beasts of the field. Still they are not altogether without some good qualities. They affect to hold sacred the person and property of a guest, and are,

to a certain extent, hospitable like all Arabs. In one of the principal tribes the greatest insult that can be offered to a man is to say of him 'that he has sold bread.' They are almost exclusively keepers of buffaloes, no other animal being able to live in those desolate swamps. Enormous herds of these animals feed upon the rank vegetation, or lie during the heat of the day in the shallow waters. Their milk affords an abundant supply of butter, which, preserved in skins, is an article of commerce, and enables their owners to procure corn and other necessaries. The wants of these Arabs are very few, and are amply supplied by pedlers from Baghdad or Hillah, who wander amongst the tribes with their stores. The commercial prospects amongst such people

are not very great.

We find, therefore, that the local trade and traffic which are to yield a profit to the railway depend upon sedentary Arabs, who are not sufficient in number to cultivate the little land irrigated by the river itself,* and have very few wants, and of Bedouins who have little to sell and need little to buy-upon people who neither engage in trade nor have the least occasion for moving from place to place. The trade and traffic between Europe and India must, therefore, support the undertaking. It has been calculated that it would cost 40% to transport a ton of merchandise by this route. Whether such would be the case it is difficult to say; but we are convinced that, putting aside the question of transshipment, the expense of transit, if the railway is to pay six per cent., would be such as to prevent any merchant from sending his goods by it. As to the annual passengers to India, their number is so small, as compared with what would be required to render the railway profitable, that we can scarcely take them into consideration. Moreover, we much doubt whether, during the greater part of the year, travellers would be inclined to expose themselves to the intolerable heat, and to the risk and inconvenience of a voyage down the Euphrates or Tigris in small steamers or flat-bottomed boats, when the Isthmus of Suez could be crossed in a few hours by rail, and the remainder of the journey be performed in steam-vessels as commodious as human ingenuity can render them. In the winter season a traveller, to whom the saving of four or five days would be of importance, might choose the Euphrates Valley route, and the company might perhaps calculate upon having a part of the mails. solitary traveller and the post-bags, together with the limited pro-

^{*} General Chesney is reported to have stated to the British Association at Dublin, on the authority of Mr. Rassam, that '100,000 camel-loads of cotton are now lying at Mosul for want of means of transport.' This is a most palpable exaggeration; perhaps three 'noughts' have slipped into the report by mistake.

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duce of the country, and the few bales of goods required by the Arabs on the banks of the rivers, would, we suspect, constitute for years to come the only traffic to support a large steam-establishment on the Euphrates, or a railway through Mesopotamia.

But admitting, for the sake of argument, the practicability of the Euphrates route, and the possibility of its yielding sufficient returns to render it a desirable commercial undertaking, how far ean the Turkish Government enforce its authority to ensure the safety of the company's property or that intrusted to their care? We have shown that throughout nearly its entire course the railway would pass through a country inhabited by tribes independent of the control of the Porte, except when awed by the presence of a military force. The only part of the line beyond their reach would be that between the sea and Aleppo. Neither the Bedouins nor the agricultural Arabs inhabiting the banks of the rivers would view with favour the construction of a railway, or the execution of any other enterprise, if they suspected that it would tend to the loss of their independence, and the establishment of the hated rule of the Turks.

The projectors of the railway talk with great confidence of the facility of securing the friendship and protection of the Arab sheikhs by kind treatment and suitable presents, and they quote many instances from the works of modern travellers of the honesty and trustworthiness of the Bedouin who has eaten your bread and pledged his word. We have stated that the true Bedouin possesses these virtues to a remarkable extent, but, as we have already remarked, the duration of a sheikh's authority is so uncertain that his protection would be of little permanent value. Moreover, it is not with Bedouins that the Euphrates Railway Company will always have to deal. The semi-nomade tribes occupying the banks of the river are for the most part the very reverse of the desert Arabs. They are treacherous, deceitful, and greedy of gain. They have none of those fine feelings of honour that distinguish the true Bedouin, and no dependence can be placed upon their word, even after the most solemn engagements. To enjoy anything like complete security it would be necessary to subsidise almost every chief and sheikh-and their name is legion—in Mesopotamia, in the desert between the Euphrates and Syria, and on the banks of the rivers. The probability is that their demands would increase as they became better acquainted with European gold. It remains to be seen, indeed, how far contact with Europeans may influence the character of the Bedouins. Experience shows that those tribes which have had much intercourse with Franks and with the settlements of Syria have lost much of their honesty and their trustworthiness,

and

and have become grasping and false. Steamers on the rivers would, of course, be more independent of the Arabs than works on land; still they would be subjected to much inconvenience if the inhabitants of the banks and the Bedouins showed decided hostility. Depôts of fuel and of goods must be maintained, and they would at all times be exposed to attack. When the steamers first navigated the Euphrates and Tigris the Arabs frequently fired wantonly at them. It was not uncommon to see a man throw off his cloak, perform a few antics, and then deliberately discharge his long rifle at the crew. Sometimes a party of Arabs, having a load to carry across the river, would hail the steamer and ask for assistance; when no notice was taken of their summons they would fire into her. These acts of aggression diminished and almost ceased on the Tigris when the Arabs had learnt a lesson from the steamer's guns, and became accustomed to the continual passage of the vessel; but at no time could a European venture far from the river, unless protected by a chief, without being stripped and robbed.

The want of security we have described would be fatal in the case of the telegraph. Mr. Andrew, on the information of travellers, declares that the Arab is not mischievous or wantonly destructive. Mr. Ainsworth states that he found a small collection of Roman coins in a tomb at Belis, placed there by the Arabs, and religiously respected because they had belonged to some departed race. These honest Arabs could scarcely have known a Frank. We are afraid that none such are now to be found on the banks of the Euphrates. Coin collectors and rival antiquaries have penetrated to those remote regions, and the Arab has become as crafty and as exorbitant as the most accomplished Wardour Street dealer in mediæval rubbish. In truth. the Arab is naturally mischievous and destructive. He may respect the old Cufic inscription in plaster, believing it to be a verse from the Koran or some holy invocation which it would be sacrilege to injure; but he will as readily knock to pieces with his club a piece of sculpture or an architectural ornament that may have belonged to the infidel, as he will destroy anything that comes in his way appertaining to what to him is the most hateful of races-the Turks. Many of the great ruins still standing in the Desert have defied his powers of destruction, which are fortunately very limited; but little that was within his reach and perishable has escaped him.

The Turks for very many years have maintained no naval force in the Persian Gulf or on the rivers. Not long ago there was a 'Capudan Pasha,' or Admiral, of 'the two seas,' who resided at Baghdad or Bussora and drew regularly his ample pay. His

fleet consisted of one miserable corvette, always anchored in the Euphrates near the latter port. The bulwarks and part of the vessel above the water-line having rotted and fallen away, they were rebuilt with bricks, as cheaper than wood. On one occasion, when an English man-of-war on her arrival saluted the Turkish flag, the compliment was not returned until the middle of the night, the excuse offered for the delay being that the officer in command had sent up to the Bussora Bazar for gunpowder to load his guns! The brickwork was shaken, into the river, and the corvette itself was nearly going to the bottom from the concussion. A few native boats laden with merchandize are occasionally tracked up the Tigris as far as Baghdad. They are entirely at the mercy of the Arabs, who levy black-mail or plunder them according to their humour. The boats used for ordinary purposes are precisely such as Herodotus described as employed in his day—mere circular baskets of reeds coated with pitch and bitumen. Goods from the upper country are floated down on rafts constructed of inflated skins and beams of wood. They are always exposed to robbery by the Arabs.

In order to ensure the least permanent security for either railway or telegraph through the Desert and Mesopotamia, the authority of the Turkish Government must be maintained by the continual presence of a considerable body of troops. The company could not by force maintain the police of the country in which their enterprise was carried on. The first collision with the Arabs and the shedding of blood would place Europeans in nearly the same category as the Turks, and a private company could not, of course, hold its ground in a foreign state amidst a hostile population. If the Turkish Government could be induced to establish a well-organised system of military posts along the banks of the Euphrates and in certain parts of the Desert, not only might the depredations of the Arabs be checked, but agriculture and commerce would be encouraged. This result would be advantageous in every respect to Turkey, and would tend to promote the establishment of steam and railway communication. But we see no prospect whatever of the Porte taking any such step, and without it no capitalist could safely embark his money in the Euphrates Valley route.*

There is still a mode of getting over all difficulties by securing to those who would embark in the undertaking the solid guarantee of a good rate of interest. The Turkish Government offers to

insure

^{*} As an instance of what may be expected from the Turkish government, it may be mentioned that a large and rich caravan was plundered last summer between Damascus and Baghdad; and that the property of foreign and native merchants thus taken was openly sold in the bazars of the principal cities of Syria, the authorities declining to interfere!

insure 6 per cent. upon the first section of the railway to be constructed under the Sultan's firman. But as Turkish 6 per cent. stock guaranteed by available revenues of the empire is at a considerable discount in the English market, and the Porte will shortly have to raise further loans for purposes of first necessity, the inducement is not considered sufficient by capitalists. attempt has been made to obtain from the British Government an additional guarantee of a smaller rate of interest to be paid in case of the non-fulfalment by the Porte of its agreement. Lord Palmerston has very properly declined to enter into any such engagement, which would be both unprecedented and most inadvisable in a political as well as in an economical point of view. He justly drew the distinction between interest guaranteed on a railway and the payment of a certain sum for the use of a telegraph when established. In the latter case, whilst encouraging a most important and useful undertaking, the Government obtains an adequate return for the outlay. The railway scheme must rest upon its own merits. An enterprise of this magnitude cannot be accomplished unless there be some reliable evidence to prove that it will be remunerative. If this proof can be furnished, the guarantee of such a government as the Turkish, exacted by severe, and it seems to us somewhat unfair, diplomatic pressure at Constantinople, would scarcely be required. We doubt much whether the Turkish Government itself be very anxious that the project should succeed, or whether it be prepared to give very cordial assistance, or to afford any extraordinary facilities to the projectors, except perhaps in uniting Aleppo with the sea. Turks look upon the Euphrates Valley route as a mere English scheme, not entered into with any desire to strengthen their authority or to develop their resources in this part of Asia, but simply to afford the means of speedy communication between England and her Eastern possessions, and for the transport of troops when necessary. They may even suspect that we have ulterior objects, and that a vast enterprise, carried out entirely by British capital and consequently entirely under British control, may extend our interests and our influence in Western Asia in a manner dangerous to those of Turkey. After Lord Palmerston's declaration concerning the Suez Canal, it may be presumed that France as well as other nations will take care to encourage these suspicions, and will leave no means untried to prevent the accomplishment of an undertaking in which England alone, of all the states of Europe, has any direct concern.

The very fact of the Euphrates route being available for the transport of troops would render the existence of the railway a source of considerable embarrassment to the Porte in its relations

relations with foreign powers. Its projectors assume that it would be used for that purpose, and they urge this argument in its favour most strongly upon the British Government. But one state cannot at all times be able to send its troops through the territories of another, however intimate and amicable the relations between them may be. A weak state like Turkey, surrounded by powerful nations not very favourable to England, some, may be, having no very friendly designs upon our Indian possessions, whilst she is, at the same time, exposed to the threats and intrigues of contending diplomatists at Constantinople, would consider the command of the shortest route for. the conveyance of troops to India no very enviable privilege. It is doubtful indeed whether, under any circumstances, she would permit the Euphrates route to be used for this purpose, and whether it would be more politic on our parts to insist than on hers to refuse. Even at a moment like the present, when the fate of our Indian Empire depends upon the arrival of reinforcements, Ministers have hesitated to avail themselves of the route by the Isthmus of Suez for the despatch of troops, and, under the circumstances of the case, we cannot but consider that they have been guilty of neglect, as we cannot learn that on this occasion either the Turkish or Egyptian Government has raised any objection to the passage of our soldiers.

We have enumerated the principal obstacles to the Euphrates Railway; they are such as to render, in our opinion, its construction for many years impracticable. The time will, no doubt, come when the Euphrates Valley route will be the shortest for certain purposes to India. We do not attach any value to the objection raised by Lord Palmerston, that it is not advisable to encourage this railway because there is even a still more direct road to India through Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Persia, and Beloochistan. A glance at the map, and the slightest acquaintance with the geographical configuration of Central Asia, will show that, under any circumstances, a railway through Mesopotamia would form a link in the most available and most practicable route to India. The centre of Asia is traversed by ranges of lofty mountains, and is inhabited for the most part by wild and warlike tribes, owning no allegiance to any recognised power. There are, therefore, political as well as physical obstacles to be overcome of so serious a nature that we may look upon this route, for all practical purposes, as out of the question. When the time comes for completing the entire railway communication with India, the Euphrates Valley route might be carried from the mouth of that river through Southern Persia and Beloochistan to Kurrachee; whilst it could be united with Constantinople and

Europe

Europe by a line crossing the most fertile parts of Asia Minor, and descending the table-land to the Euphrates by one of the gorges or 'gates' in Eastern Taurus. This would constitute as direct a line as necessary to India. But these are speculations

requiring at present little serious consideration.

The course to be pursued by the company appears to us to be simple enough. They have secured their concession and the guarantee of the Turkish Government. The country between Aleppo and the sea has been surveyed by competent engineers, and the cost of construction is known. The traffic between these two points is such as to promise some return for the capital required for the construction of so much of the railway. If that traffic did not at once secure 6 per cent., the deficiency, to be made up by the Turkish Government, would probably be of no great amount; and the annual sum so expended by the Porte would be amply compensated for by the immediate benefits conferred upon the north of Syria, and the consequent increase in its revenues. The company should, therefore, confine themselves, for the present at least, to that portion of their scheme, and endeavour to procure the necessary capital, by showing, in some way more trustworthy, and less pretentious, than Mr. Andrew's memoirs and letters published in the newspapers, that the undertaking would be a useful and profitable one. It is stated that the Turkish Government has offered to construct the harbour at Suedia. If the necessary works can be executed for the sum estimated by Sir J. M'Neil, which, judging from experience, we very much doubt, or even at a greater expense, we think the company would do well to retain the entire control over this most essential part of their scheme. Without the harbour the railway would be useless; * and any one acquainted with Turkey knows the fate of public works in that country. In communication with the railway, one or two fast steamers might be placed experimentally on the Euphrates for the postal service, and for such passengers as might wish to avail themselves of this route to India.† The means of communication between Aleppo and Kalah Jaber, or any other point on the Euphrates selected for the departure of the steamer, might be secured to a certain

^{*} According to the report of a paper on the Euphrates Radway read before the British Association at Dublin by General Chesney, the harbour, when completed, is to contain from thirty to thirty-five vessels only. This does not quite support Mr. Andrew's theory that Suedia is to become one of the great emporia of the trade of the East. The estimate for even this harbour is about 300,000l.; we may therefore assume that it will cost nearly double. Where is the Porte to get the money to construct it?

[†] It is stated that the Turkish Government has sent already an agent to this country to purchase two steamers for the navigation of the Euphrates and Tigris.

extent by entering into relations with the Arab chiefs whose tribes occupied the intervening country for the time being; and the journey could be performed, as it formerly was between Cairo and Suez, on camels or in cars, in a few hours.

By following this plan the people of the country might be gradually led to appreciate the importance of a railway, and to look upon it as a source of wealth to themselves. British capitalists, encouraged by the success of the first experiment, would be inclined to carry out the scheme still further; and the Turkish Government, seeing its political as well as financial

advantages, might give its cordial aid and co-operation.

Various modifications of the Euphrates route have been proposed for the transport of mails and Government despatches, such as steam and telegraphic communication between Bombay and Baghdad, the distance between that city and Constantinople, or some point on the Mediterranean, to be performed by couriers. It would appear that no obstacles are anticipated in laying down a telegraphic cable between Kurrachee and Baghdad. accomplished, the land journey will remain. The communication between Baghdad and Europe has hitherto been carried on by two routes-one across the Desert to Damascus and Beyrout, the other through Asia Minor by Diarbekir, Siwas, and Tokat, to Samsoun on the Black Sea, and thence by steamer to Constantinople. By neither of these routes would it be possible to reach, as assumed, in six days any point at present in telegraphic communication with Europe. During former wars in India despatches of the Indian Government were regularly sent to and fro overland through Baghdad and Damascus. Between these two cities there is scarcely one permanent settlement. vast desert stretches from the one to the other, thinly inhabited by various Bedouin tribes, under different chiefs and almost always at war with each other. The mail-bags were confided to one or two Arabs of a small tribe living in the neighbourhood of Baghdad called the Agayle, who, being much engaged in the horse-trade with India, are in constant relations with the Bedouins, and, rarely having feuds with them, are less likely to be molested in traversing their territories. The men employed were, we believe, without exception, found to be thoroughly trustworthy. The journey was one of considerable peril and fatigue. It was performed on dromedaries or swift camels, which, although the distance exceeds 550 miles, were never changed more than once on the way, frequently not at all. The Agayle endeavoured to avoid all human beings, and even all tents. His ingenuity and knowledge of the habits and haunts of the Bedouins were taxed to the utmost to keep entirely out of their sight, as

every man one meets in the Desert is presumed to be an enemy. Carrying a small bag of bread or flour and a skin of water on his saddle, he pursued his solitary way night and day across the wilderness, his docile and long-suffering beast rarely stopping for rest, but keeping up its steady trot, its rider ever watchful, scanning the horizon around, scrutinising with a piercing eye every mark on the sand and loose soil, and seeking the most unfrequented ravines and the wild and barren regions where even the flocks of the Bedouin would seek in vain for pasture. Horace Vernet has, with his usual skill and spirit, depicted the slight and weatherbeaten Arab, with his long garments floating in the wind, urging on his fleet camel as he arrived exultingly at Damascus with the despatches confided to his care. The journey was rarely performed in less than eight days; it might no doubt be accomplished in much less if there were changes of man and beast, but it must be remembered that in the Desert there are no stations, and that between the Euphrates and the immediate neighbourhood of Damascus no village is to be found. Although through the wariness and fidelity of the Arabs employed accidents were rare, yet the dangers and risks of this route are far too considerable to render it one upon which we should depend for our news from India. The distance from Damascus to Beyrout is performed in about forty hours, so that it would take about ten days to cross from Baghdad to the Mediterranean, and from thence three or four more days to the nearest telegraphic station, the telegraphic communication with India thus occupying nearly a fortnight.

The post between Baghdad and Constantinople, through Asia Minor, is conveyed by Tajars, a class of Government officers devoted exclusively to this service. Formerly they were very numerous; each pasha and governor of a district, as well as each foreign mission and even consul, had several in his employ. They were charged with letters, despatches, and treasure, and accompanied travellers of distinction, native or foreign, in their journeys. Their fidelity and courage were proverbial. During the great European wars in the early part of this century, when communications of the utmost importance were sent across various parts of the Turkish empire by British agents, and when every means were taken to bribe or to intimidate the Tatars in our service, in only one instance, as far as we are aware, was a Tatar suspected of having betrayed his trust, and even in his case it was merely suspicion, and no proof was ever produced against him. Merchants entrusted to them large sums of money with the most complete confidence. They conveyed the treasure and revenues of the Government from the provinces to the capital. In the towns

and villages they were treated with the utmost respect and consideration. They were invested with extraordinary powers in seizing horses and men required for their journeys. Their office gave them importance, and they were, moreover, from their constant journeyings, the great repositories of news and an authority upon political subjects. In their company it was pleasant to gallop over the wavy downs of Roumelia and the broad plains of Anatolia, in the soft still Eastern night, to watch the stars as they rolled above, or the dawn as it struggled with the gloom. The letters and treasure were carried in large leathern bags, slung over a horse led by a mounted 'suregee,' or postboy, whose business it was to accompany the beasts from stage to stage; the Tatar himself brought up the rear, armed with a long whip. with which he drove on the horses, almost lifting them off their legs with his powerful thong. His own was urged with a pair of enormous shovel stirrups, the jagged edges of which were more severe than any spur. When extraordinary speed was required, there were one or two led horses, in case any of the animals should break down by the way. The costume of the Tatar was rich and picturesque; a jacket and wide loose trowsers of scarlet cloth. covered with a labyrinth of gold cord; shawls of many colours round the waist, stuck full of silver-mounted pistols and yataghans of Damascus metal; a gay turban and capacious boots, over which were turned embroidered stockings. In winter and summer his dress was nearly the same; he had learnt from experience that thick and plentiful clothing is the best protection against the burning rays, of an Eastern sun. His power of endurance was great; he went on his long journeys night and day, rarely going out of a hard jog-trot, except when approaching a post-station, when the horses were driven into a gallop, amidst the wild yells of the suregee. He was frequently ten or twelve days in his broad. high saddle, without any more rest than the few minutes required for changing horses or the time a governor might take in writing his letters. Some Tatars whose journeys were generally confined to' one particular part of the country, availed themselves fully of the privileges of the Mussulman law, and kept their wife and establishment ready to welcome them in each principal city they frequented. The race has almost passed away. Wilkie has preserved the likeness of one of the last in the service of the British embassy in his 'Oriental Sketches.' The introduction of a regular post for letters in the Turkish dominions has rendered the Tatar unnecessary as a part of the establishment of a pasha or an ambassador; the few that remain are still employed in the service of the Government, but the new race is degenerate, and no longer represents the dignified old Tatar of former days.

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Under the former system, when the post-stations were supplied with excellent horses and were less far apart than they now are, the journey between Baghdad and the capital by land was rarely performed in less than fifteen or sixteen days; by embarking in a steamer at Samsoun it might be reduced by a couple of days. Perhaps by more frequent changes of horses and men it might be brought down to ten or eleven; the communication with India would be then two, or perhaps three, days shorter by this route than by the Desert and Beyrout.

But for the mere conveyance of news, the most practicable plan is that now encouraged by the India House, viz. the electric telegraph, by way of the Mediterranean, Egypt, and the Red Mr. Andrew, and the advocates of the Euphrates Valley scheme, object to it on the ground of the difficulties to be encountered from coral reefs, unequal soundings, currents, and other causes in the Red Sea. There is no proof that these difficulties really exist. No time should be lost in ascertaining whether they do or do not. The question of rapid communication with India is become one of vast and paramount importance; the interest felt in it by every Englishman at this moment is so deep that no exertion and no expense should be spared in at once ascertaining the best means of effecting it. This is surely a case in which every legitimate assistance should be afforded by Government to the projectors, especially in enabling them to ascertain how far it may be practicable to lay down the telegraphic cable in the Red Sea.

It remains for the public to urge upon the Government the consideration of this most vital question—speedy communication with India. Hitherto it has been treated with unaccountable indifference and neglect. We cannot understand why, if Ministers were unable to organise at once the means of transport for large bodies of troops through Egypt, they did not adopt the suggestion of sending by the bi-monthly steamers small bodies of men. The very fact of reinforcements, however insignificant, arriving in Calcutta at an early period of the mutiny would have produced an invaluable moral effect, and might have prevented inany disasters. The news would have spread, as is usual in the East, greatly exaggerated, and many a native prince who has since declared against us might have held back.* The gravest charge against Ministers is that of having at first treated too lightly one of the most deplorable catastrophes in the history of this country.

^{*} Since the above was written we have seen a letter from a native of India which strikingly confirms this opinion,

ART. IV.—Diaries and Despatches of the Venetian Embassy at the Court of King James I., in the years 1617, 1618.

Translated by Rawden Brown. (Unpublished.)

In the month of September, 1617, Sir Dudley Carleton, writing to Mr. Secretary Winwood from the Hague,* mentions the arrival of the Venetian Ambassador 'on his way towards his Majesty' James I. The personage thus announced, though still in the prime of life, was a veteran diplomatist. He had represented the Republic at Turin and at Paris, and was now despatched by the Signory at the shortest notice to supply the vacancy occasioned by the sudden death of the noble Barbarigo, their late representative at the English Court. His name was Piero Contarini, and he was the head of that branch of his illustrious family which is distinguished by the adjunct 'degli

Scrigni.'

The last descendant of this ancient house died in the year 1843, bequeathing to the library of St. Mark his family collection of books and MSS.: among the latter were found contemporary copies of the despatches which Piero Contarini addressed to the Government during his residence in London, and also a series of journals and letters, which were written by the chaplain of the embassy for the amusement of his patron's brothers, and contain all such familiar details as the Ambassador did not think fit to communicate to the Senate, and was too busy or too idle to transmit to his family. Among the many MS. treasures of the Marcian Library this curious miscellary attracted the attention of Mr. Rawdon Brown, to whose researches among the Venetian archives t we already owe so valuable a contribution to the materials of English history. He has given a spirited translation of the text, and has illustrated it with notes containing much curious matter extracted from the diplomatic correspondence and other records of the Council of Ten. As this work has not yet been published, it does not come within our jurisdiction, but, having been permitted by the translator to make extracts from it, we hope to render our readers a not unacceptable service by presenting to them a glimbe of London and the Court as it appeared to an impartial spectator in the year 1617-18.

The Ambassador's letters are remarkable for their businesslike simplicity in an age when grace of composition was supposed

Vide Hardwicke Papers.

^{† &#}x27;Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.' We are glad to find our view of the importance of this work confirmed by Mr. Froude, who makes considerable use of it in the early part of his History of Henry VIII.

to consist in long involved periods, and even official language was overloaded with an uncouth mixture of ceremonious bombast. The chaplain writes in the most familiar style, and professes to collect, for the 'sole pleasure of his most illustrious lords,' whatever he thinks likely to interest or amuse them. To his notes on England he gives the quaint title of ANGLIPOTRIDA, as having 'been concocted in London out of a variety of ingredients collected in divers places and at sundry times. He specially affects this culinary metaphor, he says, because the farrago he presents has this further resemblance to the labours of the cook, that it is intended to be served up only once; he accordingly requests that his MSS. when once read may be burnt; and then, with the inconsistency of a true author, he proceeds to indicate the very corner of the library where he hopes they may be preserved with the relics of Cardinal Bembo and other great literary friends and clients of the house, in order that in this goodly company they may go down to posterity with the boast-

' et nos quoque poma natamus.'

Orazio Busino, for that was the chaplain's name, was the Rector of Piazzola,* a magnificent country house and estate in the Paduan territory, which the ambassador's family had acquired by a marriage with the heiress of the Carraras, once the lords of Padua. It was a villa of royal stateliness, where in the days of the Republic, as is attested by many a quaint old engraving, sovereigns were occasionally received by the Contarini of the day with a magnificence equal to their own, and a refinement of taste which at that time Italy alone could boast. Busino's letters show him to be a man of shrewdness and observation, endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous, high animal spirits, and unbounded good humour. He is somewhat of a botanist and a 'culler of simples,' but he does not on all occasions intrude his favourite topic like 'the bore' of a modern novel. He has no objection to court the raillery of his correspondents by pointing out the incongruity between the rough accidents of travel and the decorums of his peaceful and reverend calling. But in thus offering himself as a butt he shows the self-reliance of a skilful master of fence, who is conscious of the power of keeping his assailant, when he pleases, at a respectful distance. To his own chronicler the Lord of Piazzola is certainly a hero; the burlesque mishaps which are made

^{*} Piazzola (the penultimate is long). This estate passed by inheritance into the Correr family, and was by them sold in 1852 to a purchaser who had made his money by his own exertions, and whose name was not to be found in the Libro d'Oro.

matters of mirth when they befal his attendants or the chaplain (for the writer almost always speaks of himself in the third person), are exalted into misfortunes if chance plays her spiteful tricks on the Ambassador himself. Busino treats it as a capital joke that he has been obliged to set out without boots, or a great coat, or any one requisite for his journey; but if my lord's baggage is not where it ought to be, he resents it as an unmannerly outrage on his dignity; on such occasions his style rises from farce to tragedy, and sometimes even soars into the periphrastic euphuism of the day. It is the 'poor little priest's mare' that wallows in the shallow ford, and obliges her rider to dismount and splash through the water as he can. It is he, too, who on another occasion is carried across the river on men's shoulders wet and shivering, and 'looking like a plucked owl,' while the Lord of Piazzola in some unspecified way is landed, salvâ dignitate, on the opposite bank. It is the attendants who on, passing along the 'via mala' are obliged to dismount, and are frightened out of their wits, while His Excellency alone keeps his nerve and his seat. Indeed so frequent are the allusions to this great man's horsemanship, that we cannot altogether stifle a suspicion that, accustomed as he was for the greater part of his life to 'swim in a gondola,' on that one point he had a little need of flattery. In the passage from Flushing to the Nore the Ambassador holds out longer against sea-sickness, and recovers from it sooner, than any one else; but the particularity with which all his symptoms are recorded clearly proceeds from the author's conviction that, as his Excellency can be proved to have succumbed at last, neither his chaplain nor the suite need any longer be ashamed of their weakness.

But Busino is no mean parasite. His admiration of his patron is most sincere; he loves the most serene Republic as none in the days of modern history, save Venetians, have loved their country. In all her golden book there is no name so illustrious, he thinks (and in this he is guilty of but little exaggeration), as Contarini, and of all the Contarinis the Lord of Piazzola is the most distinguished by the gifts of nature and fortune. Busino is an excellent churchman, but he is no ascetic. He has no ambition to be better than the Church holds to be necessary, and he enjoys all the good things she does not forbid. When the heretical Hollanders at the Hague prepare for the party on Saturday night a supper of flesh and fish after their fashion, he will not hear of the sophistry which gives a dispensation to travellers; he insists on keeping the fast, but he indemnifies himself with the wine, which is excellent. He has stout notions of decorum,

and rarely tolerates an equivocal jest unless it is made by himself. He is an unbending stickler for orthodoxy; and though favourably disposed to heretics who make themselves useful to the Signory or agreeable to the Ambassador, he speaks of herety in the abstract with becoming horror and aversion. He takes care His Excellency shall hear mass as often as is required by a due regard to his dignity in this world, and his salvation in the next, and evidently enjoys the comfortable assurance that he and his patron are going to heaven by the sure and easy road which the Romish Church marks out for a man of rank and his chaplain.

The Ambassador left Venice at the shortest notice, but for the first day or two his progress was slow; he slept at his own country-houses, and was accompanied by his mother, his sister-in-law,* and other members of his family. In their company he heard the mass 'pro peregrinantibus' (for all that travel by land or by water); he then took a dignified and affectionate leave of

them, and the journey commences in good earnest.

Sir Dudley Carleton, in the despatch before quoted, thought it worthy of note that the Venetian Ambassador's train was small. Busino enumerates among his attendants 'a courier, a housesteward, the chaplain, the keeper of the wardrobe, the butler, two grooms of the chamber, an assistant groom, besides four footmen, in number twelve, with as many more large coffres and other baggage.' We wonder what either of the dignitaries. English or Venetian, would have thought if with prophetic vision they could have caught a glimpse of a certain veteran diplomatist of our own time, adorned with the highest titles and honours of his profession, as he was wont to jump from steamboat to 'diligence,' and from 'diligence' to 'facre,' without a single attendant, and with (perhaps without) a single change of linen? In those days. however, a retinue was not a mere matter of parade, and the most stately of Ambassadors must have endured more hardship in his wayfarings than would now fall to the lot of a discarded courier returning to his home by third-class conveyances.

To avoid the territories of Austria and of Spain the Ambassador took the road by Brescia through the Grisons to Splugen. On the summit of the Alps the diarist is painfully made aware that Italy is exchanged for Germany. Who has not felt how harshly the sudden change of language grates on the ear? Miles, he complains, become leagues (in weariness.)

^{*} In Venice, among the great families, it was usual that the head of the family should remain single, as there was a decided preference for bachelors in filling in the great offices of state, and that the younger brothers should marry to constitue the family.

as well as in name), and 'camere' become 'stuben.' Furthermore 'the churches are bare, desolate caverns, and true religion gives place to heresy.' After two hours' riding in the dark our travellers reach the village of Splugen through a narrow defile overshadowed by dark ragged pines. The road was only the half-dry bed of a torrent, and the descent was so painful and difficult, that the chaplain compares it to the entrance of the 'infernal regions' (we own we thought that descent had been proverbially easy); and this resemblance, he adds, is further justified by the reputation of the village itself, which 'is said to be filled with diabolical'—we hope he only means heretical— 'souls.' But he had every excuse for his bitterness. fiercely did theological strife rage in these sequestered valleys, that he was advised not to expose his cassock to insult and his person to danger by wearing the dress of his profession, and accordingly he completely enshrouded both in the buff jerkin of a man-at-arms. We do not need this proof, nor yet his favourite designation for himself, 'il pretino' (an affectionate diminutive which in fact suggests rather lowliness of rank than any positive idea of size), to be convinced that Busino was a small man. His style of thought and narrative as clearly indicates a low stature as the lucubrations of the 'Spectator,' according to his own notion, betray his short face. Ere long he emerged from his warlike disguise like a silkworm out of its cone, on entering the Catholic cantons at Rapperschwyl, and there he had the satisfaction of hearing mass at the church of certain Capuchin nuns, who had decorated its walls with unusual richness, in the hope, they said, of attracting and converting the neighbouring heretics. Assuredly these good sisters were in advance of their age. In our times their pious speculation might have been very successful; in their own, nothing was more repelling to Protestants than the superfluous ornaments which they contemptuously termed the 'scarlet rags of Popery.'

At Basle the ambassador and his suite betook themselves to the Rhine. Competition, though the cause of most of the traveller's comforts, does not always work well for his repose. Every tourist has a painful recollection of the pillage of his luggage by rival porters on the Caledonian Canal, of the squabbles of captains at a seaport contending for his patronage, of the struggles for his person by a rabble rout of donkey-boys at Portici, and a long et-cetera of similar vexations. But whose experience can furnish anything like the mode adopted for settling such-like disputes in the seventeenth century on the Rhine? When it was announced that a party of travellers required a conveyance, the boat-owners met, and with much mock ceremony and real carous-

ing, threw dice for the job. The winner, released from all dread of competition, could extort what he pleased from the passive traveller, and all that the ambassador's dignity could obtain for him was, that, as he was a richer prize than usual, he was raffled for with more eagerness, and fleeced with more effrontery. But this was not all. There was a formal election for the crew, and a commission of inquiry to decide on their competency; and for each of these ceremonies exorbitant fees were extorted. After all, the accommodation was wretched, and it was only by the help of some door-hangings contained in those well replenished coffres that a cabin could be contrived for his Excellency. The boat in fact was little better than a raft, intended, no doubt, to be broken up and sold at the end of the voyage; and the planks were so frail and so slightly put together, that Busino found the reflection, 'tantum distamus a morte'-'this is all the fence between us and death'-not a little disquieting. He had need of all his nerve; but he relied on his patron's good star, and called to mind the inspiriting thought, 'Cæsarem vehis,'* with more effect on himself, we hope, than on the Strasburg boatmen when he subsequently addressed the same encouragement to them on their refusal to go on in #fog.

The Rhine was then the great artery of Europe, through which the life-blood of civilization flowed. Steamboats as yet were not; summer tourists were not; Brown, Jones, and Robinson remained under the wholesome control of the 'prentice laws at home. Commercial Europe and feudal Europe were still mingled together in life and activity. Now we witness the triumph of one over the grave of the other. Then every castle now ruined, every fortified village now dismantled, teemed with life and bristled with arms. The stream swarmed with boats - heavy craft loaded with the merchandise of the world, or light rafts run together for the conveyance of passengers, such as floated down with our diarist more securely than he believed. Then, as now, the banks were studded with dwellings, and covered tier above tier with vineyards producing the most delicious wine. The Venetians were enchanted; but at every fortress they were stopped, and, unless a special compliment to the serene republic was intended by the lords of the territory, they were compelled to pay a heavy toll. Watch and ward were more jealously kept than usual; at Brisach, a town belonging to the Archduke Maximilian, the ambassador was absolutely detained for two nights by an insolent lieutenant-governor, who affected to mis-

^{* &#}x27;Quid times? Cæsarem vehis'—Cæsar's well known apostrophe to the boatman.

understand his orders. In vain Busino stormed and pleaded his favourite etymology for the name of Contarini—'Comes Rheni'*— which should exempt its bearer from insult in his fatherland. But, in truth, this outrage was only the retaliation of former violence. Not long before Count Mansfeldt's troops on their way to join the Republic's ally the Duke of Savoy had violated this neutral territory, and Contarini is too much a man of the world to wonder at finding the insults of the strong revenged upon the weak. Everywhere he encountered military preparations, drills of new levies and musterings of old invalids. There seemed to be abroad the instinctive prescience of danger, such as makes the cattle run to shelter when they snuff the coming storm. Before the year was out the troubles began which ended in the Thirty Years' War.

On entering the Netherlands the ambassador had the satisfaction of finding himself on the territory of an allied state; in fact, at the Hague he found credentials to the Prince of Orange, by whom he was received with cordiality and distinction. At the frontier town of Barich he and his suite made an experiment of some importance. For the first time in their lives they tasted beer. Beer, we suppose, is an acquired taste, but the facility with which it is acquired depends greatly on the quality of the beer, and our Venetians did not on their first trial approve of the Dutch tap. It is strange that Germany had not yet introduced what is now her favourite beverage. It will surprise some of our readers not less to find the chaplain, at this advarced stage of his journey, speaking of smoking as a novelty. Contarini, in his impatience to get on, resolved to go from Utrecht to Amsterdam by night, and while waiting for the boat he was shown into an inn by the canal side, but he there 'found people smoking tobacco, and making such an intolerable stench,' that neither he nor his suite 'had courage to enter.' On arriving in England, Busino tells us subsequently, he found the use of the 'queen's weed, herba reginæ,' as he calls it, all but universal. Even respectable women, he assures us, had adopted it, but privately only, and on the plea of health. It is a proof how little it had extended to other countries, that he gives his correspondent an ingenious and elaborate description of that curious

^{*} This etymology is usually rejected, we believe, by the antiquaries. This illustrious family, which has given eight doges to Venice, and one tribune to Malamocco, is more generally supposed to derive its name from Contadino, in reality the nobler derivation of the two. Not a few of the most ancient Venetian families can trace up to the leaders of the present population, the Contadini that took refuge in the lagunes from the invasion of Attila—an antiquity which the nobility of no other country can claim with any degree of probability.

little instrument called a pipe, by which the process of inhaling the smoke is effected.

'The boat' which they were waiting for, his Excellency naturally pictured to himself as the counterpart of those in which he had so often sat in comfort and in dignity, protected from the elements, and surrounded with every luxury, between Padua and Venice. Alas! it was an open barge, strewed with nothing better at the bottom than foul straw, and on this it was necessary to lie down. Standing or sitting was alike rendered impossible by the lowness of the bridges which perpetually crossed the canals; and there then on this nasty straw, rendered still more uncomfortable by pouring rain, all night long lay his Excellency and his suite, like 'gentlemen from Reggio.' The point of this expression is still intelligible in Venice. We have often been amused by observing the longevity, nay, the immortality, of a popular joke. There was in the seventeenth century. as there is now, a considerable trade between Venice and the territory of Reggio in pigs, and from that day to this pigs are designated, in the slang of the gondoliers, as Gentlemen from Reggio.' Early in the morning our travellers left their soaked straw 'in a very subdued state of mind' (no wonder), and opened their weary eyes on a flat green, scarcely raised above the level of the water, and 'studded with innumerable flocks and herds,' on windmills, 'not to grind corn,' but constructed for the purpose of drainage,-and on a sleepy canal, on whose leaden surface glided a variety of 'ducks, storks, and swans, and here and there barges freighted with a combustible earth called TURB.'

Amsterdam, however, made amends for all the previous inconvenience. Busino admires this northern Venice, as we should have thought none who were accustomed to the magnificence of the Queen of the Adriatic could admire any city which, by certain points of resemblance, provoked so disadvantageous a comparison. But no such drawback modifies his praise of its neatness, quaintness, cleanliness, and convenience; his glowing description of which might have been penned in the present day. In size and situation he thinks it equal to Venice; in commercial activity far superior, for Amsterdam had then nearly succeeded in engrossing the traffic with the East, which Venice was fast losing. Our diarist's admiration is not unmixed with a slight shade of envy. But as the Dutch are heretics, he consoles himself with the reflection, that the 'children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.'

The political aspect of the Netherlands at this period was cloudy. The dissensions between the Arminians and the Calvinists,

between Barnevelt and the Prince of Orange, had reached a height which menaced the safety of the infant State. Busino imagines that when he passed through Holland the former were in the ascendant; if so, their triumph was short-lived. Before the Venetian ambassador had been a year in England a courier stopped in his way through London to give him the news that Barnevelt was arrested, and King James, to whom no dogma of religion was so sacred as the cause of a king, or even of a stadtholder, exulted in Busino rejoices as a churchman in these schisms in the heretical camp, which promise well for the triumph of the papacy; but he cannot deny they are equally favourable to the re-establishment of the despotism of Spain, and hatred of Spain was at that time the instinct and the duty of every true son of Venice. It was the dread of this common enemy that had cemented a league between the two maritime republics, and the bond of a common hatred procured for our travellers wherever they went every kind of compliment and kindness-deputations, presents, invitations, and hotel bills defrayed at the public expense. At Dort there took place one of those bacchanalian scenes which recurred in the course of the journey whenever a peculiar compliment was intended, and which mark the solemn and institutional drunkenness of the period. The first instance is recorded at Coirc. At Zurich another of these portentous political carouses occurred; but everywhere the routine of operations is much the same. The authorities bring the ambassador a present of some huge jars of wine: in return he is obliged to ask them to supper, and the party are expected to remain together till the wine or their power of swallowing it is exhausted. At Dort the zeal for the Republic of the Adriatic was at its height, and the magistrates gave the ambassador a supper, at which,-

'after two or three bumper toasts, they sent for a huge goblet studded with knobs inside and out, cut diamond-wise. Our president, who was the very picture of Bacchus, round, plump, and rosy, and, though a young man, crippled in his hands with gout, then proposed a loyal toast, "aTo the prosperity of the Republic of Venice!" standing all the while cup in hand, and, having drained the goblet dry, he turned its mouth towards his Excellency, it being customary for them to display their prowess thus, and then, after causing it to be again replenished, he presented it to him, and his Excellency acquitted himself nobly.'

These revels are in general very distressing to our sober Venetian, but on this occasion we suppose the ambassador's mettle was roused, or he was unwilling by ill-timed and selfish temperance to damp so much political enthusiasm. But poor Busino's

horror

horror of intoxication must have been great, when it could induce so accomplished a critic in wine to have recourse to the nauseous expedient he proceeds to recount:—

'The ceremonious circuit of this chalice of debauchery (disonestissimo calice) was then continued, its sixth victim being the poor little priest, who, finding himself doomed to so awful an encounter, and dreading, if he emptied the vessel, to be drowned or burnt alive by such strong wine, determined, as there was no water at hand, to dilute it with beer, and to quaff his bumper thus. The magistrates thereupon roared with laughter, saying to him, "Monso vu gatte tutt."

Whether this is Busino's notion of French orthography or his imitation of his Dutch hosts' pronunciation we do not pretend to say.

'Nor did the mischief,' he continues, 'end here, for two or three other toasts, though out of rather less outrageous beakers, were subsequently drunk to the good understanding between the Signory of Venice and their High Mightinesses of the United Provinces. These Magnates of Dort had intended remaining at table all night, talking well in the French fashion, and drinking yet better in that of Germany. His Excellency, however, being anxious to depart, rose and took leave,'

—glad enough, no doubt, to find any pretext to break away from these extravagant orgies. In those days an ambassador should have been chosen, as a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the last century, for the strength of his constitution, and his power of resisting, or at least of enduring, the action of enormous quantities of alcohol.

And now, on the forty-sixth day after receiving his commission from the Signory (as the ambassador with something of self-complacency tells the Doge), a sea voyage, short, but tedious, like a late divine's sermon, brought him to the English shore. The packet-boat was crowded, the wind was high, the sea was rough, and our travellers, frightened, sick, and weary, were not much cheered by their reception at 'the Post' at Gravesend. This was the spot where in the days of cumbrous ceremony it was usual for ambassadors on their first arrival to remain till arrangements could be made for their entering the capital in state. And perhaps to this circumstance may in part be attributed the excessive extravagance of its inns; for every meal Busino complains they were charged two ducats, or 10s. per head.* In all countries and at all times seaports have been exorbitantly dear.

^{*} Mr. Rawdon Brown quotes a letter, written in 1617 by the inquisitors of state, referring to the liquidation of a debt incurred by a former ambassador, which proves that a ducat was then worth exactly 5s. The inquisitors contend that 600 ducats, at the then rate of exchange, are equivalent to 150l., at 20s. to the pound.

Fynes

Fynes Morison—whose book was published in this very year, and may very probably have been bought by Busino or his patron, for a 'tall copy' of it exists in the Contarini collectionprotests against the injustice of judging England by its inns, and especially that of Gravesend. Contarini immediately sent for the resident secretary of the Venetian Embassy, Lionello, and under his auspices proceeded incognito to London to make his own arrangements. He was fortunate enough to secure a house in an airy and fashionable quarter, one that, like Ashburnham or Chandos House in our own day, had frequently been let to foreign ambassadors. It was a little too much in the country, but it was near the most fashionable theatres, especially those that keep the best trained dogs for bear and bull baiting. Its situation is still familiar to the 'fashionable world'—at least to that part of it which is in the habit of frequenting the Eastern Counties Station—it is Bishopsgate Street Without. The house belonged to one of London's most eminent citizens, one who from small beginnings had raised himself to princely wealth and high consideration-Sir Paul Pindar; and its site, Mr. Cunningham tells us in his 'Handbook,' is still indicated by the 'Sir Paul Pindar's Head.' It was spacious and handsome, and had a gallery which was easily turned into a chapel, by putting up 'a decent altar' at the farther end. To this commodious habitation he removed his establishment, but with the necessity of returning to Gravesend as soon as the day for his public entry is fixed, in order that he may be conveyed back again in befitting state by the master of the ceremonies in the royal barges.

The special object of Contarini's mission was to obtain the good offices of King James, under the difficulties in which the Republic was now involved. The necessity of suppressing the Uscocks, a nest of pirates who for upwards of a century had infested the Gulf of Quarnero, with the connivance of the House of Austria, had gradually drawn the Signory into a formal war with the Archduke Ferdinand. The expediency of supporting the Duke of Savoy (in fact of maintaining the independence of Italy against the insolent dictation of Spain) on the occasion of the disputed succession of the House of Monferrat had forced the republic into a state of warfare, though not of actually declared war, with Philip III. To withstand the united strength of the two branches of the House of Austria, Venice could reckon but few allies. A common enmity had, as we have just seen, secured the co-operation of Holland, as far as a could be given without violating the truce which not long before had terminated the war of independence—Venetian gold had bought a certain number of individual recruits from the Swiss Cantons and the Grison league,

league, in spite of the opposition of their respective governments. But no great help could be expected from the unwarlike temper and exhausted exchequer of James, especially at the moment when he was anxiously endeavouring to obtain the hand of the Infanta for his son, the ill-fated Charles; and from France, connected as she was now with Spain by a double intermarriage, even less could be hoped. But the part taken by France on this occasion was not less politic than humane. It was obvious that the ultimate results of protracted disturbances beyond the Alps. must be to strengthen the leviathan by which Italy was oppressed; and to increase the preponderance of Spain was not the interest The French Court offered its mediation. The terms it obtained were not satisfactory to the Signory, but they were such as none but France could at that time have drawn from Spain; and the mediating power consulted the interests if not the dignity of the Republic in enforcing them with a peremptoriness which savoured of despotism.

The terms were settled at Paris while the ambassador was on his road. They were subsequently confirmed at Madrid (whence the treaty took its name). One of his first duties on arriving was to announce to the English Government their acceptance on the part of the Republic, but almost in the same breath he was obliged to complain of their violation. The Viceroys, appointed by Spain, backed by her power, and scarcely controlled by her authority, had none of the conservative instincts and little of the personal responsibility of independent sovereigns. Their authority and power of malversation, always too great, in time of war were unlimited. The friendship of the minister often assured their impunity, and oftener still his enmity procured their permanency in office; for, as he had procured their appointment to remove a rival, he feared, in recalling them, to provide himself with a successor. Don Pedro de Toledo, the governor of Milan, refused to disarm on the most insulting pretexts, and substituted terms of his own for those accepted by his sovereign. The Duke of Ossuna, at Naples, refused the stipulated restitution to the Signory, and openly continued his hostilities in defiance of the orders of his court, and in violation of the law of nations.

At the English court the ambassador found nothing but languor and corruption. The king took just enough share in every department of government to paralyse its action; and the resources of the crown, which might have sufficed for the ordinary burdens of the state, were far too small for his lavish prodigalities. The veterans of Queen Elizabeth's reign had almost all departed from the scene. The star of Buckingham was in the ascendant; at this moment he

had climbed on the ladder of ambition to the grade of earl. Soon after Contarini's arrival the news at court was that the new favourite was to be lord high admiral, but the octogenarian Earl of Nottingham, the hero of the Armada, refused to resign, except 'for a consideration,' and 'Steenie' is consoled for the delay by a marquisate, 'a rank,' says Busino, 'which they have a great esteem for here, and indeed this is the only one the king has made.' But though the king was himself governed by favourites, he would not govern, at least ostensibly, by them, and, though he took all opportunities of escaping from business, he would not allow it to be despatched in his absence. He was now enjoying the chase at Royston, whither the ambassador was not permitted to follow him; and the time of his return was uncertain. Contarini was obliged to content himself with making his statement to Sir Ralph Winwood; but he could not have confided it to a more trusty advocate, for the secretary was understood to be the most strenuous opponent of the Spanish alliance. Unfortunately within a few short weeks poor Winwood's career of successful ambition was cut short by a sudden and premature death, and he was succeeded by Sir Thomas Lake, who was reported by the ambassador 'to be in the pocket of the king of Spain' (that is to say, without a metaphor, the doubloons of the king were suspected to be in his pocket), and to be devoted to Spanish interests. But it is remarkable that the Venetian negotiations go on not a bit the faster in the hands of Mr. Secretary Winwood, nor a bit the slower in those of Mr. Secretary Lake. There is no doubt that the extensive corruption attributed by the rumour of the day to Spain was greatly exaggerated. It is true that this means of influence was quite in accordance with her principles; and it is probable that when her ill-managed finances left her not wherewithal to pay her own servants, she could find money to corrupt those of others. But the whole of her vast revenues skilfully directed would have been insufficient for the wholesale bribery of which she was accused; and, moreover, experience proves that, of all the bad bargains with which cunning is wont to overreach itself, the corruption of foreign ministers is the least profitable. The interest of the traitor, and his conscience, such as it is, lead him to do as little as he can for his fee; and the instances are many where he has sought to redeem or conceal his first treachery by committing a second and betraying his suborner. The reader of Lord Malmesbury's memoirs will remember with how much dexterity and with how little effect that accomplished but unsuccessful diplomatist succeeded in establishing a secret influence at the court of the Empress Catherine. In return he obtained

only

only promises and excuses, private information of what was generally known, and no substantial proof of sincerity except the acceptance of his favours; and when at last the minister received from his imperial mistress a considerable gratuity as a proof of her approbation, the ukase which confers it expressly states that it is given as a recompence of his steady opposition to what the ambassador considered English interests. Gondomar really kept King James's cabinet in his pay, the facts mentioned in the present correspondence afford no confirmation , of this often repeated charge. Perhaps the force of circumstances was stronger than the bribes received by Lake, or the goodwill felt by Winwood. The latter was unable to hasten the king's return by one hour, and though each despatch from the Signory was more urgent than its predecessor, it was clear no progress could be made in the business of the republic till the king chose to intermit his favourite amusements.

While his principal was thus fretting in forced inaction, Busino was at leisure to look about him, and to collect materials for his account of England. The period was one full of interest. The Gothic institutions of Europe were hastening to ruin. The jar between their constituent parts had commenced which at no distant time must disconcert the whole machine. In social life, what may be termed the Gothic period was drawing to its What would not the modern historian of manners give for one of Busino's weeks in London! How little of what we most wish to know is ever recorded for our benefit by the most intelligent of contemporary observers, to whom it is all a matter of daily occurrence! and yet how interesting and full of meaning are the few hints which drop from him in utter absence of all design and unconsciousness of their value! We have already seen that Bishopsgate Street Without might almost be called 'the country,' but its rural situation had its disadvantages. The fields adjoining the ambassador's house were used for all sorts of sports and martial exercises, for bow meetings, for sham fights and mock sieges, and various other manœuvres of the trainbands, and even 'for musquet and artillery exercise' (not we hope ball practice); making such a 'crash and noise,' that the poor chaplain protests he cannot eat his dinner in peace. One day, the Lord Mayor's review of his City militia, 6000 strong, was held on this British Campus Martius; and several of the companies in returning, as they passed the ambassador's apartments, fired a salute (there was more hatred of Spain than love of Venice in this), and shouted 'Venice for ever!' which was very gratifying, but rather disturbing. London he pronounces very noble, with handsome thoroughfares and well-supplied

shops,* each distinguished by its sign, like so many inns, and plenty of beautiful stone fountains, especially in the heart of the city.' This moves our envy, but it is some comfort to know that the pollutions of the 'silver Thames' are not entirely the result of modern innovations. Its water, says Busino, which is raised mechanically, is 'so hard, turbid, and foul, that its smell may be perceived in the linen which is washed with it.' The town is so large, it is hard to say where it begins or ends. There is the city of Westminster at some distance, where the king has a palace, and where the courts of law and the parliaments are held, but it is almost united with London by a continuous succession of houses. 'On the opposite shore, too, there are some good habitations, but fewer in number;' and 'these are connected by a noble stone bridge, which on each side has a handsome row of shops, so that the traveller is not conscious of passing over the river at all'—which Busino seems to consider a great advantage. But King James was doing his best to check the evil of an 'overgrown capital.' He had lately issued a proclamation to compel the demolition of all the houses which had been erected in the suburbs since his accession-an order so extravagant, that Busino thinks it must have been devised rather as a pretext for extorting fines than with the intention of seriously carrying it into effect. But, unfortunately, James was sincere, and from this and similar ill-judged attempts to check the natural development of the town we are suffering at this day. Some of the worst of the 'London rookeries' owe their origin to King James's fancies as to the proper dimensions of a metropolitan city.

Of the architecture then prevalent, which we have since called Jacobæan, Busino is no admirer. It is not that he has any theories of 'debased Gothic' or 'corrupted classic;' his objections are grounded on purely utilitarian principles. The buildings are of wood, and without foundations (although a recent enactment provides that in future one-half of every dwelling shall be of brick); hence they are damp and cold. The staircases are spiral and inconvenient, the apartments 'sorry and ill-connected.' He dislikes windows without shutters, and casements too narrow to look out of; and quotes with approbation the apostrophe of a Genoese gentleman whom he heard exclaim, 'Oh! wretched windows, which cannot open by day nor close by night!'

London, moreover, is extremely dirty—so much so, that our diarist, whose puns are not among the happiest efforts of his wit,

^{*} We are surprised at his remarking that those of the same trade occupy the same streets; for this custom was at that time very general, and is now far from uncommon, in Italy.

proposes that its Italian name of Londra should be changed into Lorda-filthy, which would be well merited by the black, offensive mud which is peculiar to its streets, and furnishes the mob with a formidable missile whenever anything occurs to call forth their disapprobation. No great variety of foreign costumes is seen in the streets. For as foreigners generally are unpopular, sensible people generally conform to the English fashion, or adopt the French, which is used by the majority of the court, and is too common to attract notice. The Spaniards alone disdain to wear any but their own dress, 'and they are especially hated here, and considered little better than harpies'-a proof, Busino thinks, that they are more justly appreciated in London than an where else. He himself saw a 'poor Don,' for no other offence than his national costume, assaulted by a termagant with a cabbage-stalk, and compelled to take refuge in a shop from the sympathising crowd which she collected with her outcries. another occasion he saw an attendant of Gondomar's ride over a child,—' in faith it was rather frightened than hurt;' but the mob pursued the offender to Ely House, the ambassador's residence, in Holborn, which was with difficulty saved from their fury. To pacify the ambassador and preserve peace in future, James was obliged to send for the Lord Mayor and scold him, and moreover to put forth a long proclamation, such as he loved to indite, for the protection of official and diplomatic residences.

The parade of justice which is everywhere visible in the streets is truly formidable. 'There are pillories for the neck and hands, stocks for the feet, and chains for the streets themselves to stop them in case of need. In the suburbs there are oak cages for nocturnal offenders, and "pounds" for mischievous animals, so well regulated and severe in these parts is the law.' But, in truth, the law in those days was a harsh and capricious schoolmaster, that, in the vain attempt to enforce order, employed severities which the maintenance of order, even had that end been attained, would hardly have justified. We may form some idea of the state of the city police from the following 'hints' which King James—whose fondness for making speeches and giving lectures reminds us of incidents and scenes which many of us may remember in the last reign—addressed to the new Lord Mayor on his presentation. He said to him, according to Busino,—

• 'You will, moreover, see to two things, that is to say, to the great devils and the little devils. By the great ones I mean the waggons, which, when they meet the coaches of the gentry, refuse to give way and yield as due. The little devils are the apprentices, alias shopboys, who, on two days of the year, which prove fatal to them, Shrove Tuesday and the first of May, are so riotous and outrageous, that in a

body,

body, three or four thousand strong, they go committing excesses in every direction, killing human beings and demolishing houses,' &c.

Had these excesses proceeded solely from the spirit of mischief and plunder, or even from the mere wantonness of youth and strength, the case would have been common enough; but they were often distinguished by a mixture of good though misguided feeling-by a wild notion of righting some imaginary wrong,* of reaching some offence, or abating some nuisance untouched by law-which raised their authors above the devel of vulgar rioters; and it is painful to think how much good English stuff was annually lost to the country in these senseless outbreaks and consigned to the gallows—for the gallows was the penalty of even trifling offences against property, and Busino bears witness how ruthlessly in all cases it was exacted. Among other instances, he mentions 'a lad of 15 whom he saw led to execution for stealing a bag of currents,' his first offence. And as he explains with clearness and accuracy that strange anomaly of our law 'benefit of clergy,' we may fairly presume he does not speak loosely or without due inquiry. 'Besides, extraordinary executions, they take them at the end of each month 25 at a time, singing † and carrying a sprig of rosemary in their hands.' But we forbear to transcribe the account of the bungling butchery which follows. Throughout Europe at this period the disregard of human life exhibited by the law was extreme. Coryat, who travelled to Venice much about the time our ambassador came to England, says that the castles on the Rhine were fringed with the victims of justice, and not unfrequently perhaps injustice, hanging from the battlements. Busino tells us that, on his road, there met his eyes sundry proofs of sanguinary executions, gibbets and wheels, 'et plurima mortis imago.' In France capital punishments were as frequent and far more cruel than in England. Venice by her affectation of mystery inspired greater terror than the daily display of pyramids of heads could have caused, and by this means in her administration of justice she economised human life. But she sacrificed her fame. Mankind resents mystery and singularity. Thus, while other countries are permitted to cast the blame of their barbarities on 'the spirit

^{*} The reader will remember the fatal 1st of May, just a century earlier (vide 'Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.'), when the object of the rioters was to procure the expulsion of foreign manufacturers. It is noticeable, however, that Busino considers the streets at night secure at the period at which he writes—a statement which is contrary to most of the accounts we have of the police at that time.

[†] It was common for those who were penitent and religiously disposed to sing psalms in the dreary passage to Tyburn. Lord Russell thus occupied himself in his way to the place of execution. The text here implies that the songs which Busino heard were of a very different character.

of the age,' Venice personally bears the burden of the unknown, and therefore exaggerated, horrors of her Canal Orfano.*

As the ambassador had not yet been formally received at court, he could not dine with the Lord Mayor. But there was no objection to his going in private with his suite to a respectable goldsmith's shop in Cheapside, which Busino calls the Corso, to see the show. The houses are described as 'all windows' (a few such with their gables to the street yet remain), and 'every one,' says the gallant chaplain, 'was filled with beautiful faces, decked with every variety of headtire like so many pictures,' except one that was occupied by two hideous Spanish women-yellow, livid, hollow-eyed, ill dressed-he protests, all national antipathy apart, 'perfect hobgoblins.' Up and down the street as far as you could see there was nothing but a sea of The sleek plump city marshal on horseback, looking like the high priest of Bacchus, tried to keep order in vain. Rough. play was not taken amiss in those days. The company in the windows amused themselves with showering down squibs and crackers on the mob below, who were delighted with the pleasantry; and to make way for the procession a company of men dressed as savages drove the dense crowd before them by letting off a quantity of fireworks. One of the platforms which formed part of the show typified the four quarters of the globe, and bore on it representatives of the different nations of the world. He who personified the Spaniard was admirably got up, and he kissed his hands repeatedly to Gondomar, who occupied a window near the Venetian embassy, and this pantomimic wit produced shouts of mingled delight and derision from the crowd. What most surprised our aristocratic republicans was the triumph of the third estate which the whole day's pageant exhibited; and certainly it is remarkable that at a time when the power of the nobles was still so great, and the theory of the royal prerogative carried so far, the spirit of the people was so high. Few coaches appeared in the streets, and on to those few the mob climbed or clung as they pleased. In one case of resistance which Busino witnessed the coachman and the equipage were bedaubed by the indignant pedestrians with the ever-ready mud before spoken of; but in general no opposition was made to the fierce spirit of licence which pervaded this annual saturnalia. What a pompous ovation for the citizens of London, when, immediately after the pageant, and magnificently attended, rides my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury—'which is as good as saying the Pope of this kingdom of

^{*} It is true the Canal Orfano was for the most part the doom of political offenders, but the whole march of criminal justice at Venice was mysterious.

England'

England'—with the Chancellor at his left hand, and followed by the House of Lords two and two, all to do honour to the Lord Mayor, and he, preceded by his officers and sheriffs, and attended by his aldermen, occupies the place of honour—the hero of the day!

Soon after this day of pageantry the whole Venetian embassy repaired to the Fortune Theatre on the following melancholy occasion. Fynes Moryson tells us that, 'in order to passe over greefe the Italians sleepe, the French singe, the Germans drinke, the English goe to playes.' On this occasion the Venetians evidently designed to take a leaf out of their entertainers' book:—

'My most illustrious Lord, my Lord and most revered patron,-I was so stunned by the sudden death of his Excellency's butler Signor Sigismondo the Lucchese, that I quite lost my wits last week. It astounded me to see a robust young man carried off so speedily, and I began to think of myself, who am the eldest, and perhaps the feeblest, in this household. The other day therefore they determined on taking me to one of the many theatres where plays are performed, and we saw a tragedy which diverted me very little, especially as I cannot understand a word of English, though some little amusement may be derived from gazing at the very costly dresses of the actors, and from the various interludes of instrumental music and dancing and singing; but the best treat was to see such a crowd of nobility so very well arrayed that they looked like so many princes listening as silently and soberly as possible. We suppose the custom of talking at the theatre was then as prevalent in Italy as it is now.] These theatres are frequented by a number of respectable and handsome ladies, who come freely and seat themselves among the men without the slightest hesitation. On the evening in question his Excellency and the Secretary were pleased to play me a trick by placing me amongst a bevy of young women. Scarcely was I seated ere a very elegant dame, but in a mask, came and placed herself beside me. . . . She asked me for my address both in French and English; and, on my turning a deaf ear, she determined to honour me by showing me some fine diamonds on her fingers, repeatedly taking off no fewer than three gloves, which were worn one over the other. . . . This lady's bodice was of yellow-satin richly embroidered, her petticoat of gold tissue with stripes, her robe of red velvet with a raised pile, lined with yellow muslin with broad stripes of pure gold. She wore an apron of point lace of various patterns: her head-tire was highly perfumed, and the collar of white satin beneath the delicately-wrought ruff struck me as extremely pretty.'

The ambassador, who, no doubt, contrived the whole scene, was sitting close behind him, enjoying the joke. We can give no clue to the name and quality of the fair one; but it would not have been out of the manners of the day for a woman of

rank and respectability to lend herself to this harmless little hoax.' And at all events there is no disputing the costliness of her dress, which we have transcribed for the benefit of such of our fair readers as are likely to be called on to provide a costume for a fancy ball.

At last the ambassador has his public reception, but at that time there were three distinct courts in England. The King was at Whitehall. The Queen and the Prince of Wales, though he was a mere boy, had each a separate establishment, the former at Denmark House, as Somerset House in compliment to her was then called, the latter at St. James's. To each it was necessary to pay a visit of ceremony, and, as the Queen was ill, it was not till the close of the year that the entire cycle of presentations could be got through. Cumbrous as was the ceremony of reception in James's days, it was a great improvement on the practice of the preceding age, when the ambassador would have been expected to expatiate on the virtues of the King and the republic and to explain the objects of his mission in a flowery harangue of mediaval Latin, and to listen to a reply from the Chancellor, which it was a point of honour to make of equal length. Busino sends the following account of the court ceremonials as a Christmas present to his noble patrons:—

'After our arrival in London we remained some days awaiting the return of his majesty to the court from his habitaal field-sports. This interval gave exactly sufficient time to launch a very handsome coach, and procure six fine dappled-grey Friesland mares very spirited and

tall, and also to get ready the right noble liveries.

'The day being appointed, the master of the ceremonies came in the morning to give notice, and stayed dinner with his Excellency; then, at about three hours before dark, one very leading nobleman, accompanied by a number of others, appeared in his majesty's name with the royal coaches to escort and honour both the embassy and the ambassador of our great queen republic. We proceeded towards the court with a long string of coaches, fifteen or twenty in number, if not more, with several other gentlemen who came to swell the retinue, and drove thus for well nigh two miles through the finest thorough ares of this great city. On arriving at the court we were taken into the council-chamber, but not by the principal entrance, although neither that nor the one through which we passed displays any great beauty. Nor is the palace itself remarkable, save for its size, which in case of need could accommodate more than six hundred persons.

'In this council-chamber there was a large table covered with a carpet, and at its head stood a red velvet chair, surmounted by a small cloth of state, and all around were carpeted stools with backs. Here

^{*} Sir Lewis Lewknor.

we rested awhile, and then, escorted by the nobleman above mentioned, passed along sundry galleries to the first hall, and from thence to the second, in which were the royal halberdiers, dressed in a red livery, with a huge rose embroidered on their breasts and backs, such large and muscular men, that by my faith they looked like terrific giants.

'At the entrance door of this second hall his Excellency was met by the lord chamberlain,* that is to say, the chief officer of the king's household. In these royal apartments we remarked that the floors were all strewed with certain dried rushes, which in plain Italian might be called downright hay; and they, moreover, lay it very deep—a custom observed throughout the kingdom for the sake of keeping the rooms dry.

'Having passed the guard [chamber] we entered a very handsome hall, filled with most highly perfumed cavaliers; and at its upper end, beneath a very rich and lofty canopy, there sat the King of Great Britain in state. In this hall, which is called "the presence chamber," and in other similar apartments, no one is permitted to remain covered, even should his majesty not be there in person, and yet occasionally some of the chief nobles and the minion (il mignone) do wear a sort of cap, richly embroidered, under pretence of some imaginary ailment.

'On the entry of his Excellency, way was made with no little difficulty, though he did obtain sufficient space to make the due obcisances it is satisfactory to find that over-crowding the levée is not peculiar to our days; and, on his reaching the centre of the hall, the king rose from his throne, and came to the edge of the royal platform, which his Excellency having ascended by two steps, the king embraced him, giving him his hand, which, with a low bow, his Excellency made a show of kissing; and in brief but dignified language stated his mission, to which the king replied concisely, in French. The letter of credence, which had been written on a very large skin of parchment, was then presented by his Excellency, who took it from the secretary Leonello, who was there at hand. The king received it with graciousness; whereupon the secretary of state dropped upon his knees, and gave a penkuife to his majesty, who with his own hands opened the missive and perused it, or at least appeared to do so. Shortly before this act his Majesty covered, and made his Excellency do the like; and then, after listening to a few questions, and answering them becomingly, my master took leave most respectfully, having previously acquainted himself with the humour of this sovereign, who does not relish long speeches, being always intent on amusing himself with field-sports and the society of his favourites.

'He is a man of ordinary stature, with a red face, and is now beginning to turn grey. He was dressed in tawny satin, the whole suit being embroidered; and his black cloak was laid about with lace up to the very shoulders, and lined with sables. He wore a gilt sword at his side, and his hat was rather low-crowned, with a broad brim, looped up on one side with a very costly ornament of very large rubies and diamonds.

^{*} William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke.

- 'He is said to eat little or no bread, a great quantity of meat, and to drink the strongest wines he can get, and certain other national liquors, but in moderate quantity. Sometimes in walking he likes for display to be supported under the arms by his chief favourites; but in riding he cares for nothing, never holding the reins in his hands, but relying entirely on the address, agility, and dexterity of his grooms, who run on either side of him, keeping pace with his horse: it is indeed true that he now and then gets some awkward falls, but this is attributed to the hot temper of the hackneys here, rather than to any other cause.
- 'We subsequently had audience of the prince, with well nigh the very same ceremonics. He holds his court in a separate palace, at a great distance from the king's. In the entrance-chambers there were guards, and we then passed into the throne-chamber, though the prince was not seated on it, but, on the contrary, stood waiting in another room, and on seeing the ambassador appear he then came forward as far as the last step beyond the canopy, implying thus anxiety for the meeting, but with the semblance of its being accidental. Through the medium of an interpreter he there received his Excellency's compliments; and, having returned them, and opened the letter, the usual formal speeches were soon despatched.

'He is a youth of about sixteen years of age, very grave and polite, of a good constitution—judging from appearances, with light hair, and most like his mother. He was dressed in scarlet and gold lace, with a gilt sword, russet boots, and gold spurs, as it is the fashion of the country to be almost always booted.

- 'Audience of the queen was at length obtained, and effected with similar parade, his Excellency being conveyed thither in her own coaches by a different master of the ceremonies, and by the officers of her own household; but on the other hand, after our arrival at the court, her majesty thought fit to make us await her appearance very much longer than was the case with the king and prince. Her palace is sufficiently handsome and convenient, with a southern aspect towards the gardens on the river. Here likewise we entered a small councilchamber, passing thence into the large hall of the halberdiers, and into another beyond, where there was a red canopy, and hay on the floor. In the chamber where her majesty received his Excellency, beneath a very costly canopy of gold brocade with a white ground, in lieu of rushes there were some very handsome straw-mats. The queen wore a dress of pink and gold, with so expansive a farthingale, that I certainly do not exaggerate when I say that it was four feet wide in the hips [in modern days these dimensions seem positively moderate], and her bosom lay bare [very low indeed], forming as it were an oval: her headgear, besides very valuable diamonds and other jewels, consisted of such a quantity of false hair dressed in rays, that she looked exactly like a sunflower.
- 'The ambassador advanced along the spacious hall, on one side of which were arranged some of the most noble and favoured ladies of the 2 E 2 court;

court; and on the right hand, opposite to tnem, was a corresponding row of cavaliers,—her majesty's lord chamberlain, with his long wand, occupying the post of honour. His Excellency having made the requisite number of obeisances in time and place at suitable intervals, casting moreover a few respectful glances on either side of the courteous and graceful group of ladies fair and cavaliers, the queen rose, and came with dignified gait as far as the edge of the platform to meet the lion of St. Mark, the which crimson lion was clad, it is true, in lynx's fur, but quite placid and calm at the same time; and in much more mellifluous form than I can repeat he narrated his commission, which, so far as could be ascertained by her countenance, the queen greeted very graciously, answering majestically with her own lips in French, without the tediousness of an interpreter; indeed, we remarked that all the bystanders drew aside, and did not listen to every word, as was the case at the public audiences at Whitehall and St. James's. The ambassador made some polite rejoinders in the most deferential manner possible, to which her majesty replied with equal kindness, scanning his Excellency's brow and face with gracious glances the whole time. He then presented his credentials, which the queen caused to be opened immediately by her secretary, who fell upon his knees, and raised it unfolded to a level with her eyes, whereupon with a smiling countenance the queen read, or made a show of reading it, from beginning to end.

'His Excellency then took very humble leave, and, in the act of departing, two pretty little dogs commenced barking at him, as they had done in like manner on his entry; and her majesty in person vouchsafed to quiet them, evincing the greatest graciousness and courtesy throughout. Her face is rather long, but very majestic; her eyes are fine, and the nose is the least little bit hooked; but on the

whole her expression is agreeable.

"In short, from a distant view, I am unable to give more exact particulars, as my part in these audiences resembled that of those who go to see enclosed gardens through a lattice without being allowed to draw near or to have a good stare, nor yet to touch a plants; so your lord-ships will accept these few facts culled from the reality as my annual tribute of service at this merry Christmas season."

Shortly after this formal reception, to which Busino endeavours to give something of particular meaning, the Queen assigned a private audience to the ambassador, under circumstances, it must be owned, of some mystery. He is directed not to come in his public character, and accordingly the conspicuous and peculiar robes with which the paintings of the Venetian school have made us so familiar are exchanged for the 'dress of a simple cavalier.' The visit takes place in the evening, and he is admitted to Denmark House by a side entrance. He is introduced by a lady in waiting to the royal presence, while Busino and the suite are kept in attendance in an ante-chamber. All this is recounted with a slyness of insinuation and an affectation

of discretion which are more flattering to the vanity of the Venetian ambassador than creditable to the fame of the English Queen. But though Anne of Denmark has not escaped the attacks of scandal (and whatever may have been her errors, poor soul! she certainly had her provocations), there is no reason for believing, in spite of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, she was capable of conduct so light as Busino's hints imply, nor can we suppose that, if the ambassador had attached any mysterious meaning to the interview, he would have required the attendance of his secretaries and his chaplain. We suspect Busino is only preparing for his patron one of those attacks where flattery takes the disguise of freedom, as a counter-thrust to parry the raillery which he well knows awaits his own equally innocent flirtation with the gold and scarlet lady at the theatre. It is easy to foresee that the chaplain at the play and the ambassador in the Queen's closet will be never-failing topics at Piazzola when weary senators seek the relief of mirth without excitement and conversation without the fatigue of thought, valuable additions, in short, to the venerable collection of family jokes which never lose their zest, and, like wine, only become more mellow as they grow old.

The fact is, that the Queen, who was fond of power, and had never ceased her attempts to obtain at least the semblance of it. was violently opposed to the Spanish match.* Experience might have taught her how little her feelings on this or any other subject weighed with her indifferent husband; but she did not on that account withdraw her opposition. Would she have been a woman and a mother if she had? She knew the Venetian ambassador had come to plot and to plead against Spain, and so far he was her natural ally. What little she could do to assist him she did. When the ambassador of her brother the King of Denmark came over to oppose the Spanish match, she endeavoured to bring about a cordial understanding between him and the representative of the Signory, and to facilitate a negotiation for engaging Danish ships and troops for the Venetian service; and neglected as she was by courtiers and ambassadors in general, it was at least a comfort to find for once a sympathising listener.

In the following September she invited the ambassador to spend a day at Oatlands. The diversion of the afternoon was to be stag-hunting, but it was prevented by torrents of rain. She is said to have been very fond of state and display, and accordingly the reception and the dinner were very grand, but we

^{*} It is generally supposed that the Queen's bias was Spanish. The present correspondence would lead to the inference that at this time it was in the opposite direction: but, in truth, it mattered little to diplomatists at the time, or to historians since, what poor Anne of Denmark thought or wished.

suspect a little dull, though enlivened by numerous political toasts which were drunk by the company standing, 'by three at a time,' to the great 'inconvenience,' our sober chaplain suspects, The dinner, he adds, was equal to anything in of the ladies. Italy or anywhere else (he had attended his patron to Turin and Paris, and we presume the cuisine at Piazzola was such as to justify his assuming this critical tone); and the second course surprised even the ambassador by its profusion and its elaborate ingenuity. The company was what modern newspapers call 'most select;' next to the ambassador sat the Countess of Arundel, one of the greatest ladies and one of the most agreeable of the Court, who had been at Venice and spoke Italian. The old Lord High Admiral, Lord Nottingham, was there, and the Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Worcester, and twenty more of the highest consequence; and Busino remarks with something of displeased surprise that they were marshalled according to their rank. It is true that England, whose code of social etiquette always has been the least ceremonious in Europe, is the only country which has fixed and intelligible rules for precedence. We have heard foreigners at the present day make a similar remark to Busino's, and in the same spirit. If the absence of any fixed law to regulate these trifles were the cause or the consequence of indifference to them, we should be ashamed of the precision of our insular scale of rank; but as it is proved by experience that uncertainty only adds to the tenaciousness with which punctilio is maintained, we are glad to be spared the heart-burning and confusion which are inevitable where, as is often the case abroad, many points remain unsettled, and conflicting claims are advanced which there is no authority to decide.

Anne of Denmark, we suspect, had more talents for society than are generally attributed to her. The following arrangement does her credit. The dinner was carly, the evening interminably long, and the rain fell in cataracts. There was nothing for anybody to do, so it was presumed the ambassador would like to repose; and a state room was shown him for the purpose. At nightfall he and his suite returned in their coach delighted with their entertainment. Not many weeks after, when Contarini was about to depart on another embassy, he was obliged to take leave of his royal hostess by proxy. She was already prostrated by the illness from which she was destined never to recover.

Though we have already extracted so long a description of the English courts, we cannot refrain from inserting the account of the last fête given in the old Banqueting-house. There was something ill-omened in the pageant; the theatre in which it was acted was burnt down a few months afterwards, and the

chief

chief performer in it was Prince Charles, who was destined to end his life so tragically on the scene of his present revel.

The old banqueting-hall had a short life. It was built by King James in 1606, in the taste of the day. It is described as having been surrounded by two tiers of boxes, the lower supported by Tuscan pillars, the upper by Ionic. Opposite the stage was the box for the King and the royal family. No theatre was more honoured by the performances which took place within its walls. During the eleven years of its existence 'rare Ben Jonson' supplied a masque for every succeeding Twelfthnight. On the present occasion the masque represented was 'Pleasure reconciled to Virtue,' the date of which has hitherto puzzled Ben Jonson's editors and commentators, but which, to the great satisfaction of future critics, we are now enabled to fix on Twelfth-night 1617-18.*

For two hours the suite were kept waiting in the Venetian box. It was very hot and very crowded. And when they had so little space for themselves, my Lord Chamberlain came up and asked them to make room for a 'foreign gentleman.' Even this their Italian good-nature would have borne, but the foreign gentleman turned out to be a Spaniard (a Jew would have been more welcome); and in he stalks, ceremoniously begging for 'dos ditos de plaza,' two inches of room; and with stately humility he bows himself onwards, and then, swelling himself out to his full size, seats himself in the best place of the box. Busino owns that he quite lost his temper. But his ill-humour did not prevent his doing full justice to the beauty of the women, 'who resembled,' he says, 'so many queens.' And he describes the splendour of their dresses with a minuteness which will be delightful to those who are accustomed to pore over the 'Morning Post' on the day after the drawing-room. But we must refer the reader to the original text, which we hope will be soon forthcoming.

'There were some very lovely faces, and at every moment,' says Busino, 'my colleagues kept exclaiming, "Oh, do look at this one!—oh, do see that!—whose wife is this?—and that pretty one near her, whose daughter is she?" and though among so much wheat there was a certain mixture of chaff, though there were some shrivelled skins and some devotees of S. Carlo Borromeo [persons with very long noses like the above-named saint], yet that the beauties greatly predominated

^{*} Busino also throws light on the date of Webster's 'Duchess of Malfy,' which has hitherto perplexed his commentators. He certainly saw it acted in 1618, for, while complaining of the irreverence with which the Romish clergy are treated on the Protestant stage, he gives an account of the part 'of a certain cardinal' which can refer only to the plot of the 'Duchess of Malfy.'

was their unanimous verdict, which I, old and half blind as I am, cannot but confirm. At length at about the sixth hour of the night (about ten o'clock) the king appeared, and, having passed through the apartments where the ambassadors (that is to say, the Venetian and the Spanish, for it was not the Frenchman's turn) were waiting for him, took them to his box.'

The masque began. It were long to tell how Bacchus on a car was followed by Silenus on a barrel and 'twelve wicker flasks, who performed the most ludicrous antics.' Twelve boys as pages, Mount Atlas, as nearly the size of life as the stage would allow, and Mercury, the god of trade, all vied with each other in flatteries to the king. At last twelve cavaliers in masks, the central figure always being the prince,

chose their partners and danced every kind of dance, the last being the Spanish dance in single pairs, each cavalier with his lady; and at length, being well nigh tired, they began to flag, whereupon the king, who is naturally choleric, got impatient, and shouted aloud, "Why don't they dance? What did you make me come here for? Devil take you all; dance!" On hearing this, the Marquis of Buckingham, his majesty's most favoured minion, immediately sprang forward, cutting a score of lofty and very minute capers with so much grace and agility, that he not only appeased the ire of his angry sovereign, but, moreover, rendered himself the admiration and delight of everybody. The other masquers, being thus encouraged, continued successively exhibiting their prowess with various ladies; finishing in like manner with capers, and by lifting their goddesses from the ground.

'The prince, however, excelled them all in bowing, being very exact in making his obeisance both to the king and to his partner; nor did we ever see him make one single step out of time, a compliment which can scarcely be paid to his companions. Owing to his youth, he has not much wind as yet, but he, nevertheless, cut a few capers very gracefully. The encounter of these twelve accomplished cavaliers being ended, by their valiantly vanquishing the sloth and debauchery of Bacchus [Comus], the prince then went in triumph to kiss the hands of his most serene parent, who embraced and kissed him tenderly; and then honoured the marquis by a display of extraordinary affection, patting his face.

'The king now rose from his chair, and, taking the ambassadors with him, passed through a quantity of chambers and galleries, to a hall where the usual collation had been prepared for the performers, his majesty being preceded by a torch, and, after casting a glance all round the table, he withdrew.

'The repast was served on certain glass salvers or dishes, and, at the first assault, the board being capsized, I was thus, by the crash of the crystal platters, reminded of the smashing of our windows at Venice, when visited by a midsummer hailstorm.

'The

'The affair ended at half-past two in the morning, and, half disgusted and weary, we then went home.'

But though small, as it seems, was the pleasure to those who were invited to this pageant, great was the offence to those who were passed over. The French Ambassador Desmarets resented his exclusion so keenly, and represented the matter in so offensive a light to his government, that he obtained his recall. In vain was it urged in explanation that the usual rule had been observed of inviting the Spanish and French ambassadors alternately, as neither could give precedence to the other, and consequently they could never meet: the ambassador and his court were implacable.* It is surprising that for so many centuries men failed to perceive that there is no power on earth which is competent to settle the precedence of independent sovereigns, and that it is idle to dispute what can never be decided, and will never be conceded. It was only at the congress of Vienna, and on the motion of Lord Castlercagh, that the present rational rule was adopted, which in each separate grade of diplomacy assigns the precedence to him who has been longest resident. In the present case, 'Ira fuit capitalis,' and the consequences of this childish dispute were most unfortunate. The ill-humour which was thus generated between the two Courts, and was subsequently inflamed by various reciprocal slights, seems, according to the present correspondence, to have accelerated, perhaps to have caused, the death of one of England's brightest geniuses. In the course of the summer Raleigh returned from his disastrous expedition to Guiana, and the Spaniards loudly demanded his punishment. To their clamour it is possible the king might have thought it policy to sacrifice him; it is certain that he afterwards made a great merit of having done so. But it is highly probable that the enmity of Spain was less fatal to the unhappy admiral than the friendship of France. James, it is true, had an early grudge against Raleigh, yet for twelve years he had deferred his own vengeance, and he might not have been in such a hurry to gratify a power that made so little haste to comply with his wishes, if French meddling had not spurred his flagging

resolution.

^{*} Farly in the King's reign he had endeavoured to get over the difficulty much as a man of sense might. He asked the ambassadors as individuals—not in their public characters. M. de Beaumont, then French ambassador, refused to come on these reasonable terms, and then complained of his exclusion, and said the Court was grown completely Spanish. On this failure the rule of alternate invitations as the only practicable expedient was introduced. It was not only between the great powers that these trifling offences to pride embittered the many real causes that must always exist of enmity. For years Italy was agitated by a dispute for precedence between the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Savoy.

resolution. Raleigh was always suspected of a leaning to France; after his arrest, Le Clerc, the French resident secretary, opened a negotiation with him to secure his services for King Louis, and moreover had the imprudence to engage personally in a plan to effect his escape. The king's pride and fear (the two most cruel of human passions) took the alarm. He indignantly ordered the secretary out of the country, without allowing him an interview, and sent poor Raleigh, without even the shadow of trial which the privy council proposed to allow him, to the block.

In the mean time, from Contarini's first arrival, every post from Venice brought fresh complaints of the aggressive attitude of the Spanish governors, and especially the Neapolitan Viceroy. gather from these letters that King James continued as long as possible to disbelieve what it was so inconvenient to believe, and Gondomar gave grave assurances of the pacific disposition of his sovereign, till at last, when the truth could neither be stifled nor disguised, he freely admitted that Ossuna was an insubordinate madman, and the King, from time to time, continued to say a great many pointed things (more often to the Venetian than to the Spanish ambassador) on the humiliating position of a sovereign who cannot make himself respected by his own servants. One day indeed he was so far encouraged by Gondomar's admissions that he advised King Philip to 'send Ossuna hand-cuffed to Venice, as he himself used to send the most turbulent of the border freebooters to be punished, by his good sister Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory.' But Ossuna was not Johnny Armstrong, the Spanish king's protestations of inability were only too sincere, and neither James's wit nor Gondomar's frankness would help Venice. What was to be done? James had no influence, for notoriously he had no funds. A Parliament just awakened to a sense of its powers, but not of its duties, would grant no subsidies, and he himself had scarcely wherewithal to pay his household expenses.* But it was not the will which was wanting. It is usually asserted by historians, whose convenience it suits to take broad and general views, that 'James was devoted to Spain.' It is true he had good reason to avoid giving offence to a sovereign whose alliance he was courting for his son; but no man in his dominions was less desirous to promote the aggrandisement of that overgrown power, especially at the expense of Venice, whose institutions and whose

statecraft

^{*} There are in this correspondence many statements to this effect. They, at least, show what was the common opinion of the day. It appears by these letters there was great difficulty in finding money to pay for the masque, and the ambassadors at one time return home, because there is no money to pay their salaries, and they cannot afford to reside any longer without them.

statecraft he admired, and with whose government he had established an interchange of reciprocal flattery. In the present difficulty he did all that his poverty allowed—it was all that the Republic asked—and he did it in spite of the opposition of his cabinet, if indeed it was under Spanish influence, and in defiance of the angry remonstrances of the Spanish ambassador himself. He permitted the Republic to engage men and ships in his dominions for her defence. And henceforth the negotiations for the hire and the equipment of these auxiliaries form the principal subject of Contarini's correspondence.

It is perhaps in the minuteness with which ordinary transactions are detailed rather than in the chance of obtaining any new revelations that the value of contemporary documents chiefly consists. They thus illustrate the habits of daily life, and the progress of society, which is now recognised as a more important element of history than the dates of battles and sieges. Contarini's narrative brings out in a variety of ways which we have barely time to touch upon, the changes which time has wrought in manners and habits, as well as in outer circumstances, and also the resemblance, which, in spite of the change, vindicates the national identity. Probably the commissaries of Queen Christina's army in modern times would agree with the ambassador when he complains that the English are much more dependent on their comforts than the natives of the South, and hence he found the difficulty and expense of victualling the ships were much increased. Mr. Rawdon Brown quotes a report on England by Nicolo Molin, dated in 1606, in which he writes:—

'Should your Serenity have occasion to avail yourselves of these people, it will be well to bear in mind that the English and Scotch are heretics and Puritans, which are the worst kind of heretics; they are, moreover, unused to privations, for indeed they themselves say, that without their three B's, namely, their beef, their beer, and their bed, they are undone. My opinion therefore is, that should the State have occasion to raise levies in Great Britain it would be advisable to enlist Irishmen, who are almost all Catholics, and for the most past reared on fruit and vegetables, wherefore they are deemed savages, and capable of bearing any hardship.'

Molin gives this as a speculative opinion. Contarini was accustomed to recruiting, and he knew that orthodox savages, however cheaply hired and fed, would be a dear bargain on board the fleet till they were tamed and disciplined, and that the cost of a soldier's good living is cheap if he fights in proportion as he feeds; so he does not hesitate to lay in the necessary barrels of beef and the barrels of beer; the mention of which, by the by, proves that grog was not yet adopted as the more portable and avenient

convenient drink of the navy. As for orthodoxy, Venice must by this time have made up her mind that in this world at least her lot was cast with heretics. By inclination she was always the most liberal of Roman Catholic states; by necessity she was the ally of all the enemies and victims of the great patrons of

orthodoxy, the two branches of the House of Austria.

One of the ambassador's perplexities would puzzle our modern gentleman on Change. London was not a mart of exchange. He found it difficult to negotiate a bill of any kind, and one on Venice almost impossible without the intermediate help of Amsterdam. So low was the credit of all governments, that, though the Republic was a better paymistress than any of the great monarchies, she could not obtain a ship or a recruit till the private firm of Burlamacchi and Co. (styled in the diary of Walter Yonge Buley Mac 'the Dutch merchant') guaranteed her punctuality; and even then we are obliged to confess, we infer from some importunate—we might say passionate—dunning letters which appear towards the close of the correspondence, that the Signory was far from regular in meeting its engagements.

The balance sheet which the ambassador sends, giving a detailed account of his payments, is curious. We had intended to make extracts from it, but each part should be read in connexion with the rest, and the whole is too long for transcription. To the lover of military antiquities the bill for arms and ammunition will convey some interesting information. No less than three kinds of chain-shot are minutely described, although the invention is usually attributed to De Witt in 1666 (vide

Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates').

The naval reputation of England in those days was kept up by the spirit of trade and private adventure, and not by the energy of the Government. King James's navy was not in a state to enable Britannia to rule the waves, according to the following statement of the ambassador:—

'The yessels usually afloat to guard the island are six in number; two between Dover and Calais, two others off Plymouth, and two off the coast of Scotland. Their crews had lately mutinied for want of pay. The King has a number of these vessels at Rochester, but in such a state that it would require months to make them seaworthy.'

It is gratifying to find that Contarini, looking with the keen eye of a customer, gives the preference to the English marine over the Dutch. But on the whole the result of the present experiment is unfavourable to the employment of mercena-

^{*} Published by the Camden Society, p. 204.

ries.* Before the close of the correspondence we hear of the arrival in the Adriatic of seven English vessels of small tonnage carrying 500 soldiers. But of these 200 mutiny and desert in the presence of the enemy, though they are subsequently brought back to discipline by the firmness and mildness of the Venetian Admiral Barbarigo, who hangs only eight of the ringleaders. This was enough, however, to destroy all mutual confidence, and to damp all spirit of enterprise. On this execution Sir Henry Wotton thought it necessary to remonstrate with the Signory, and Contarini lives in daily dread of being taken to task by the King, especially when the chaplain of the English squadron returns. who has been sent away for distributing tracts among the Venetian fleet. (Should we not suppose this incident belonged to the present day?) But, before he took leave, the King relieved him by assuring him he had long known and approved what had been done. We wish we had space to give the negotiations with Sir Henry Mainwaring, a gentleman of the king's chamber, who in early life had been a pirate of undaunted courage and enterprise. The paper which he gives to the Signory, urging them to employ fewer vessels and of larger bulk, manned with sailors that will fight, instead of a mixed crew of sailors and soldiers, is the most curious comment that we remember to have seen on the art of gunnery and maritime warfare as understood in that day. *

When we observed the date of the present correspondence, we eagerly turned over its leaves to ascertain what light it threw on that great historical riddle, the famous conspiracy, which is made so familiar to all English readers by Otway's tragedy of Venice Preserved.

All that was positively known at the time may be told in a very few words. About the middle of May, 1618, the citizens of Venice were alarmed by finding, on one or two successive mornings, at the early dawn, the bodies of culprits unknown suspended between the columns of the Piazzetta. It soon transpired that in some of the fortresses, and on board the fleet by order of the Council of Ten, summary justice had been done on several Frenchmen, among whom was the celebrated corsair Jacques Pierre. The arrests in the city, it was rumoured, were numerous, and unequivocal signs were observed of recent executions in the canals. Far and wide the belief spread that the

^{*} We remember Sir De Lacy Evans getting very angry in the House of Commons, because a noble lord designated the troops he was about to take out to Spain as 'mercenavies.' There is nothing offensive in the word; the English language affords no other for troops who engage, for the pay of a foreign state, to fight a battle which is not their country's.

government had detected a fearful plot to burn and pillage the city. to massacre the nobles, and overturn the republic. The Duke of Ossuna, whose preparations had long excited alarm, was designated as the chief actor in the projected tragedy. The governor of Milan was supposed to be his accomplice, and Bedmar, the ambassador, was believed to be the main-spring of the whole conspiracy. But the Signory maintained an impenetrable silence. Gondomar in England, Contarini tells us, and the organs of Spanish diplomacy generally, spoke slightly of the plot, as a mutiny of a few French mercenaries. But it is strange that when Bedmar, to avoid an outbreak of the excited populace, retired to Milan, the Spanish court, instead of ordering him to vindicate his character by resuming his functions at Venice, sent him his recall. The French ambassador, Bruslart, hostile to the republic, and friendly to Spain, piqued by a mystery he could not penetrate, or perhaps irritated by the discovery of one which he knew too well, suggested to his government the strongest doubts as to the existence of any plot at all. But it is remarkable that the King, in the coldest and most peremptory terms, refused to demand any account of the lives which the ambassador assured him had been sacrificed.* Time wore on, and the government made no accusation, nor published any vindication. It ordered a day of public thanksgiving to be observed throughout its dominions for the preservation of the State from an imminent peril, and beyond this neither the sympathy of friends nor the taunts of enemies, neither the exaggerations of the credulous nor the doubts of the sceptical, could extract one word.

From that time to the present not only the nature and extent but even the very existence of this celebrated conspiracy have furnished matter for dispute. Two hypotheses have been proposed by those who consider the plot a fabrication of the Government. According to the first of these, it was a mere pretext for getting rid of Pierre and some other corsairs who gave umbrage to the Porte. But this supposition is so incredible, and involves such a disproportion of means to ends, resembling a discharge of grape-shot to destroy a wasp, that it has been generally dropped. A second theory has been proposed by M. Daru, the historian of Venice, and by the ingenuity with which he has supported his paradox he has obtained for it more cur-

^{*} Daru, vol. iv. p. 534. M. Daru quotes this answer without seeming to perceive how much it makes against his theory. Nothing can account for the King's refusal to demand satisfaction but his conviction that the sufferers deserved their fate. The number of executions has been greatly exaggerated by later writers. At the time, the paucity of them was made an argument against the reality of the plot. The best analysis of the whole subject is to be found in the commentary of the Italian translator of Daru's 'Histoire de Venise.'

rency than it deserves. He supposes that, though the Duke of Ossuna manifested his design to make himself independent on the vice-regal throne of Naples only in the year 1619, yet that he nourished the intention long previously, and had secretly formed a league with the Venetians for the accomplishment of his purpose. Consequently the reciprocal hostilities in 1618 were mere shams to furnish the viceroy with an obvious motive for refusing to disarm, and the republic with a pretext for mustering her forces. Further, he concludes that when the inquisition of state despaired of the success of the plot, it resolved to destroy all the witnesses of its meditated treachery, and devised the meshes of this horrible accusation to sweep them away in one common extermination. It is very satisfactory to find that the arguments against this hypothesis, so discreditable to the republic and to human nature in general, are much strengthened by Contarini's correspondence. The foundation of the theory is the unreality of the war between the viceroy and the republic. The papers before us afford the strongest proof that the fears of the republic were very sincere and its danger great. It must, of course, be admitted that, if the policy of the Council of Ten were such as M. Daru supposes, they would confide the guilty secret to none; they would deceive their own agents, were it but to enable them to play their parts with the necessary plausibility; but they would take care their servants should not defeat the secret design. Now from the moment of Contarini's arrival he is directed to thwart the supposed attempt of one Alexander Rose to convey, under pretence of a trade in salt-fish, men and ships to the viceroy of Naples—the very object that, according to M. Daru's theory, the Venetian inquisitors would desire to see effected. Nothing can exceed the importance the ambassador attaches to this commission. The king, the secretary, the lords of the council, are again and again importuned on the subject. The man Rose is dogged by the ambassador's spies, his arrest is procured, he is examined by the privy council, and admonished, and, after all, Contarini cannot satisfy himself or his jealous masters that the risk is averted.

Again, had the armament been intended to assist the rebel viceroy, it never would have been recruited in England, nor would the ambassador have been directed to ask for the hire of some of the king's own ships of war, for it was absolutely certain that the English mercenaries would not be permitted to act offensively against the king of Spain.

Unfortunately for our curiosity, the Signory were as reserved in their communications to James as to the rest of the world. The 'English Solomon,' who, in virtue of the sagacity he displayed

played in unravelling the Gunpowder Plot, considered himself a profound connoisseur in conspiracies, more than once pressed the ambassador on this subject; he reminded him that when, in consequence of his own discovery of the Popish treason, he laid an embargo on all the ports in order that no news might be carried out of the kingdom, he made an exception in favour of the Signory, and despatched a special courier to them All he could obtain was a confirmation of the generally received story as to the extent and the objects of the plot. tarini was ordered to keep to himself the proofs against the Spanish ambassador, and to pacify the King as well as he could with (rather inconsistent) assurances of the frankness and confidence with which the Signory had made their explanations, and of their hope that his Majesty would appreciate the motives of their Enough, however, was said to make it intelligible that they did not choose to publish accusations against their formidable neighbour, and therefore were wholly silent. But the King was not to be so baffled. Unable to approve a reserve which so much irritated his curiosity, he desired to suggest, with many apologies for offering advice to a body so renowned for wisdom, that a bare statement of facts could inculpate no one, and would redound to the honour of the Republic. To this the ambassador was not called on to give any immediate reply. But the Venetian Government showed no disposition to take the counsel thus offered. It no doubt supposed the Spanish Cabinet to be more fully cognisant of the designs of its insubordinate agents than there is now reason to believe it actually was. Probably there was no contemporary statesman in Europe who did not imagine that, however innocent the Spanish Minister might be of complicity, he was ready to profit by the plot if successful, and that, however guilty, he had enabled himself to disavow it in the event of failure. All the researches that have been made among the archives of both countries lead to the conviction that the Viceroy of Naples really had designs on Venice. Whether Jacques Pierre left his service and entered that of the Signory with the intention to reveal a real plot, or to aid it by the pretended discovery of a false one, it seems certain that he organised a conspiracy among the disbanded mercenaries with which the town swarmed, that he renewed his intelligence with the Viceroy, and that Bedmar, or at least his secretary, was the channel of communication. Bedmar himself, in his address to the College, when, in a cajoling and terrified tone, so unlike his usual insolence, he implored its protection against the fury of the populace, made only a half denial: and a half denial in such a case is something more than a half confession.

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The want of concert, perhaps of confidence, between the Corsair and the Viceroy was the chief cause of delay, and hence of detection. A nephew of the Maréchal Lesdiguières, Baldassar Juven, was canvassed by Gabriel Moncassin to enter the conspiracy; he was a Protestant, and detested Spain. He entrapped his friend to accompany him to the Ducal palace, and there stated they were both come to make a voluntary disclosure; Examinations, deliberations, arrests followed. Pierre and his immediate confidants were ordered to the fleet, and there they met their fate. A rigorous examination of the story proves that several of the characters and the parts they played owe their origin to the blunders or the fancies of later writres. Jaffier, wat are sorry to say, though he figures in the narrative of grave hist* torians, has no more real existence than the Belvidera of the poet." The Venetian Government had no motive to check the course of rumour or romance by an official narrative, and they had many grave reasons for silence. They suspected more than they knew, they knew more than they could prove; and that was not all. It is difficult in these days to realise to the mind the terror in which rulers must live when the safety of the state is committed to the guard of mercenaries. The omniscient tribunal was afraid to show how easily the attempt might be repeated, and ashamed to admit how nearly it had succeeded.

It is remarkable that King James had at various times expressed to Contarini suspicions of his ambassador Wotton, and he now pointedly expresses his hope that no Englishman was engaged in the plot. Wotton was certainly suspected of a 'Spanish bias' at Venice, for his servants were insulted by the excited populace, and the usual charge of bribery is frequently alluded to in these papers. But the Inquisitors had not thought fit, in answer to the King's invitation, to make any complaint; and at this critical juncture we find with satisfaction he had given many substantial proofs of good will. Among others, as early as November, he gave notice of the arrival at Naples of an English outlaw, Elliot, the very man to whom the direction of the flatbottomed boats destined for the lagunes was assigned by the treacherous viceroy; and even without such evidence, we think it is not claiming too much for our countryman to assume that he was too sound a politician to desire that Spain should overwhelm the only state in Italy which was capable of resisting her despotism, and too good a man to wish to see his hosts wallowing in their blood amid the ashes of their city."

Before taking leave of Busino we must accompany him in an excursion into the country which he made with the ambassador in his coach. There are few gratifications of taste which we Vol. 102.—No. 204.

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should covet more than a glimpse of England in its unimproved state—before its chases were enclosed, its commons cultivated, and its forests levelled; before wealth and ambition had rebuilt the venerable manor-houses of our ancestors, and before manufactures, now become necessary not so much for the prosperity as for the very existence of the country, had blackened the fairest portions of its landscape with smoke, and filled its grandest solitudes with squalid and sickly crowds. We do not repine at the present, but we would fain revel, even if it be but in imagination, for a brief space in the past.

The journey lasted six days, and the distance travelled was 150 miles; but the roads were so bad that the coach occasionally stuck in the mud, though his Lordship's mares were very powerful. And on one occasion it positively broke down.

'The landscape,' says Busino, 'was so extensive and beautiful, that I wish it elsewhere [at Piazzola]; the views in the plain being bounded by hills and woods, whilst from the rising grounds we saw interminable prospects extending as far as the keenest eye could reach, and then melting into the most liquid azure, and becoming part of the sky.'

It would be difficult to find a prettier picture of rural landscape. The two universities are included in their tour. His observations on both, though slight, are accurate; but in fact correctness in ancient descriptions of buildings and institutions which remain to speak for themselves is interesting only in as far as it establishes the witness's general credit. At Oxford Busino is much shocked at discovering in the Bodleian Library a MS. copy of Venetian Reports, which, in obedience to the Council of Ten, ought never to have been divulged.* They are fifteen in number, and Mr. Rawdon Brown gives all their titles, which he has extracted from a letter addressed by the secretary Lionello to the Inquisition of State.

At Cambridge the ambassador and his party are annoyed by a drunken young graduate, whom Busino calls a doctor, and who, with drunken solemnity, forces his way into their apartments, and insists on disputing de omni scibili with the learned foreigners. The interpreter and the landlord with their united strength are unable to turn the obstreperous logician down stairs. Busino is extremely alarmed at being appointed by the ambassador to chop logic and talk Latin with such an awkward customer. However, at last they get him on the right side of the door, and on

^{*} Mr. Rawdon Brown has extracted from the archives of the Inquisition of State a letter of the Ambassador's explaining the bribery by which these copies are obtained. Busino's notice of this fact is quoted in the introduction to Giustiniani's letters.

the morrow the penitent doctor returns to apologise for his indiscretion.

Their eyes were attracted by a huge structure called 'King's Chapel.' They admire it as they ought; but the inside is quite bare, and Busino declares 'the tears came into my eyes at the thought of the destruction of the altars.' This is a remark which we should hardly have expected from even Popish narrow-mindedness. No church can be less adapted for side altars than King's College Chapel, and none can have suffered less by their removal.

In their way from Cambridge to London they are received at a magnificent mansion of my Lord Treasurer's (the Earl of Suffolk). This is 'Audley Inn' or 'End,' and, noble as it now is, it presents but a fragment of the ancient building. When Busine visited it, there were two quadrangles, of which the present building forms but one side. 'The palace presents itself very nobly, displaying a variety of angles and turrets, with their handsome cupolas covered with lead, like all the rest of the building, the roof of which presents a handsome terrace walk. The site, being surrounded by water and by rising ground, is very beautiful and is quite worthy so noble an edifice.' This criticism is remarkable, as it exactly explains the principles on which our ancestors chose the sites of their dwellings. The inside is even more magnificent than the out. The spacious halls and galleries are furnished with satins and velvets and golden tissues, in the richest profusion; but Busino thinks that all this splendour must ere long change hands, and he takes credit to himself for his foresight when shortly after he hears that the Lord Treasurer has lost his staff, and that commissioners are appointed to examine his accounts. In those days the distinction between peculation and perquisites was not strongly drawn, and frequent impunity had almost confounded the limits of right and wrong; but in the present case '800,000 crowns' spent on Audley End might fairly provoke inquiry. The treasurer of a spendthrift prince, even if he be hopest, enjoys no very secure post, and less shrewdness than Busino's might have foreseen the fall of the father-in-law of the disgraced favourite, the guilty Somerset.

At Theobalds, a place once belonging to Lord Salisbury, and now a royal residence,* he could find little to admire after the magnificence of Audley End, except the arms of his majesty, designed to perfection in mixed borders of mignonette and pinks. Among other magnificent suburban places he visited Wanstead, recently purchased 'by the Serafino of England, the Marquis of Buckingham.' The house was then ancient, and of small pre-

^{*} Exchanged with the King for Hatfield in 1607.

tension; so a magnificent palace was designed in the forest, in which a whole suite of royal apartments was constructed on occasion of a fête given to the King on his birthday, 'by disposing

tapestries suitably among the trees.'

On the whole, he appears to think more meanly of our gardens than we should have expected. The vegetables, especially the cabbages grown in the neighbourhood of London, he extols in most glowing language; but he speaks of the common fruits * in terms which are hardly consistent with the accounts of it which are left by various writers of the day. He says they are seldom served at dessert, but that the whole population are munching them in the streets and at places of public amusement all day long. But in this case we beg to urge that the good health of the metropolis is a proof that the fruit could not be so bad as it appeared to our Southern connoisseur. It was a frequent amusement, he tells us, and so we believe it was till comparatively recent times, to go to the orchards and eat it on the spot, and this was often done in a sort of competition of gourmandise between the city belles and their admirers. One young woman, he avers, devoured the fabulous quantity of twenty pounds of cherries, beating her opponent by two pounds and a half. We hear, without regret, that her victory cost this heroine a severe illness. But, for the credit of our countrywomen, we would rather hope that the rector of Piazzola was heaxed and the whole story is a fable.

It is surprising that so many modern gardeners, preferring their own experience to the most indisputable testimony, deny the existence of vineyards in this country in former days, and contend that something different from a field for growing grapes was meant by this name, or that some other use than the manufacture of wine was made of the produce. A passage in one of these letters exactly explains the state of the case. Busino, at Burleigh, was taken by Lord Exeter into his vineyard, and there, on tasting the grapes, and comparing their state of forwardness with the time of year, he expressed his fear that they 'would never come to anything;' nevertheless his noble entertainer told him that it was the family opinion they would make excellent wine. Possibly artificial means were then used to correct the excessive acidity, or it may have been relished from habit, just as the labourers in many districts enjoy the sour cider which cannot be tolerated by an unpractised palate and stomach. When the commerce and agriculture of the country improved, it was probably found that neither in quality nor in price could the home-made wines com-

^{*} Fynes Moryson, for instance, especially extols the cherries, which Busino especially finds fault with.

pete with those of foreign growth, and that the ground could be

more profitably employed for other purposes.

Busino is one of the few foreigners who do justice to our climate, for, though there are the usual complaints of the want of sun, and of the mists and rains which the 'ocean is always sending forth' to us, he says that, when there is not a high wind, this 'most favoured isle' may boast perpetual spring, and he speaks with becoming gratitude of the immunity he enjoys here from all noxious insects, enumerating especially every one of those which interfere so much with the comfort of a foreign tour.

In all he sees there is a constant reference to Piazzola. describing any piece of insular magnificence, it is a supreme satisfaction to be able to add, that, fine as it is, he knows places and things he could mention quite as fine. The only piece of luxury which in his opinion defies comparison or imitation is the English park, and this for extent, variety of scenery, and beauty of the timber, he admits is unrivalled. When he observes anything which is undeniably not to be found at Piazzola, his first thought is how it may be introduced there. The sight of the large fish in the moat at Strasburg set him to calculate the possibility of obtaining such to swim in the ample marble basins of Piazzola. When he visits the king's aviary and the establishment for pheasantbreeding, he takes notes of all he hears, and sends elaborate drawings and plans, in order that the buildings, with all their details, may be reproduced at Piazzola. We have duly studied the instructions he has collected, but we need not transcribe them for the benefit of our sporting friends. They contain no novelty, and they afford by their deficiencies no cause for self-complacency to the enlightened sportsmanship of the nineteenth century. All the arrangements, including what he calls 'the clucking hens,' are substantially the same as those of the present day, except, indeed, that we hear of no contrivance for breeding flesh-maggots wherewith to pamper the nasty little biped epicures. For the same reason we think it needless to give extracts from a letter which contains descriptions of the fashionable sports of the day, including bull and bear baiting and cock fighting. The account is singularly graphic and minute. The comparison of a cockpit to an anatomy-school is very clever and well calculated to place the scene before the eyes of his Venetian correspondent. But, with the exception that the bulls were disarmed by the addition of blunt leather guards to their horns, and the cocks were not generally allowed artificial spurs, these savage sports seem to have been carried on in exactly the same manner which was practised to the last, when they were finally put down by the advancing civilization of the age.

Late in the year 1618 Contarini was relieved by a new envoy, Donato, and was ordered to take the important post of ambassador at Madrid. 'It is a weary journey by land, and a tempestuous one by sea in the depth of winter, and 'urgent private affairs,' as he failed not to plead, required his presence at home. But when the State commands he must not hesitate: all the ceremonies of presenting his successor, and of taking leave, were gone through with becoming solemnity, and Busino's last letter is dated from Dover.

We are sorry to part with our genial and goodhumoured chaplain. We have had few more candid and impartial visitors. He confines his narrative to what he sees; he rarely generalizes and never dogmatizes; and his letters afford no instance of that wonderful blundering which often forms the chief amusement of foreign accounts of our country. We are much obliged to Mr. Rawdon Brown for giving us in an English dress so lively and graphic a view of the social and political aspect of England under the first of the Stuarts. We are somewhat piqued at our good-natured critic's being so glad to leave us. It could not be that he expected to like Spain better; but he is nearer by a year to the time of his return home, for the period of the ambassador's service is limited, and no Venetian of those days could be happy out of Venice.

ART. V.—Letters from High Latitudes; being some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner Yacht 'Foam,' 85 o.m., to Iceland Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By Lord Dufferin. London, 1857.

A N amateur arctic voyage is in itself a fair novelty, even in these days of general percgrination. We remember once asking a 'gentleman of Kent' to accompany us to Scotland, but he declined, alleging 'that nature had placed him quite far north enough already, and that he never intended to take a step further in that direction.' The main stream of our travellers will indeed be always towards the south—towards the world of brighter colour and graceful form, with the memories of history all around it. Though the businesses and diversions of life, Law and Parliament, Sport and Society, occupy our winters and our springs, few of us nevertheless are such devoted worshippers of nature as to act upon Goethe's dictum, that the South should be seen and studied in its full summer season, and the North in the appropriate circumstances of darkness and of cold. Thus the large centre of Europe, Germany and Switzerland, swarms with British tourists, and the Rhine becomes anything but a 'silent highway'

way' for multitudes seeking pleasure, health, or variety. But the traveller of the sea, who desires to combine the tourist and the sailor, has not this resource. If he is not content with the domestic splendours of the 'Brilliant' or the Solentine triumph of the 'Gloriana,' he must choose between the Mediterranean and the German Ocean; and thus, repelled by the sun, the more adventurous of our yachters have, for some years past, become familiar with the coasts of Scandinavia. The landsman, sated with luxury and his species, has been delighted to bend his sails towards the quiet fiords of Norway, and enjoy for months his almost solitary sports, dieted on milk and salmon of his own catching. All the best 'fishings' on that coast are now as strictly preserved by British owners as the treeless 'forests' of Scotland.

Lord Dufferin and his yacht had already made this acquaintance with the northern seas, when he was seized with ambition to penetrate further into their secrets, and to try the skill and fortunes of his well-built craft amid the drifting ice and misty perils of the higher latitudes. He made the best preparation for this expedition, by engaging the services of an Icelandic gentleman, a law-student at Copenhagen, whose companionship must have added much to his means of instruction, and to the results of the voyage. Without his friend Sigurdr, Lord Dufferin would never have understood the localities and their inhabitants as well as he has done, for though he makes no parade of his learning, he seems to have acquired enough knowledge of the language to give to his letters that air of familiar intercourse with persons and scenes, which is so sadly wanting in the many books of travels, where the wanderer goes drearily on among the newest and most interesting objects of observation, isolated in his own ignorance, or, what is little better, only connected with the external world through the channel of a dull interpreter.

The little 'Foam' did her duty well over Atlantic rollers and through a severe gale, reaching the harbour of Reykjavik in about ten days from Stornaway. The pleasure of doing the thing in your own small moveable house is fully appreciated in the following passage:—

'Few people can have any notion of the coziness of a yacht's cabin under such circumstances. After having remained for several hours on deck in the presence of the tempest, peering through the darkness at those black liquid walls of water, moaning above you in ceaseless agitation, or tumbling over in cataracts of gleaming foam—the wind roaring through the rigging—timbers creaking as if the ship would break its heart—the spray and rain beating in your face—everything around in tumult—suddenly to descend into the quiet of a snug well-lighted

lighted little cabin, with the fire-light dancing on the white-washed chintz, the well-furnished book-shelves, and all the innumerable knick-knacks that decorate its walls—little Edith's portrait looking so serene—everything about you as bright and fresh as a lady's boudoir in May-Fair, the certainty of being a good three hundred miles from any troublesome shore, all combine to inspire a feeling of comfort and security difficult to describe.'—pp. 23-24.

The comfort we understand, but the security seems doubtful. We have heard an aëronaut say that all sense of danger was at once taken away in his 'high latitudes,' by the entire repose of the boat in which he sat, and by the huge apparatus above, which sustained and protected him. But, if the first part of the description of our noble seaman is correct, the knick-knacks and the pictures and the books must have shook and rattled and tumbled in proportion—unless, indeed, the figure-head of the fair duchess, modelled in bronze by the hands of Marochetti himself, threw a magical charm of repose over the freight she was conducting through the tumultuous water.

The hospitality of the Icelanders is proverbial, but it is clear that the traveller must not be a tectotaller. 'To break bread, or, more correctly speaking, to crack a bottle with the master of the house, is as essential an element of a morning-call as the making a bow or shaking hands, and to refuse to take off your glass would be as great an incivility as to decline taking off your hat.' Lord Dufferin was in somewhat a hard case, having, he says, 'lived five-and-twenty years without touching wine;' but then, he adds—was he not Mr. Sheridan's great-grandson, and an Irish peer to boot? So he conformed creditably to the habits of the place, and at the entertainment given him by the governor seems to have acted with discretion and distinction. He ran the gauntlet of twenty healths, and any number of public toasts, without flinching; but from his description of his sensations, his clear recollection of the incidents of the banquet and of his own speeches in high-bred dog-Latin is as remarkable a feat of memory as the dialogues of Lord Malmesbury with the Empress Catherine, or even of the children of La Salette with the divine apparition. He does not, however, appear to have been subjected to the experience which a friend of ours, travelling in Lapland, underwent, of having his head gently shaken at intervals during the drinking-bout, to give an agreeable additional oscillation to the brain.

This habitual knowledge of colloquial Latin among the educated inhabitants of Iceland frequently impresses strangers with surprise at the existence of such an accomplishment in a people so far separated from the civilised world. And yet it is to this

very isolation that the custom is mainly owing. It obtains, more or less, throughout Scandinavia, and is a proof that these countries have not been altogether affected by the disintegrating process which has broken up the common classical culture of modern Europe. Iceland in this respect is where our ancestors were three hundred years ago: what was the scholarly and gentlemanlike medium of intercourse among the inhabitants of the west still remains unforgotten in these remoter regions, and has yet to be thrust out by the pressure of various knowledge, or the more distinct assertion of individual and national intelligence. What may indeed justly excite the admiration of thoughtful men is the reflection that, while the language of the conquerors and civilisers of Europe is dead in those great societies of mankind which it has done so much to correct and to enlighten, it is still a living speech among nations whom Rome never knew, and here serves to bring together in familiar intercourse of ideas a highborn son of the 'qlacialis Ierne * and the simple inhabitants of the most distant domain of mythological geography, the northern Atlantis—the 'Island of the unblessed'—Thule.

Not that Iceland can in any sense be said to be deficient in native literature; on the contrary, there is something almost comic in the disproportionate amount of legend and chronicle which has been accumulated about the fortunes of this Scandinavian colony. The interior of the country has remained for centuries uninhabited and, in fact, unexplored; and the population on the coasts and fiords do not occupy a sixth part of the surface of the island. The few commercial towns are almost lost to the eye in the deep ravines in which they stand, and the villages consist of houses so thinly scattered as hardly to disturb the drear dominion of ice and fire—

— Quamvis nimio fervens exuberat æstu Scit nivibus servare fidem, pariterque favillis Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis Arcano defensa gelu; fumoque fideli Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma proinas.'†

Of the amount of population in distant times it is difficult to judge; it probably never approached the census of 1832, which was 53,000. There is a record of an enumeration taken by a bishop in 1090, which gives the number of occupiers of land at 4000, not including the servile classes; and at the beginning of the last century a rough calculation gave about 50,000 as the population of the whole island. But whatever was the amount

^{*} Claudian, de Quart. Cons. Hon., v. 33. † Claudian, Rapt. Pros., lib. i. v. 164-168.

it was frequently reduced in an incredible degree by pestilence, famine, and the catastrophes of an angry nature. The smallpox in 1707 swept off 18,000 lives, a famine a few years after 10,000 more; and we will give Lord Dufferin's description of the great volcanic eruption of 1783:—

'Toward the end of May a light-bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied, in the beginning of June, by a great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country towards the north, and, coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and, on the 10th, innumerable fire-spouts were seen leaping and glaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain, while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared. Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penerate, came sliding down the bed of the dried-up river; and in a little time, though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred feet broad, the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a table-cloth, and poured into a great lake whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself was completely filled; and, having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march—in one direction overflowing some ancient lavafields, in the other re-entering the channel of the Skapta, and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice, and lava continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake. For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe Islands, the Shetlands, and the Orkneys were deluged with volcanic dust, which perceptibly contaminated even the pure skies of England and Holland. Mephitic vapours tainted the atmosphere of the entire island—even the grass, which no cinder-rain had stifled, completely withered up; the fish perished in the poisoned sea. Stephenson has calculated that 9000 men, 28,000 horses, 11,000 cattle, 190,000 sheep died from the effects of this one eruption.'—pp. 111, 112, 113.

And it is in a small community subject to visitations like these, separated from the brotherhood of mankind by a wide tract of dangerous ocean, that there has existed a continuous literature of which any European nation might be proud. By oral rhapsodies, by runic staves, and by manuscripts, the heroes of this little society have been celebrated, and its history recorded, for near a thousand years with a memorable fervour and curious accuracy. We know that there have been

6 Bards

'Bards who died content on pleasant sward, Leaving great verse unto a little clan;'

but that this rude life, with no better inspiration than the Berserker frenzy and the asperities of nature, should have generated hundreds of men of more or less poetical temperament, is a strange phenomenon. Lord Dufferin calls the first galley that transported the pirate chiefs to this wild settlement 'the Mayflower of the period;' but the Pilgrim Fathers had no Skalds to recount their early hardships, their Indian forays, and the esta-

blishment of the empire of the Western hemisphere.

It is an interesting speculation to examine how far this imaginative facility was affected and modified in continental Scandinavia by the introduction of Southern forms of thought and speech, by the contemporaneous influences of the Christian religion and the Pagan literature, the advent of both to Iceland being long delayed by the intervening ocean. Nevertheless the communication of Iceland with the mainland of Europe, and even with its southern portion, must have been far more frequent than the local circumstances would render probable; and the mere fact that, in 1477, the Genoese Columbus found his way there, and listened with his prescient mind to the traditions of yet more occidental shores, is a proof that this arctic island was no rare quest of marine adventure. But all this is not sufficient to account for the singular miniature portraiture of the history of Europe which the annals of Iceland represent. For there too we follow the legendary life and rule of Arthur or of Siegfried—the establishment of order and unity under chiefs as noteable in their own sphere as Charlemagne—the transition from paganism to Christianity, with its violences and its concessions, its martyrdoms for truth, and its retention of superstition—the constitution of a republican government, free and strong, supported by the councils of the wisest and the arms of the strongest—the gradual decline of the spirit of independence, and the increasing feuds of the aristocracy ending in submission to the Norwegian crown—the principles of the Reformation received from the lips of Luther himself by the priest Gottschalksen, assisted by the first printing-press brought to Iceland by the Roman bishop to counteract the new doctrines, and confirmed by the blood of both priests and laymen, shed on the scaffold and in the field of civic strifethe decline of the national energy both in literature and in private life as the country became more and more a dependency on a foreign state, and its commerce passed into the hands of strangers—all incidents of the progressive condition of the mind and manners of the large bodies of civilized men, massed under the names of the different nations of Europe.

Lord

Lord Dufferin had originally intended, after visiting the Geysers, to stretch right across the island to the north, and there meet his yacht to convey him to Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen. But Prince Jerome Napoleon having arrived in 'La Reine Hortense,' a screw corvette of 1100 tons, proposed to take the 'Foam' in tow at least as far as the former island. This was so manifest a saving of time that the expedition into the interior of Iceland was abandoned. The travellers encamped at the Geysers, which behaved with their usual caprice, but at last afforded a good specimen of their wonderful attributes. But Lord Dufferin seems to have been most impressed with 'Thingvalla,' the 'Plain of Parliament,' where the councils of the nation were held from the earliest days of independence up to the beginning of the present century—where the courts of judicature decided all important causes—where the consistory for ecclesiastical matters was convened-where, in the old magical days, witches were precipitated from a high rock into the burning pile-and where ordinary criminals continued to be executed till late times. a broad lake of lava lying between two tremendous chasms that form its lateral boundaries and mark the limits of the disruption by which it was caused, covered in summer with green birch brushwood and sloping down to a sheet of clear emerald water. The surface is shattered into a network of innumerable crevices and fissures, making the course of the visitor to these scenes of ancient constitutional rights as dangerous as that of the interpreter of any Act of the present British Legislature. excellent engravings give a lively notion of this remarkable locality.

Leaving Reykjavik Harbour, the French Prince (who seems to make a very intelligent use of the high position his family has reassumed, by visiting the most interesting parts of the world in the way to acquire the best information) led the 'Foam' round the base of Snaefell along the north-western coast of Iceland, which spreads itself out in the ocean like a huge human hand just reaching over the Arctic circle, while between the mountain fingers run up the gloomy fiords to the length of twenty, thirty, and even forty miles.

'Anything more grand and mysterious than the appearance of their solemn portals, as we passed across from bluff to bluff, it is impossible to conceive. Each might have served as a separate entrance to some poet's hell—so drear and fatal seemed the vista one's eye just caught receding between the endless ranks of precipice and pyramid. There is something, moreover, particularly mystical in the effect of the grey dreary atmosphere of an arctic night through whose uncertain medium mountain and headland loom as impalpable as the frontiers of a demon world;

world; and as I kept gazing on the glimmering peaks and monstrous crags and shattered stratifications, heaped up along the coast in cyclopean disorder, I understood how natural it was that the Scandinavian mythology, of whose mysteries the Icelanders were ever the natural guardians and interpreters, should have assumed that broad massive simplicity which is its most beautiful characteristic. Amid the rugged features of such a country, the refinements of paganism would have been dwarfed to insignificance. How out of place would seem a Jove with his beard in ringlets, a sleek Bacchus, a trim Apollo, an ambrosial Venus, a slim Diana, and all their attendant group of Oreads and Cupids, amid the ocean mists and ice-bound torrents, the fire-scathed mountains and four months night, of a land which the opposing forces of heat and cold have selected for a battle-field.'

From these and some eloquent remarks that follow on the predominance of the ideas of strength, courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice, over those of beauty, in the northern paganism, it is clear that in all Lord Dufferin's Arctic experiences he has never visited the 'Isle of Rabbits.' Not that he would have there found any contradiction of his theory, but, if he had been there, he could never have omitted to connect the locality with his mythological lucubrations. So we will give the story of the 'Isle of Rabbits' from other sources, and we select an account of it from one doubly veridical, and tell it as it was told by Niels Andersen to Heinrich Heine.*

'I cannot describe the exact position of the Island; in fact since its' discovery, nobody has been able to get at it, the great size of the icebergs that tower about its shores seldom permitting any approach. The crew of a Russian whaler who were cast upon that coast by the northern storms are the only party known to have landed there, and that is about a hundred years ago. When the sailors drove their boat ashore, they found the island waste and desolate. Some tufts of broom waved mournfully over the sand-drifts, only here and there some dwarf firs raised their heads, or some barren brush-wood trailed along the ground. A number of rabbits leapt in and out and gave their name to the One single wretched hut was the only intimation that the place was inhabited by a human being. When the sailors entered it they beheld an old man, unspeakably old, miserably clothed in rabbit skins stitched together, seated on a stone stool before the hearth, and warming his thin hands and shaky knees over the flickering brush-Near him on his right hand stood a bird of very large dimensions, which had some resemblance to an eagle, but which in process of time had so moulted its feathers that there was nothing left but the long rough quills, which gave the poor naked brute a most foolish and at the same time a hideous aspect. On the left of the old man, a large hairless goat crouched upon the ground, whose appearance of advanced

^{*} Vide 'Die Götter im Exil,' in the 1st vol. of Heine's 'Vermischte Schriften.'

age contrasted curiously with the full udder and fresh red ts that

hung below.

'Among the Russian sailors who landed on the Rabbit Island there happened to be several Greeks, and one of them, never thinking that the owner of the hut could understand him, said in the Grecian language to one of his comrades:--" This old chap is either a ghost or a bad demon;" he had no sooner uttered these words than the old man suddenly raised himself from his stone seat, and the seamen beheld with great astonishment a tall stately figure, which, notwithstanding advanced age, held itself erect, with an air of regal dignity and command, and almost touched the projecting cornice with its head. The features though worn and wrinkled bore traces of original beauty, they were noble and clearly defined: some few silver hairs straggled over the brow furrowed by pride and time. The eyes looked out pale and fixed but with earnest meaning, and from the deep indented lips these words sonorously issued in the fine old Hellenic dialect: "You are mistaken, young man, I am neither a ghost nor an evil demon, I am an unfortunate being who has seen better days. But who are ye?" The sailors explained to the old man the catastrophe of their shipwreck, and asked him in return for information about the island. He was not, however, very liberal in his communications. He said that he had inhabited the island from time immemorial, and that its bulwarks of ice afforded him a secure refuge from his implacable enemies. He lived mainly upon the rabbits which he caught, and every year, when the drifting icebergs became a solid mass, there came on sledges some troops of savages who sold him the bare necessaries of life in exchange for his rabbit-skins. The whales who flocked about the island were his chief amusement and society. It gave him indeed great delight to hear once more the accents of his mother tongue, for he too was a Greek, and on his part he requested his countrymen to tell him all they knew of the present state of Greece. They were shocked to see the malicious pleasure which he manifested when they told him how the great symbol of Christendom no longer waved over the Grecian cities, but he did not seem quite satisfied when he heard that the Crescent was triumphant in its stead. It was singular that none of the seamen knew the names of the towns which the old man asked after, and which he assured them were flourishing in his time, while the appellations of the towns and villages of Greece, which the sailors spoke of, seemed to be equally strange to him. The mariners wondered, and the old man shook his head mournfully at this misunderstanding. They remarked that he had a thorough knowledge of all the localities of the country, that he was familiar with the bays, the capes, and the promontories, and that he could describe the smallest hills and most insignificant clusters of rocks, with an accuracy and distinctness, which made his ignorance of the common names of places most surprising. He inquired with especial interest, and indeed with a certain anxiety, after one old temple, which he assured them in his time had been the pride and glory of the whole of Greece. But none of his hearers were acquainted with the name, which he uttered with a tender earnestness, until the old man had

so circumstantially described the position of the temple, that a young

sailor at once recognised to what he was alluding.

'The youth said that it could be no other than the place where he himself was born, and where in his childhood he had long tended his There he had seen ruins of the oldest masonry, signs father's swine. of past magnificence. Here and there some few huge marble columns still stood erect, either single or connected by broad cornices, out of whose crevices, grew and hung long tresses of honeysuckle and con-Other columns, some of them of roseate marble, lay shatvolvulus. tered on the ground, and the long grass choked up the precious capitals all beautifully carved with tracery of leaves and flowers. Large slabs of marble, square blocks, and three-cornered roof-tiles were strewn about, half-buried in the earth, and overhung by a large wild fig-tree which sprung out of the rubbish. "Under the shade of this tree," continued the lad, "he had passed many hours tracing out the curious figures that came so round and clear out of the great stones, and representing all kinds of games and battles so pretty and pleasant to look upon; but, alas! so often damaged by the weather or overgrown with moss and ivy. His father, whom he had asked to explain to him the mysterious meaning of those columns and sculptures, had once told him that they were the remains of an ancient temple, which in the old time had been inhabited by an accursed Heathen God, who had committed murders and all sorts of abominations: that in his honour the blind pagans had sacrificed as many as a hundred oxen at a time, that the hollowed block of marble into which the blood of the victims had flowed had been preserved, and was in fact the very stone trough which he, the son, was then using to collect rain-water for the pigs, and to hold all kinds of refuse for their food."

So spoke the Grecian youth; the old man heaved a deep sigh—deep with unutterable sorrow—and sank down as if shattered upon the stone stool, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child. great bird screeched horribly, stretched wide its huge mangy wings, and menaced the strangers with its beak and claws. But the old goat licked her master's hand, and bleated sadly and consolingly. A mysterious sense of discomfort came over the sailors at this spectacle, they slipped quietly out of the hut, and felt quite relieved when they were out of hearing of the old man's sobs, the old goat's bleat, the old bird's When they returned to their ship they related their adventure to all on board, among whom was a Russian savant, Professor in the Faculty of Philosophy in the University of Kasan, who declared the incident to be of the highest importance, and laying his fore-finger significantly to his nose, assured the party that the old man on the island was indisputably the heathen god Jupiter son of Saturn and Rhea, once King of all the Gods. The bird by his side was clearly the Eagle, which had held the thunderbolts within its claws, and the Goat could be no one else but Althea, the venerable nurse who had given suck to the god in his infancy in Crete, and who still sustained him in his banishment with her immortal milk.

This was Niels Andersen's story, and its relation I confess filled my soul

soul with sorrow. He whom Homer had sung and Phidias had moulded in gold and ivory—he who had only to wink with one eye, and the old orb of earth was shaken to its centre—he who had possessed the favours of Leda, Alkmene, Semele, Danae, Kalisto, Io, Leto, Europa, &c. &c., he must hide himself at last behind the icebergs of the North Pole, and sell his rabbit-skins for a wretched livelihood like a scabby Savoyard.'

Thus it is that the mythology of the South becomes adapted to the circumstances of the North, and gets invested with the attri-

butes proper to a more vigorous clime.

We will now return to 'La Reine Hortense,' whose relations with the 'Foam' are duly recorded in the 'Moniteur' of the 31st of July, 1856. There it appears that 'la petite goëlette anglaise nous suit bravement, bondissant dans notre sillage, n'évitant, que par une surveillance continue et de vigoureux coups de barre, les glaçons que nous avions dépassés.' But on the 11th of July it became evident to the French commander that Jan Mayen was blocked up by the ice, at least along the north coast, and that a circuit to the eastward must consume more coal than they could afford. It was therefore intimated to Lord Dufferin that the expedition was abandoned; but the brave yachter answered that 'se trouvant hors des glaces, et libre de ses mouvements, 'il préférait continuer seul son voyage: aussitôt'les amarres qui lient les deux navires sont larguées, un hurrah d'adieu se fait entendre, et en un clin d'œil la goëlette anglaise disparaît dans la brume.'

M. Babinet, of the French Institute, had stated that for many years the island of Jan Mayen had been inaccessible,* which perhaps had checked the zeal of the 'Reine Hortense,' but only increased the determination of the 'Foam.' Not but that Lord Dufferin is inclined to believe that the temperature of these latitudes gradually has grown colder, corn having been grown in Iceland in former years, which would now be impossible. There is a melancholy record of the climate of Jan Mayen in the journal of the last survivor of the seven Dutch seamen who volunteered, at the desire of their government, to remain there during the winter of 1635-6, for the purpose of testing the practicability of a settlement for whaling purposes. They all perished. words were written by a dying hand on the 30th of April. the 4th of June each was found lifeless in his own hut, one with an open Prayer-book by his side, the other in the act of applying ointment to his stiffened joints. The reader of this sad document of honest duty will be reminded of the English missionaries who a few years ago, at the other extremity of the globe, met a similar fate, and will recall with reverence the triumphant faith

^{*} Journal des Débats, 30 Dec. 1856.

and unearthly peace of the last hours of Williams and his com-

panions in the caves of Terra del Fuego.

The ice now became the peril and the delight of the adventurers in the little schooner. It was field-ice, and comparatively flat, except where the strong pressure forced one ledge above the other, and then the blocks sometimes rose full thirty feet above the sea-level. The quaintness of form and brilliancy of colour afforded ceaseless amusement, but the solidity of the masses required skilful steering as they kept striking on the bows or sharply scraping along the ship's sides. The mountains of land-ice which are generated among the bays and straits within Baffin's Bay enter the Atlantic south of Iceland, and are rarely seen castward or northward of Cape Farewell. We have just received a volume of verse by a young poet," in which the impression of these magnificent objects is conveyed with so much force, that we are glad to have this opportunity of inserting it, including, as it does, the image of the great navigator, the last of the Polar heroes, to determine whose fate with the certainty his countrymen desire, a gallant captain and crew have started within a few weeks from the Hebrides. This pious crusade may possibly have been best left, as it has been, to congugal affection and friendly zeal, but the British government need not have refused that assistance which it could have so cheaply afforded, nor have discourteously dismantled the 'Resolute' a month after its presentation by the United States to England, for fear that a demand might be made for its return to the scene of its exploits and its dangers.

Passing the Icebergs.

'A fearless shape of brave device, Our vessel drives through mist and rain Between the floating sheets of ice, Those navies of the northern main; Those Arctic ventures blindly hurled, The proofs of Nature's olden force, Like fragments of a crystal world Long shattered from its skiey course. These are the buccaneers that fright The middle sea with dream of wrecks, And freeze the south winds in their flight, And chain the Gulf-stream to their decks. At every dragon prow and helm There stands some Viking as of yore, Grim heroes from the boreal realm Where Odin rules the spectral shore.

^{*} Rural Poems, by Thomas Buchanan Read. Vol. 102.—No. 204. 2 c

And oft beneath the sun or moon
Their swift and eager falchions glow;
While, like a storm vexed wind, the rune
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.
And when the far north flashes up
With fires of mingled red and gold,

With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
. Is brimming to the absent bold.
Up signal there! and let us hail
Yon looming phantom as we pass;

Note all her fashion, hull and sail, Within the compass of your glass!

See at her mast the stedfast glow
Of that one star of Odih's throne;
Up with our flag, and let us show
The Constellation on our own!

And speak her well; for she might say,
If from her heart the words could thaw,

Great news from some far frozen bay
Or the remotest Esquimaux.

Might tell of channels yet untold

Might tell of channels yet untold,
That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
Of lands which God designs to hold

A mighty people yet to be;

Of wonders which alone prevail
Where day and darkness dimly meet;
Of all which appends the A retic sail.

Of all which spreads the Arctic sail; Of Franklin and his venturous fleet:

How, haply, at some glorious goal
His anchor holds, his sails are furled,
That fame has named him on her scroll,

"Columbus of the Polar World."

Or how his ploughing barques wedge on

Through splintering fields, with battered shares, Lit only by that spectral dawn,

The mask that mocking darkness wears;

Or how, o'er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits amid his frozen crew

In council with the norland stars.

No answer, but the sullen flow

Of ocean heaving long and vast! An Acgosy of ice and snow,

The voiceless North swings proudly past.

The perseverance of Lord Dufferin was crowned with success: he saw the mighty cone of Beerenberg pierce the clear air 'in all the grandeur of 6870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapour, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers

glaciers rolled down into the sea.' These broad rivers transfixed in their rapidest course, caught with the very foam upon them, 'the fleeting wreaths of spray stiffened to the immobility of sculpture,' produce a striking impression of contrast between the actual tranquillity and silence of their being, and the violent descending energy expressed by their agitated forms. The party got on shore with some difficulty, and their landing-place will be known in future charts as 'Clandeboye Creek.'

Eight hundred miles of sea traversed in eight days brought the 'Foam' to the shores of Lapland, and we commend to our readers the lively description of Hammerfest and Lapland life, which our voyagers left with regret to seek their 'ultima Thule,' Spitzbergen. They started with the gloomiest forebodings; two hundred miles of ice lay off the northern and western coast of that island and the eastern side is never open, and but for Lord Dufferin's confident knowledge of the course and effect of the Gulf-stream the attempt would have been altogether futile.

'The entire configuration of the Arctic ice is determined by the action of that mysterious current on its edges. Bending up against the west side of South America, the ascending stream skirts the coasts of Chili and Peru, and is then deflected in a westerly direction across the Pacific Ocean, where it takes the name of the Equatorial Current. Having completely encircled Australia, it enters the Indian Sea, sweeps up round the Cape of Good Hope, and, crossing the Atlantic, sweeps into the Gulf of Mexico.'—pp. 261, 262.

This 'river of the ocean,' swifter and of greater volume than the Mississippi or the Amazon, cleaves with its tepid indigo-coloured flood the great Atlantic, arched above the ordinary sea-level toward the centre by the pressure of the liquid banks, laving the coasts of Britain, Ireland, and Norway, until abreast of the South Cape, the almost exhausted stream is divided by a gelid current from the Arctic regions into two branches, one losing itself along the west coast of Spitzbergen, the other taking refuge in Varangar Fiord, which, it may be remembered, has lately been made an object of especial convention with Russia, on account of its convenient winter harbourage.

Thus Lord Dufferin argued that if he could only strike into the Gulf-stream, its genial waters would carry him past the icy barriers into some harbour of the remote island he had the ambition to visit, and the most agreeable moment of the whole voyage must have been that in which, after ten days' continual disappointment, this calculation proved to be correct, and two hours before it had been agreed that the attempt should be abandoned, the 'Foam' came up with a long low point of ice

stretching far to the westward, and thence beyond lay an open sea.

'Ice still stretches toward the land on the starboard side; but we don't care for it now, the schooner's head is pointing E. and by S. At one o'clock we sight Amsterdam Island, about thirty miles on the port bow; then come "the seven ice-hills," as seven enormous glaciers are called, that roll into the sea between lofty ridges of gneiss and mica slate, a little to the northward of Prince Charles's Foreland. Clearer and more defined grows the outline of the mountains, some coming forward while others recede; their very tints appear less even, fading here and there into pale yellows and greys; veins of shadows score the steep sides of the hills; the articulations of the rocks become visible; and now, at last, we glide under the limestone peaks of Mitre Cape, past the marble arches of King's Bay on one side, and the pinnacle of the Vogel Rock on the other, into the quiet channel that separates the foreland from the main.'—p. 297.

Complete is the desolation and solitude of that 'English Bay;' not a sign of vitality in the whole panorama of primeval rocks, eternal ice, and that strange strip of tropical sea which does not even break upon the coast. The travellers had been told to expect reindeer, but not a horn was visible, and after some days' search a few ptarmigan and a Polar bear were the only spoils of the chace. On the beach they found a grey deal coffin, the lid torn off by the wind, and a skeleton bleaching within; near it stood a rude cross with a half-erased Dutch inscription, and about it lay broken spars, oars, and a flag-staff, mingled with logs of drift wood floated from American forests far away—strange companions to meet on this Arctic shore.

Here we leave our voyagers; their adventures on their return by Throndhjem have no such claim to singularity and interest as those of the 'Unprotected females in Norway,' who, in a very amusing little book, have lately told us how they wore scarlet trowsers to frighten the wolves and light-up the scenery, and have warned their countrywomen never to think of travelling without a gun! We should have been glad if our limits had permitted us to reproduce some of Lord Dufferin's excellent versions of Northern Sagas in his picturesque prose or graceful verse, but we must content ourselves with a general expression of satisfaction at this his first appearance as an author, and assure him, that if he exhibits the same pleasant temperament and accomplished mind, combined with the more serious qualities this enterprise must have tested and confirmed, on any other occasion, he need not fear the result. We can only desire that his example may find many imitators; that other persons fortunate enough

enough to possess these means of commodious transit over the waters may use them with as much spirit and as much utility, and in that case we are sure there will be no complaint of the decline of this hardy, healthy, and especially British diversion.*

ART. VI.—1. The Acquirements and principal Obligations and Duties of the Parish Priest. A Course of Lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge to the Students in Divinity. By Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1856.

Mental Culture required for Christian Ministers. A Sermondelivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on occasion of the Consecration of William Fitzgerald, D.D., Bishop of Cork. March 8th, 1857. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London, 1857.

3. Plain Sermons preached to a Country Congregation. By Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1857.

4. A History of the Christian Church during the first Three Centuries. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1856.

5. Addresses and Charges of Edward Stanley, D.D., late Bishop of Norwich. With a Memoir. By his son, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1851.

6. Bishop Blomfield and his Times. An Historical Sketch. By the Rev. George Edward Biber, LL.D., Perpetual Curate of Roehampton. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1857.

THE most famous works in the English language on the duties of the parochial clergy are Herbert's 'Country Parson,' Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor,' and Bishop Burnet's 'Pastoral Care.' The primary intention of Herbert was his own improvement. He sketched the character of a village minister that 'he might have a mark to aim at, which I will set,' he says, 'as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree.' For many years of his life he had aimed at a high mark of another kind. A favourite of James I., he aspired to the office of Secretary of State; and when the death of the King destroyed his expectations he withdrew into retirement, and, in the mortification of disappointment, had many conflicts

^{*} It is only just to mention that the 'Titania' schooner, belonging to Mr. Robert Stephenson, not only accommodated its owner in his expedition to Egypt to investigate the practicability of the Suez Canal, but was lately placed at the service of the British Association to prosecute their astronomical inquiries in the island of Teneriffe.

of mind whether to renew the chase after worldly honours, or to study theology and enter into orders. Addison tells, in one of his 'Spectators,' that he could not refrain from a smile on reading a passage, in which 'Mr. Baxter represents it as a great blessing, that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at Court.' For once the smile of the moralist was misapplied. What seemed to him a ludicrous simplicity, proceeded from a wisdom deeper than his own; and Herbert, who had tried the career, would have thanked God with all his lifeart for the frustrated hopes which had led him to exchange a palace for a parsonage. He was ordained deacon in 1626, when he was thirty-three years of age, and he thenceforth resolved to devote the whole of his powers to Him who gave them. One vanity appears to have clung to him for a time. Walton mentions, that in the days when he danced attendance upon the Court, he had a 'genteel humour for clothes.' The same 'genteel humour' which distinguished the courtier was conspicuous in the clergyman, and he continued to wear a silk suit and a sword. Through the interest of his kinsman, Lord Pembroke, he was presented, in 1630, to the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury; but after much fasting, prayer, and reflection, he hesitated, from his rigid sense of pastoral responsibility, to accept the post. In this state of irresolution he met Laud at Wilton, who convinced him that his repugnance was a sin; and the first result of his determination to undertake the cure of souls was, that a tailor was sent for that evening to make him 'canonical clothes.' The canonical mind he already possessed, and when a year later he drew up his description of a model clergyman, there is every reason to believe that the picture in its outlines was a true representation of his daily life. A large part, indeed, of the fascination of the book consists in the sincerity which pervades its holiness. There are no affected raptures, no high-wrought strains of a purely verbal piety, but there is an air of simple reality in the saintly portrait which wins admiration and enforces conviction beyond all the artifices of rhetoric. There is, too, a charm in the quaintness of the style which partly appertained to the man and partly to the age, and produces the same kind of reverential emotion which is felt in the presence of an antiquated building. Time is a great artist. What he does not destroy he usually improves, and to the conceptions of the original workman he superadds a soulsubduing sentiment which is all his own. If on this account we are sometimes betrayed into admiring the very faults of by-gone centuries, our veneration for what is excellent is greatly raised. A book may sometimes be the best for no other reason than because it is the oldest.

As the work of Herbert was designed for his individual use he has chiefly confined himself to describing what the Country Parson' ought to be, without an especial reference to the characteristic failings of his own generation. Yet here and there we obtain those glimpses, which are always so interesting, of the customs of the age. Drinking was the prevailing vice; and the notes among the qualities of the good paster that he does not tipple at alchouses. The nobles had still their resident chaplains; and he warns these spiritual overseers of the mansions of the great, that they must be to the inmates what the ordinary clergyman is to his parishioners. He says of the Parson on a journey, that he does not leave his ministerial office behind him, 'but is himself wherever he is.' For the chaplain to be himself was usually difficult, and sometimes impossible. Few of the nobility liked those precise ministers, who, as Baxter has it, 'would not let them go quietly to hell.' The divine who was true to his sacred office was an offence to his patron, and the worldly alone could breathe freely in an atmosphere which was not that of the sanctuary. Bad men will never be wanting to swallow the bait, from which good men turn aside; and there can be no reason to regret the discontinuance of a system which discredited the clergy without improving the laity. The custom was declining when Burnet, in 1708, wrote the conclusion to the 'History of his Own Time;' and most of the chaplains who remained are said by him to have been 'light and idle, vain and insolent, impertinent and pedantic.'

A practice that was beginning to abate in the days of Herbert. and has almost ceased in our own, met with his especial apprebation: this was the annual perambulation of the boundaries of the parish. The usage was necessary in times when enclosures were not general, and there was either no division at all or only a strip of untilled ground. The exhortation in the Homilies, which is directed to be read to the people before starting on their circuit, complains grievously of the coveteousness which led men to plough up these balks, as they were called, and 'grate upon their neighbour's land.' Contests and lawsuits were frequent, and pains were taken to ensure a multitude of witnesses against future attempts at encroachment, by giving small gratuities to the young persons of the parish, to induce them to join in the round. The better to impress their memories they were often ducked in streams, bumped against trees, and beaten with wands. In the account of the churchwardens of Chelsea for 1679 there appears. among other perambulation expenses, a charge of four shillings for compensation 'to the boys that were whipt.' When Marmontel was a child, his father called him to look at a salamander

1 26 1

in the fire, and boxing his ears immediately afterwards, told him he would now remember what he had seen as long as he lived. The record of the incident by the subject of the experiment, in the Memoirs which he wrote of his own life, proved the success of the system; but the most determined lover of ancient usages must admit that hedges and maps are a more exact, and less barbarous, method of perpetuating evidence of the parochial

boundaries than an annual flogging of little boys.

In making the circuit of the village domain the minds of the inhabitants could not fail to revert to the dependence of mankind upon the fruits of that soil of which they were scrupulously guarding the limits. Thus it was usual in perambulations to thank God for his gifts of corn and cattle, and to pray for their increase, and their protection from bad seasons and pestilence. An injunction of Queen Elizabeth commanded the continuance of the religious ceremony, and regulated its details. Herbert, in addition, considered the occasion a proper opportunity for relieving the poor, for reconciling differences, and for promoting good-will among the parishioners. The country parson, therefore, 'particularly loves such processions, exacts of all to be present, and those that withdraw themselves he mislikes and reproves as uncharitable.' Hooker had the same partiality for the practice. He persuaded all, rich and poor, who desired the preservation of the village amity and rights to join in the round, and 'would' usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year.' Herbert would have the clergyman a maintainer of old customs, which, as they are in favour with the common people, win for him their good-will, and, should there be any evil intermingled, he pares the apple and gives them the clean to feed on; but forms seldom long subsist after the reason for them has ceased, and when a better mode of defining the limits of each parish prevailed, the usage of assembling the whole of the inhabitants to walk a needless round inevitably declined. Our modern school-feasts afford a more favourable opportunity for social gatherings.

The Country Parson or his wife was formerly the Country Apothecary. If both were deficient in skill, Herbert numbers it among the duties of the clergyman that he should keep a young practitioner in the house for the benefit of the parish. So scantily was the medical profession supplied in those days, that when Baxter settled at Kidderminster there was not the humblest pretender to that calling in the place, though there were above eight hundred families, and a probable population of four thou-

sand

sand persons. An epidemic pleurisy breaking out; and no doctor residing within reach, he was obliged, he says, to practise to save the lives of the people. They continued to consult him when the crisis was past, and for five or six years his door was daily crowded with patients from the town and neighbourhood. As his advice was given gratis he found that his prescriptions for their bodily ailments made them far readier to receive his spiritual admonitions, but the inroad upon his time, and the anxiety he suffered lest his treatment should be injudicious, drove him finally to retire in favour of a regular physician, whom he persuaded to set up in his stead. No man had greater reason to dread mistakes in medicine. In his Life of himself he gives a fearful catalogue of his own disorders, of the erroneous notions formed of them by successive members of the faculty, and of the prodigious quantity of injurious drugs which he swallowed at their bidding. At last he read in a work of Dr. Gerhard that a gold bullet had effected a recovery in a case which was similar to his own. Having taken a large one, 'I knew not,' he says, 'how to be delivered of it again.' In vain for three weeks he drank dose upon dose to get rid of an obstruction which proved worse than the disease it was intended to cure. His neighbours then set apart a day to fast and pray for him, and to this he ascribed the removal of the huge metal pill he had so imprudently swallowed. The practice of physic was far from enlightened at that period, and the medicines of the clergyman must often have been preferable to those of the professional attendant in the same proportion as they were less potent. Herbert's conception of the study proper for the purpose was moderate indeed. His parson was qualified to treat all the ills that flesh was heir to, 'by seeing one anatomy, reading one book of physic, and having one herbal by him.' The herbal was the security. The comparatively innocuous produce of our gardens and fields were believed by Herbert to be more effectual than all the 'outlandish' drugs which were sold by the chemist, and though they may have done no great good, they at least did little harm. In discharging the functions of the anothecary, the pastor was to be mindful that he must 'cure like a Parson.' 'He and his family premise prayers, and this raiseth the action from the shop to the church.

Bishop Burnet, towards the end of the seventeenth century, repeated the recommendation to the clergy to practice physic, 'especially that which was safe and simple,' as an action charity, as a means of securing the good opinion of their parishioners, and as one of the surest methods of gaining thearing for their ghostly counsels. Archbishop Secker, who had studied

studied the healing art at London and Paris, and afterwards graduated at Leyden, found his knowledge of singular service when in 1724 he became the rector of Houghton-le-Spring. Now that the regular members of the faculty are established in every district, there is not much scope for the medical interference of the pastor; but he may still, if he has a bias to the study of the science, do some service in ordinary cases, in emergencies which do not admit of delay, and in the instances where the patient must otherwise fall into the hands of a parish doctor such as was described by Crabbe—one who comes reluctant—

'With looks unalter'd by the scene of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.'

The third of these lines is no longer applicable, and the Board, which has taken the place of the Bench, is seldom backward to grant redress where there is a more competent person to succeed a practitioner of proved ignorance and inattention. The few opportunities, however, which are left to the clergyman of curing the body need not deprive him of the assistance he derived from it in curing the soul; for while there is sorrow to be soothed, poverty to be relieved, and acts of kindness to be done, he can never be in want of abundant openings for enforcing words of

piety by acts of benevolence.

The 'Reformed Pastor' of Baxter was published in 1656. When the author grew up, a double contest was going on—the struggle between Puritans and High-Churchmen, and the struggle between laxity and picty. Although many in the establishment who were opposed to the distinctive doctrines of Puritanism were surpassed by none in their zeal for holiness, there is no question that duties were often carelessly performed, and numerous cures inadequately filled. A confirmation was held in the neighbourhood in 1630, when Baxter was fifteeen. Many went to be bishopped, as it was then termed, and he ran with the rest to the appointed place. They were ranged hastily in a churchyard, the bishop rapidly put his hand upon their heads, and after speaking a few words, too hurriedly to be intelligible, and repeating a short prayer, the ceremony was at an end. The requirement of the canons, that overy child should bring a certificate from the clergyman of the parish, was entirely disregarded. All went who liked at their own discretion, and few comprehended the meaning of what was done. Sermons were seldom preached in the country parishes. In the village where Baxter lived, the incumbent, who was eighty

years

years of age and blind, repeated the prayers from memory, and had a thrasher one year to read the psalms and lessons, and a tailor the next. His successors were no better. Some of them kept a school during the week days, and were removed one after another for flogging the boys during their fits of intoxication. Baxter went to Kidderminster in 1641 to displace an old and illiterate vicar, while the curate of a district chapel, who was a drunkard and ignorant of his Catechism, derived his income from the celebration of unlawful marriages. In the adjoining parish there were two incumbents, one of whom got his living by cutting faggots, and the other by making ropes. The cause of these scandals was the greediness of the laity. Not content with the tithes alienated at the commencement of the Reformation, the patrons of livings, by a bargain with the incumbent at his presentation, leased out what still remained to the church for an annual rental. 'A gentleman,' said Bishop Jewel, about the year 1570, 'cannot keep his house unless he has a parsonage or two in farm for his provision.' Between past confiscations and present covetousness, the income in numerous parishes was insufficient for the bare subsistence of a pastor. The poor went untaught, the sick went untended, and the dead were consigned to the grave without any service. The people, Jewel complained, were worse cared for than in heathen countries, and were growing barbarous for want of instruction in their He lamented that many of the clergy were exactly what might be expected from the beggarly provision which was afforded them- not only lack Latin, but lack honesty, lack conscience, and lack religion.' The mischief had lasted so long, and had extended so wide, that he almost doubted if it could be remedied; and he prophesied that, unless measures were taken to replenish the vineyard with labourers, the next generation would fare worse than his own from the paucity of competent preachers who were growing up in the place of those who were passing away. The schools and universities were almost deserted, and those who frequented them were chiefly the sons of the rich who had no intention of entering the Church. The class of students who were formerly trained to it sought other professions which would enable them to cat. says Jewel, 'become prentimes, some turn to physic, some to law; all shun and flee the ministry.' To the taunt that the preachers of the Gospel should give their labour for nothing he answered, that they must live, and that mone of those who thus argued would bestow an expensive education upon their children that they might spend the remainder of their days in abject poverty. The miserable state of the clergy was the burthen

burthen of nearly every sermon he preached before the Queen; and he asserted that the neglect to encourage a learned ministry would be numbered in history among the murrains, plagues, and other judgments of God. Archbishop Grindal informed Elizabeth, in a letter which he addressed to her in 1578, that not more than one living in seven would maintain a well-educated pastor, and that many places, with a population of 800 souls, did not furnish a stipend of eight pounds a year. From a treatise which Lord Bacon drew up for the use of James I., 'On the Pacification of the Church,' and which abounds with his wonted wisdom, it appears that the evil still continued. Numerous parishes, he states, did not afford a maintenance for a preacher, nor were there sufficient preachers to furnish one for *every parish. When an additional number of worthy persons began to present themselves for ordination, hundreds of the poor incumbents who were appointed from necessity, in the dearth of better men, remained in possession; and it is not surprising that several should have eked out a wretched subsistence by conjoining with their Sunday ministrations such week-day occupations as faggot-cutting and rope-making. The growing aspirations for improvement when Baxter arrived at man's estate chiefly proceeded either from the clergy themselves, or from some among that portion of the laity who were removed alike from poverty and riches. The common people appeared not to have recovered from the centuries of ignorance, license, and formality which had marked the reign of Roman Catholicism. Everywhere they were against the strict and diligent ministers, whether Conformists or not, and the best members of the establishment had to struggle alike with the powers above, and the commonalty below them. Before they could effect a reform, the ascendancy of the puritanic party in the Civil Wars threw the management of most of the churches into its hands; and it was during the close of the reign of Charles I. and the rule of Cromwell that Baxter presided for sixteen years over the parish of Kidderminster.

His success in his difficult task gave him a title to instruct others in their pastoral duties. On his first arrival there was not more than one family in a street who worshipped their Maker. On his departure the case was exactly reversed, and there was hardly one who continued indifferent. The voices of the inmates singing psalms and reading sermons might be heard issuing every Sunday from scores of houses. Five galleries were erected in the capacious church to accommodate the increased congregation, and the regular communicants amounted to more than six hundred. His great powers had a considerable share in producing

producing this result, but much of it was due to two causes, in which all can imitate him—his untiring diligence and his fervent zeal for the salvation of his flock. On Mondays and Tuesdays he had a certain number of families, both elders and juniors, who came to him to be catechised. Every household had a separate audience, and he devoted an hour to each. The affectionate carnestness of his exhortations may be judged from the fact that the majority went away weeping, and resolving amendment of Twice a week he preached, and on Thursday, after the sermon, those who chose attended at his house to repeat the substance of the discourse and to ask questions upon any subject on which they required information. Once a month he had a parish meeting to enforce discipline, besides numerous conferences with his clerical brethren for mutual instruction. His curate was still more indefatigable in his local labours, for Baxter himself considered parochial duty as his recreation—the agreeable diversion of his leisure hours. His business was his voluminous writings, in themselves a library, of which Barrow said that the controversial portion had seldom been refuted and the practical portion had never been surpassed. Upon these he bestowed from six to eight parts of his time, and so eager was the interest which he took in all the great ecclesiastical questions which arose—so intense his desire to put down error and promote religion—that with every wish to mature and polish his treatises, he had no sooner finished one than he was impelled with the same haste to throw off another, nor could ever pause to blot the rapid effusions of his ready mind. His relaxation was 'half an hour or an hour's walk before meat,' which he held to be rest enough for even 'the weaker sort of students,' and the majority he maintained required less. Yet this prodigious toil did not satisfy the cravings of his nature. His whole existence was passed in a state between living and dying, and the principal affliction of his career, worse, he said, than all the corporal pain he endured, was the little time he had for study in consequence of the consideration he was compelled to show his feeble and suffering frame. 'What,' he exclaimed, in animating others, 'is a candle made for but to be burnt? Burnt and wasted we must be, and is it not fitter it should be in lighting men to Heaven than in living to the flesh?' This was the noble maxim upon which he acted. All his days the light seemed upon the point of being extinguished, and all his days it blazed out with the brightness of a final flicker. The cause of his 'Reformed Pastor' being published, was that his infirmities had prevented his preaching it from ' the pulpit. He prevailed upon a number of the neighbouring clergy to sign an agreement to practise his method of catechising families.

families, and they determined to keep a day of humiliation at Worcester in December, 1655, when he was appointed to address them upon the plan they had adopted on his recommendation. His discourse, which is an ample treatise, took a wider range. It is a stirring appeal, in his usual fervent and powerful strain, to inflame the zeal and reprove the negligence of ministers, and few could read it without their hearts being in some degree

kindled by its holy fire.

The 'Pastoral Care' of Bishop Burnet was his 'favourite book.' The first edition was published in 1692, when he had been three years in his episcopal office, and a third edition, with his final admonitions, appeared in 1712, after a further interval of twenty Thus the work was the fruit of repeated meditation and long experience. A great change had taken place in the state of religion since the period when Baxter put forth his 'Reformed Pastor.' 'When the times,' he said in that treatise, 'were all for learning, then the temptation of the proud did lie that way; but now that the most lively practical preaching is in credit, and godliness itself is in credit, the temptation to the proud is to pretend to be zealous preachers and godly men.' The pretenders multiplied to that degree, that they brought the profession of piety into disgrace, and the hypocrisy of the wicked of one generation encouraged open scoffing in the wicked of the The people, always prone to extremes, rushed from enthusiasm into profanity, and Burnet found a growing infidelity the deadliest symptom of the day. In the Memorial which the Convocation presented to Queen Anne in 1711, and which was drawn up by Bishop Atterbury, it is stated that 'a due regard to religious persons, places, and things has scarce in any age been more wanting.' Gay, in his satirical narrative of the consternation of the citizens of London on the appearance in October, 1712, of the comet which Whiston had predicted would burn up the earth, makes the imaginary author say, 'It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and sorrow that I had disused family prayers for above five years—a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station.' The evil spread, in its worst form, to the sex which, while the faintest sense of rectitude remains, always shrinks with instinctive horror from the hard and dreary dogmas of the freethinker, and Lady Mary Wortley wrote, in 1710, that there were 'more atheists among the fine ladies than among the loosest sort of rakes.' The clergy, recruited from the young men among the laity, were necessarily infected with the prevailing thoughtlessness. Those who presented themselves for ordination came commonly well prepared in secular learning, but were almost totally unacquainted

acquainted with any portion of the Bible. They seemed us if they had never even read it, and could neither give an account of the contents of the gospels nor of the statements in the Church Their lamentable ignorance of the essential doctrines Catechism. of salvation rendered, 'the ember weeks,' says Burnet, 'the burden and grief of my life.' When the clergy appeared before him to obtain institution to a living, it was still apparent in many that they had not 'read the Scriptures or any one good book since they were ordained.' Scandalous conduct, he admits, was not frequent among them, but 'of all the ministers, of religion he had seen in the course of his extensive travels-Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Dissenters—they were the most remiss in their labours and the least severe in their lives, and instead of animating each other, seemed to lay one another to sleep.' The slumber both of the church and nation continued long, and grew deeper before they awoke. In Burnet's day there were many, and he himself was one of the number, who derived their notions of ministerial duty from the fervid period in which they had passed their youth. Piety and learning, truth and soberness, were met together in the eminent divines who flourished about the time of the Revolution; but as these died out there were fewer persons of the same stamp to take their place.

After the accession of the House of Hanover, the general tone reached its lowest point. Ignorance and drunkenness were the predominant qualities of the working classes, licentiousness and infidelity of the higher. The jest which was circulated during the premiership of Sir Robert Walpole that a Bill was about to be introduced into Parliament to erase 'not' from the Commandments and insert it in the Creed, was but the light expression of the genuine condition of society. Montesquieu, who came to this country in 1729 and remained here for two years, pronounced that we had no religion at all. 'If any one,' he said, 'spoke of it, everybody laughed.' Once he heard a person remark that he believed something as an article of faith, and the observation was received with a shout of ridicule. Low as piety had sunk in France, he had not, he tells us, enough of it himself to satisfy his countrymen, but that he found he had too much of it to suit ourselves. Our native authorities fully confirm his account. 'Though,' said Bishop Secker, in 1738, 'it is natural to think those evils the greatest which we feel ourselves, and therefore mistakes are easily made in comparing one age with another, yet in this we cannot be mistaken, that an open and professed disregard to religion is become the distinguishing character of the present age. Bishop Gibson, in 1741, complained that the gangrene had gone on spreading till it had penetrated penetrated to the middle classes,—always, as a body, the last to be infected by immoral contagion, and the first to recover from it. The entire nation seemed to him on the point of being overwhelmed by profligacy and unbelief, and he saw no hope for his evil and rebellious generation except the parochial ministers would stand between the living and the dead, and endeavour to

stay the plague.

The conduct of the clergy during this lamentable period, from the death of Queen Anne to the middle of the century, was what might have been predicted from the common course of human nature. There were some who in every way were worthy of their Shortly after his ordination in 1736, Whitefield was vocation. employed to officiate at the village of Dummer in Hampshire, during the absence of Mr. Kinchin, the incumbent, and found that the people had been daily visited, the children daily catechised, and that young and old daily attended public prayers in the morning before going to work, and in the evening on returning from it. But the clergy who rebuked the corruption of their generation were few in comparison with those who passively endured or who openly connived at it. Whitefield describes the body of them as making no scruple of frequenting theatres, horseraces, balls, and taverns, though they felt the contradiction to their sacred calling sufficiently 'to go disguised,' by which he' meant without their gowns and cassocks, which were then the ordinary dress of the ministers of the establishment. assemblies of whatever nature reflected the laxity of the time, and the whole conversation and manners were worse than at the same entertainments in a more decorous age. Archbishop Secker, while affirming that the accusations of the Methodists were exaggerated, yet acknowledges that the great failing of the clergy was that they did not appear sufficiently penetrated with the importance of their functions, and his exhortations to them are directed against such levities of conversation and against such countenance of improprieties as any diocesan of our day would think it insulting to mention. He denies that they had ceased to hold the doctrines of redemption, of sanctification by the Spirit, of the insufficiency of good works to salvation, and of the efficacy of faith; but he admits that nearly all had ceased to preach them, and that many were even too ignorant of theology to treat them justly. Social obligations were alone enforced, till 'our people,' he says, ' have forgot in effect their Creator as well as their Redeemer and Sanctifier, and flatter themselves that what they are pleased to call a moral and harmless life, though far from being either, is the one thing needful.'

The movement which in the year 1736 was begun by Wesley

and Whitefield was not directed against the establishment or its formularies, but against the wickedness, torpor, and doctrinal indifference of the age. Wesley was in principle a high-churchman, and Whitefield, though less so, emphatically declared that he was a friend to the Homilies, Articles, and Liturgy. The circumstances attending the ordination of the latter showed that some of the prelates were sensible of the need for earnest men in the ministry, and lost no opportunity of supplying the want. He was accustomed to visit the prisoners and the sick in his native city of Gloucester, and Bishop Benson having heard of his zeal sent for him, and inquired his age. The custom then, as now, was to ordain no one before the age of twenty-three, and Whitefield had only just passed twenty-one, but the Bishop told him that he would waive the rule in his favour, and admit him at once into holy orders. This was done shortly afterwards, and the young deacon preached his first sermon in one of the churches of Gloucester. A complaint being made to Benson that fifteen persons had been driven mad by the discourse, the Bishop replied, 'that he wished the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday.' The sermon is in print, and would now-a-days be thought temperate almost to tameness. In fact, when the churches in London, at which Wesley and Whitefield had preached, were first closed against them by the incumbents, not one of the errors of Methodism had been thought of. The convulsions and the interpretation which Wesley put upon them, his doctrines of instantaneous conversion and perfection, his practical schism while recommending a theoretical adhesion to the establishment, were all of subsequent growth. The predominant opinions proclaimed at the outset were none others than have been maintained by every man in the Church of England who ever earned the name of a divine; and though the statements might sound strange in ears habituated to the meagre theology of that day, the sentiments, we suspect, would not have given offence except for the earnestness with which the general laxity was censured, and a total change of heart and conduct enforced.

For many years the effects of the revival of religion was chiefly visible in persons of the evangelical school. The other sections in the Church took advantage of the excesses committed to decry the movement and to justify their indulgence in an easier life. The low level to which public feeling had fallen at the middle of the last century, and the little which was expected from the guardians of public morals, may be seen in acts like that of Joseph Warton, who travelled with the Duke of Bolton and his mistress upon the Continent in 1751 that he Vol. 102.—No. 204.

might be at hand to marry them the moment they got intelligence of the death of the Duchess, who was then sinking under a mortal disease. For some reason he returned to England before the poor deserted lady had breathed her last, and the impatience of her husband and her successor not permitting them to wait till Warton could rejoin them, he lost both the opportunity of performing the office and the preferment which he expected would reward the service. His biographer assigns a motive in extenuation of his conduct which was in reality a particular aggravation—he had a wife and family whom he tenderly loved, and he wished to provide for them. Such domestic ties, we should have supposed, would alone have restrained him from becoming an open participator in an outrageous violation of domestic decency. Yet four years afterwards he was elected second master of Winchester school, and nobody appeared to consider him less fitted to train up lads in the way they should go because he had countenanced the Duke of Bolton's roving abroad with a mistress while his wife was dying at home. The change for the better which had commenced spread slowly, even if after the first impulse had spent its force it did not go back, and in 1781 Cowper could write of the clergy, without incurring rebuke or contradiction, in language like this:-

> 'Except a few with Eli's spirit blest, Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.'

Accordingly, the parish priest in the 'Village' of Crabbe, which appeared two years later, belongs to the Hophni and Phineas class. He is an eager follower of the hounds, a keen shot, a skilful and constant player of whist, or, as the poet sums up his character in a single line, he is one who gives—

'To fields the morning and to feasts the night.'

The practice continued through the early part of the present century. 'The customs of England,' wrote Southey in 1807, 'do not exclude the clergyman from any species of amusement; the popular preacher is to be seen at the theatre and at the horse-race, bearing his part at the concert and at the ball, making his court to old ladies at the card-table, and to young ones at the harpsichord.' These were the kind of pastors by whom the late Bishop Stanley found himself surrounded when he first entered upon his rectory of Alderley in Cheshire in 1805. The 'cas-socked huntsmen,' against whom Cowper had raised an indignant protest, abounded in the neighbourhood. Mr. Stanley's own predecessor boasted that he had never set foot in a sick man's house; and, as the healthy rarely set foot in the church, the services commonly went unperformed for want of a congregation, though

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the population consisted of 1300 souls. In cases like this, the suspension of religion, both public and private, was complete. By his devotion to duties which would now, says his son, in his delightful Memoir prefixed to the volume of the late Bishop's 'Addresses and Charges,' be deemed too common for notice, Mr. Stanley incurred the reproach of being a Methodist; for, like the term Puritan in the reign of Charles I., the name was applied to all people indiscriminately who acted as if they believed in their Bibles. The functions of the less scrupulous clergy being often little better than nominal, the same person could assume the superintendence of several parishes. are people living who can remember when three brothers in the diocese of Norwich officiated at fifteen places; and when Bishop Jenkinson entered upon the see of Llandaff in 1828, he found it necessary to announce in his primary charge that he would not permit a clergyman to serve more than two churches in one day.

The distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, as in the former half of the century, were rarely heard from the pulpit. So late as 1797, Wilberforce, in his 'Practical View of the prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians,' asserted that the preaching had degenerated into a dry and barren system of othics. Nor can the writer of this excellent treatise be suspected of the prejudice of which Lord Bacon accuses the Puritans of his day-that if a person was ever so pious 'and concurred not with them, they termed him, in derogation, a civil and moral man, and compared him to Socrates, or some heathen philosopher; for Paley, whose own sermons, admirable in wany respects, treat far too cursorily of the Messiah and his office, warns the clergy in one of his charges at the close of the last century, that the danger from a too exclusive dwelling upon salvation by faith alone, which he conceived to have been the error of the Methodists, was nearly overpast, and that we were setting up in its place a scheme of morality completely detached from Christianity. His eyes opened to the extremity of the evil, he called upon his brethren 'to resist every plan which should place virtue upon any other foundation, or seek final happiness through any other medium than faith in the Redeemer. He complained that 'the decent offices enjoined by the temperate picty of our Church' were equally neglected with its doctrines, and that there was a disposition to contemn the Sacraments themselves under the name of forms and ceremonies. 'We are in such haste,' he said. ' to fly from enthusiasm and superstition, that we are approaching towards an insensibility to all religious influence; but though, to avoid giving offence, he assumed that the error proceeded from the dread of falling into its opposite, its commonest source was 2 H 2 plainly

plainly the indifference to sacred things. The eighteenth century from its opening to its close thus presents little upon which the members of our establishment can dwell with satisfaction. Yet it was the existence of that establishment which after all prevented a total degeneracy. If the law had not provided in every parish for the regular performance of a form of prayer; if there had not been a body of men diffused throughout the kingdom whose profession compelled a certain attention to decency of conduct; if the machinery for the education and superintendence of pastors had not existed, religion must have been well nigh lost from the land. To the establishment it was owing that not a few remained who were the salt of the earth, and kept the mass from corrupting entirely. Dark as was the firmament compared to the full light of day, it would have been darker still except for the stars which continued to arise and keep their course in con-

sequence of the operation of our ecclesiastical system.

Our own generation has witnessed the recovery from the dismal apathy which had so long prevailed. True theology has revived, plaralities have been abolished, residence enforced, services multiplied, schools built; while the clergy, as a body, have displayed a zeal, a diligence, and a liberality which will bear comparison with the brightest periods of ecclesiastical history. Burke, in his brilliant argument for the necessity of a Church establishment, insisted that all which could be demanded from a priesthood in the mass was that it should not be 'vicious bevond the fair bounds allowed to human infirmity.' 'When,' he said, speaking of the bishops of France, 'we talk of the heroic, of course we talk of rare virtue. A man, as old as I am, will not be astonished that several in every description do not lead that perfect life of self-denial with regard to wealth or to pleasure, which is wished for by all, by some expected, but by none exacted with more rigour than by those who are the most attentive to their own interests, or the most indulgent to their own passions.' He offered this just apology at a time when in England the establishment had sunk below its average level; in our day it has undoubtedly risen above it. But it is no idle undertaking to look back upon the darkness from which we have emerged that we may both appreciate better the blessings of our present dawmand be upon our guard against suffering it to be succeeded by another night. When the laity grow corrupt, the young men who replenish the ministry bring with them the taint contracted among their former associates. In degenerate periods they incur less obloquy by neglecting their duties than by the exact discharge of them, and are more valued for a complying temper than for the strictness of their example and the rigour of their precepts. precepts. The danger is the greater that the declension is gradual, and for a time imperceptible. If there is any security to be devised against its recurrence, it must be found in the determination of the worthiest portion of the clergy to watch jealously against the least abatement from the standard which has been set by its best and ablest members. Whenever there is infection abroad, there will always be some, like the sons of Eli, to catch the disease; but it is in the power of those whose hearts are in their calling to keep alive the same spirit among numbers of their brethren; nor will there then be wanting a multitude of the laity who will follow in their footsteps and be their safe-

guard and support.

A comparison between the 'Pastoral Care' of Bishop Burnet -a treatise of which time has not diminished the value—and the 'Parish Priest' of Professor Blunt, shows at a glance how widely in many respects the spirit which prevailed in the middle of the nineteenth century differs from that which was abroad at the close of the seventeenth. Parochial daily schools, to which Professor Blunt has devoted a chapter, had hardly an existence at the period The Rubrics and Canons are discussed at a of the Revolution. length which is the consequence of the minute attention which is now bestowed upon every part of our ritual. The translation of numerous passages of the Bible is submitted to an equally elaborate examination, and the whole work, in short, is directed to the consideration of the questions and duties which have especially engaged the minds of the present generation. This gives a particular value to the treatise, which fills a place that was previously unoccupied in our theological literature. Though the author was upon the whole a high-churchman, yet as he had not adopted his principles at second-hand, but had framed them upon a profound study of Scripture and the works of the early Fathers, the independence of opinion which is the result of independent research is everywhere apparent. Views thus formed always instruct, however widely we may in some instances dissent from them, and we ourselves are far from agreeing with many of the sentiments of Professor Blunt. There was, indeed, a prominent faculty of his mind which was a merit in itself, but which, when carried to excess, led inevitably to the occasional adoption of insecure conclusions. He had spent much of his time in prosecuting the line of argument which Paley started in his 'Horse Paulinæ'—that of establishing the truth of the Bible from the undesigned coincidences of its several parts. This enticed him in other cases, where the principle did not apply, to attach undue weight to indirect evidence, and accept far-fetched inferences for proofs. Various examples will be found in the 'Parish Priest'

of his tendency to base his positions upon refined and dubious deductions from by-circumstances—a species of subtlety which raises far more questions than it resolves. This is at worst only an occasional defect, and one to which he supplies the antidote by a faithful narration of the particulars upon which he grounds his belief; but the entire work is, in some degree, injured by the intricacy of the style, which is the exact reverse of what he himself recommends. He insists that it should be simple and perspicuous, without the embarrassment of parentheses, which may easily, he says, be avoided. Few writers, nevertheless, have indulged in them more freely, and no slight effort of attention is frequently required to disentangle his involved and lengthy sentences. The book is not on that account less valuable, but it is less agreeable to read.

Professor Blunt, like every one who goes to the fountain-head, feels forcibly the superiority of this method, and advises the student of divinity not to be content to receive his information as it comes filtered through the understandings of others. who visits a foreign country knows it better than by the descriptions of previous travellers, whose works nevertheless may direct him to objects he would otherwise have overlooked, supply him with reflections which it may be beyond his ability to make, and communicate facts which lie without the circle of his own pur-The Professor dwells upon the advantage of a familiar acquaintance with the original languages of Scripture, and shows, by many instances, that the Authorised Version is an inadequate substitute. The minister of religion is required by his calling to be a greater proficient in theology than is possible with the majority of Christians. It is as much his business to remove the doubts and difficulties of those who have less leisure than himself for the perfect mastery of the law of God, as it is the business of a counsel to advise his client in the right interpretation of the law of the land. He reads not only for himself but for others who can dispense with a knowledge of many niceties of criticism, exactly because there is, or ought to be, a professed divine to whom to go for assistance. In the same manner he is the soldier of the Church, who must be capable, when occasion requires, of beating down the errors of infidels and heretics, or, as Bishop Bull well expresses it, he must drive away the wolves as well as feed the sheep—a service which often he cannot perform without some acquaintance with the original text both of the Old and New Testament. A powerful argument in reply to those who disputed the genuineness of the Pentateuch was found, Professor Blunt states, in the extent to which its phraseology and details had tinctured the writings of

the early prophets—resemblances which in most cases have slipped out of our version, and can only be detected by an attentive examination of the Hebrew. A considerable part of the allegations of the Socinians turn upon questions of translation; and as the leaders of that sect have never been wanting in the hardy assertions of assumed scholarship, a minister whose knowledge of the Greek language was still more superficial than their own would be entirely at their mercy if he had ever to cope with them by word of mouth. In the Assembly of Divines which sat at Westminster during the Civil Wars, there were many Presbyterians and Nonconformists who had a perfect acquaintance with the English Scriptures and little or none with the original tongues. When they quoted a text to prove their positions, Selden, says Whitelock-himself a member and a witness of what he reports-'would tell them, "Perhaps in your little pocket Bibles with gilt leaves" (which they would often pull out and read) "the translation may be thus; but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies thus and thus," and so would totally silence them,' The doctrines of Selden were not theirs, nor did he succeed in converting them to his opinions, but they succumbed to his assertions because they were incapable of judging of them, which is the position that ignorance must always occupy in the presence of learning.

Dr. Bentley states that the Greek Fathers often mistook the sense of the Septuagint for want of skill in the Hebrew, the idiom of which it religiously preserves; and he adds his belief that Demosthenes himself could not have thoroughly comprehended a version which departed so widely from the genius of his own tongue. The Greek of the Evangelists and Apostles has the same peculiarity. It is Greek, as Professor Blunt remarks, cast in a Hebrew mould; and he recommends a more general study of the Septuagint than is usual at present, since its language is the key to that of the New Testament. There are many worthy but thoughtless people who look upon such counsels with suspicion, and fancy that in proportion as men are Biblical scholars they cease to be Christians. These persons commonly imagine that their own piety is more ardent because their learning is inferior, as though learning, of which the function is to inform the understanding, chiefly operated by quenching the Spirit. 'Ignorance,' says South, 'is no man's duty and can be no man's perfection,' nor would it have been thought in this instance a subject for self-complacent congratulation except for the vanity which grudges to recognise the advantage to be derived from a distinction which is wanting to itself, and the erroneous inference which is drawn from the circumstance that the apostles of our Lord were peasants and fishermen.

Manners, allusions, language, were native to them, which we can only reach through assiduous study; and, unlettered as they were, their starting-point in these particulars was a more advanced post than our goal. Above all, they were endowed with supernatural powers, which far exceeded the utmost measure of our natural attainments. They spoke tongues which they had never learned, and became familiar through a miracle with more languages in a single instant than most men could master in an entire life-time. What resemblance is there between them and the confident modern teachers, who being destitute of supernatural gifts, glory in being equally devoid of natural acquirements? Or, if they persuade themselves that the neglect to cultivate their ordinary faculties has really been rewarded by a divine illumination, ought not this to show itself in an intuitive comprehension of the original text in a way to guard against the mistaken assumptions which are found in nearly all such pretenders to result from their ignorance of it? The Christian, as Paley forcibly puts the question, is an historical religion, was founded upon transactions which took place, and upon discourses which were held, in a distant age and country, of the world, in a tongue and under customs and opinions very different from our own. He considers it in consequence a self-evident proposition that the investigation of the authority and the interpretation of the sense of the records of this religion can only be fully performed by a scholar. No Church, it may safely be asserted, could long maintain its purity of belief against the endless versatility of error devised by the ingenuity of perverted minds, if learning should ever cease to be the handmaid of picty.

The study of the primitive Fathers, the exponents of the belief and practice of the primitive Christians, is recommended by Professor Blunt as by far the best commentary upon the New Testament, and we may add that his own 'History of the Church during the three first centuries' is the best guide to those who can read the originals, and the best substitute for those who cannot. Until the decline of piety after the Revolution was followed by a decay of learning, the mastery of the writings of the immediate successors of the Apostles was thought indispensable to every divine who had any pretensions to eminence. late years they have been regarded with jealousy from the supposition that they were more favourable to the corruptions of the Papacy than to the purity of the gospel, but Professor Blunt makes the cogent remark that Roman Catholics seldom refer to the authorities of the three first centuries, who give no countenance to anti-protestant dogmas. He quotes from Dodwell the obser-

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vation that the Papists have rather regarded them with suspicion, have frequently censured them, and either appealed from them to spurious treatises or to the subsequent writers who flourished after abuses had grown up. He calls attention to the significant fact that in the instances in which the authors of the 'Tracts for the Times' fell into error, they drew their precedents, like the Romanists, from the later instead of the earlier sources, and adds, what is known to every person who has read the works of our Reformers, that they habitually quoted the Fathers with triumphant effect against their opponents, whom they accused of flinching from the test. 'I call heaven and earth to witness,' said Bishop Jewel, addressing the Papists in the reign of Elizabeth, 'and speak it before God and his holy angels, that touching the very substance of religion, we teach nothing this day but what hath been taught before by Christ himself, set abroad by his apostles, continued in the primitive church, and maintained by the ancient doctors. They shall judge on our side against you. And would that in the greatest points of our controversics all parties would be contented to stand to their judgment: so should all contention be soon at an end.'

To the church of England as it was established at the Reformation our clergy belong, and Professor Blunt justly urges that they cannot be ignorant without injury and discredit of the particulars of that event, of the nature of the changes effected, and the grounds upon which they were made. The minister of religion who has attained to a thorough acquaintance with the Bible, the primitive fathers, and the history of the church in his own country occupies a commanding position which enables him to take a clear survey of the multiplicity of questions which are for ever arising, and readily to distinguish the right road where less informed men either wander at random, or remain in perplexing suspense. In a national establishment there is room for the exercise of all descriptions of excellence, and Bishop Burnet could testify, what the experience of every generation confirms, 'that a great measure of piety with a very small proportion of learning would carry a clergyman a long way,' but he who has the ability and the leisure to lay in the deep and broad foundation which Professor Blunt recommends, has such a superiority as a master in Christendom, that he is altogether inexcusable if he neglects to add the light of knowledge to the fervour of sanctity. To the many of this class of divines who have adorned our church, an Englishman owes it that he has incomparably better helps in all the departments of theology than are enjoyed by any other nation in the world. Whether it be a question of criticism, evidences, doctrine, or morals, there exist

a mass of treatises and sermons which are not less remarkable for the power of the reasoning than for the lucidity, force, or eloquence of the style. From these models the student fills his treasury with old things, and acquires the skill for bringing forth the new things which are demanded by the varying needs and

tastes of his age.

Paley strongly advises the study of the book of God's works as at once an inexhaustible source of delight, and the proper supplement to the study of the book of God's word. Sciences, he remarks, the most remote from theology, are in reality its minis-A knowledge of lines and angles is essential to explain the action of the eye upon light, and the wonderful adaptation of the instrument to its end. What is this, he asks, but to discover God? and when Newton, he grandly adds, was employed in investigating the properties of a conic section, he was tracing the finger of the Almighty in the heavens. Every branch again of natural history is a lesson in the power and wisdom of the divine artificer, and has the subordinate advantage to the rural clergyman, that it supplies 'objects of notice and attention to his walks and rides. to the most solitary retirement, or the most sequestered situation.' The immortal use to which Paley turned acquisitions of this description in his 'Natural Theology,' yet leaves room with his readers for a deeper and more pervading impression of the greatness and goodness of the Creator when the mind is occupied in independent inquiry, and is constantly marking and revolving the indications of beneficent omnipotence as displayed in the fabric of the universe. The heavens declare the glor of God more fully to the devout astronomer than to the common observer whose knowledge of the starry sphere is confined to the ordinary evidence of uninstructed sight; and though all the works of the Almighty praise him, they laud him most to the pious philosopher who has gone the furthest in comprehending them. 'The perversions of men,' said Bishop Stanley, who excelled in these studies, and considered them part of the duty of a divine, 'would have made an infidel of me but for the counteracting impressions of Providence in the works of nature.' There is not indeed a more elevating gratification upon earth, or a more powerful aid to the truths of Christianity, than the mingled wonder, adoration and gratitude which grow out of the study of sun and moon, fire and hail, winds and mountains, trees and beasts, creeping things and flying fowl. Paley numbered among the benefits of following his advice, that it removed the principal objection which he supposed to attach to the life of a clergyman,—the disadvantage of not providing 'sufficient engagements to the time and thoughts of an active mind.' This was the malady of a sluggish era. The

The sole objection to the counsel is now the reverse,—that however excellent in itself few can command the leisure to pursue it.

A familiarity with the masters of language must be of vast service to a profession which in an age of diffused education, when tame and slovenly composition is with difficulty endured, has to keep the ear of congregations upon the single subject which for centuries has been an unchanging topic of exhortation. A neglect to study the English tongue is said by Swift to have been one of the commonest defects among the clergy, and indeed among the scholars generally of his day, and he accuses them of 'running on in a flat kind of phraseology without the least conception of style.' Dryden frequently confessed that, if he had any talent for English prose, it was to be ascribed to his having often read the writings of Tillotson, now unjustly depreciated, and the debt which secular literature owes to sacred it pays back to every divine who will avail himself of the Dr. Sharp, a popular preacher and a very pious man, who flourished at the period of the Revolution, said that the Bible and Shakspeare made him Archbishop of York, and he recommended the same course of reading to his clergy. Speaker Onslow, who relates the circumstance, enforces the advice, asserting that the wonderful knowledge of human nature, the nobleness of the sentiments, and the amazing brightness of the expressions which distinguish the works of the great dramatist, render him a pattern for the gravest compositions. So sensible was St. Chrysostom of the advantage to be derived to the Christian orator from the study of the profane writers, that he was accustomed to sleep with Aristophanes under his pillow. Bishop Burnet endeavoured to impress upon his clerical brethren the immense benefit that they would reap from a minute acquaintance with the Greek and Roman authors, whom he maintained had a force both of thought and expression that later ages had not been able to imitate. He went further, and recommended the perusal of several of the pagan classics for the power of the moral instruction they conveyed. Tully's 'Offices,' with all his philosophical writings, and especially his 'Consolation,' would give, he said, the mind 'a noble set.' Horace, Juvenal, and Persius 'would contribute wonderfully to promote a detestation of vice,' and the second satire of the last of these poets 'might well pass for one of the best lectures in divinity.' Hierocles upon the verses of Pythagoras, Plutarch's Lives, and above all Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius could 'not be read too often, nor repassed too frequently in the thoughts.' Such were the sentiments of a prelate full of the ardour of Christianity, and eager to revive the zeal and doctrines of the apostolic age. In this school of ancient

as well as modern literature, our eminent divines, with hardly a single exception, have been nurtured, and if the training of the twig is to be judged by the vigour of the tree we must never hope to improve upon the methods which formed our Hookers, Taylors, and Barrows. The unrivalled scholarship of Bentley has unfortunately eclipsed his fame as a theological writer, but his sermon entitled 'Of Revelation and the Messias' would alone place him, by the invincibility of its striking arguments, and the strength of its nervous style, in the highest rank.

There was a day, Professor Blunt says, almost within his own memory, when the duties of the clergy were nearly confined to the Sabbath. He apprehended that the danger was now the other way, and that the pastor, overwhelmed by the incessant demands of a populous parish, did not give enough of his attention to books and the preparation of his sermons. Professor therefore reminds him of the prodigious opportunity for moving men's minds which the pulpit presents-far greater than any other mode of admonition—and he recalls to his memory what a powerful engine it has been for good or for evil in past periods of our history. The pulpit was the principal means by which the people were won to abjure a life-long superstition in favour of the Reformation. The pulpit more than the parliament roused the London populace against Charles I. and his adherents." The pulpit, he might have added, was the source of the power exercised over the multitude by the founders The importance of the agency cannot be exagof Methodism. gerated, but a transparent fallacy often prevails that that sermon must be the most useful which attracts the greatest number of auditors, as though people were always benefited by what they heard, and never thronged to hear anything which was not for their improvement. George Story, who was one of the most discriminating of the early Wesleyans, was accustomed in his worldly time to attend the London theatres on weekdays, and Whitefield's chapel on Sundays; 'nor could I,' he says, 'discern any difference between his preaching, and seeing a good tragedy.' If the resemblance had been to low farce instead of to lofty tragedy, the chapel would have been equally thronged, though the class of auditors might have been different. Indeed the blasphemous buffoonery of Orator Henley had a little before attracted crowds, and given rise to the couplet of Pope—

> 'Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain, While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.'

Dr. Johnson insisted that Whitefield's own popularity was occasioned by his excentricity. 'He did not,' he remarks in a conversation

conversation reported by Boswell, 'draw attention by doing better than others, but by doing what was strange. Were Astley to preach a sermon standing upon his head on a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that. I never treated Whitefield's ministry with contempt; I believe he did good. But when familiarity and noise claim the praise due to knowledge, art, and elegance, we must beat down such pretensions.' The principle was just, and we have lately seen a signal exemplification of it; but Ds. Johnson was mistaken in applying it to Whitefield. The man whose discourses could extort admiration from the cold taste and impervious infidelity of Hume, and induce the unimpassioned, reasoning, and pertinacious Benjamin Franklin to bestow all he had about him on a charity to which he had previously resolved not to devote a penny, could be no common-place preacher. 'I had in my pocket,' writes the American, in his fascinating Autobiography, a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.' A friend of the great printer who had taken the precaution to leave his purse at home for fear of being enticed into generosity, was completely won over, and endeavoured to borrow what he had omitted to bring. Franklin, who was never one of Whitefield's followers, though he respected his integrity and printed his sermons and journals for him, confessed that it was wonderful to see the change he wrought in the manners of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, who, from being thoughtless about religion, soon began to make it their chief concern. Similar results were produced wherever he went, and as the Church of England is sometimes reproached with not cultivating a style of oratory which will in the same manner stir up the masses, it is worth while to inquire how far the power he exercised was peculiar to the man and the times, or whether it is capable of imitation by preachers in general.

Paley remarks upon the influence of novelty in religion. Many persons, he said, had been misled upon entering the doors of a dissenting congregation by ascribing to some advantage in the conduct of public worship what was only the effect of new impressions. This was the cause of half the enthusiasm which Whitefield raised. He was in earnest in the midst of a cold and formal generation, and he preached the doctrines of the Gospel to men whose ears had been long unaccustomed to the

sound. The fervent call to momentous and forgotten truths startled, awed, and delighted hearers who would have listened with comparative composure when use had made both his manner and his matter familiar to them. If we are to receive the dictum of Southey, who has done full justice to Whitefield's genius as a pulpit orator, that his writings of every kind are below mediocrity, his sermons could owe little to their intrinsic excellence, but the judgment, in our opinion, is far too sweeping. To read his discourses and to hear them were certainly different things; and when pressed to print them, he might fairly have answered with one of the popular French divines, 'Gladly, provided that you print the preacher.' Yet many of them are undoubtedly impressive exhortations, and would tell upon any congregation by whomsoever delivered. No one, however, will deny that the prodigious effect produced by his words was chiefly due to the tone and manner which set them off. He spoke so loudly, and with so perfect an articulation, that Franklin by going to the furthest point at which he was distinctly audible, and allowing two square feet to each person in a semicircle of which the pulpit was the centre, found that he could be easily heard by a congregation of upwards of thirty thousand people. His voice was as captivating as it was powerful. Franklin states that it produced the same kind of pleasure with beautiful music, and that without being interested in the subject it was impossible to help being gratified by the perfection of the elecution. His vehemence was excessive. A poor man said that he preached like a lion. Sometimes he stamped, sometimes he wept, sometimes he stopped exhausted by emotion, and appeared as if he was about to expire. He usually vomited after the exertions of the day, and often brought up blood. But all this tempest of passion was managed with an art so admirable, that it wore the appearance of uncontrollable nature. Passages which repel the reader by their extravagance and impropriety, entranced the most fastidious auditors by the sheer force of his extraordinary delivery. Nothing which was intended to be reverent could well seem less so than his address to the attendant angel, whom he supposed to be about to ascend from his station among the multitude without being able to report that a single person had been turned from the error of his ways. 'He stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!"' This impetuous apostrophe to an imaginary being as to a real messenger between earth and heaven, which appears to cool judgment

judgment no less ludicrous than profane, was accompanied with such animated and yet natural action that the philosophic Hume declared it to have surpassed anything he had ever witnessed or heard from the pulpit. Another highly wrought passage of questionable taste, in which, after exclaiming, 'Look yonder! What is that I see?' he depicted the agony of the Saviour in the garden as though the scene was passing before the eyes of his congregation, was frequently repeated in his addresses, and, strange to relate, those who were familiar with it were not less affected than the first time they were present. 'Sometimes,' says Mr. Southey, 'at the close of a sermon, he would personate a judge about to perform the last awful part of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would proceed, "I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it: I must pronounce sentence upon you!" and then in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels." When he spoke of St. Peter, how, after the cock crew, he went out and wept bitterly, he had always a fold of his gown ready in which he hid his face.' These circumstances show plainly the agency by which he held the multitude entranced. Both in voice and action he was a consummate actor—we do not use the word in an offensive sense, for he personated no emotion, and uttered no sentiment, which he did not feel from the depths of his soul-and unless he had had the happiness to be one of the most pious of mankind, his native bias would have led him to the stage, where he would have rivalled and perhaps eclipsed the fame of Garrick. The same powerful and lively representation of the passions which rendered Macbeth or Hamlet an attractive spectacle to the play-goer night after night, imparted unabated interest to the dramatic passages, a hundred times The more these sallies offend repeated, of Whitefield's sermons. against our notions of the chastened solemnity which belongs to holy things, the more wonderful must have been the faculty which made them appear the elevated and irrepressible bursts of a mind carried away by its conceptions. To attempt to imitate him would be worse than folly.

'We seek divine simplicity in him Who handles things divine,'

and if a clergyman, ambitious of emulating the success of White-field, were to try to copy a manner, which depended upon unique qualifications

qualifications—the gift of nature, however improved by art—he would fall into the ridiculous in attempting to attain to the sublime, would disgrace himself and degrade his office. Even Whitefield could not have sustained his system unless he had been an itinerating instead of a local minister. The delivery of his discourses required long study and frequent recitations, like a part in a play, before he could give them full effect, and we have the testimony of Franklin that it was easy to distinguish between the sermons he had newly composed and those in which his elecution had become perfect by repetition. Though the truths of religion are beyond comparison the most momentous which can engage the attention, they are too familiar in the present day to excite a wide-spread ferment, and a little consideration will convince most persons that, except by a pernicious pandering to the low tastes of the multitude, or by powers so rare that they are hardly conferred upon one man in a century, the influence to be exercised through sermons must be calm, gradual, and unobtrusive. The solid instruction, devoutly listened to by hundreds of ordinary congregations, may be less imposing, but not less real or lasting than the dramatic oratory which draws tens of thousands round the pulpit of a single preacher, and is infinitely to be preferred to the wretched travesties of Whitefield, which amuse the ignorant, and make the judicious grieve. To such poor resources are these imitators reduced to sustain the flagging interest of their auditors, that they introduce into their sermons paltry anecdotes and miserable attempts at jesting which would sound contemptible over a dinner-table. South, whose great powers wanted the controlling influence of taste and solemnity, unhappily betrayed some of his immediate contemporaries and successors into emulating his brilliant but coarse and misplaced wit. Swift, who could readily have surpassed him, if he had pleased, in the exercise of this faculty, and who was as little restrained as any man by considerations of reverence, yet earnestly warned the clergy against persevering in the habit. He told them that, by the strictest computation, it was a million to one that they were not endowed with the gift, that many of their calling had made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it, and that he observed that preachers adhered to the practice for a longer or shorter time exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness. From that period to the present there have not been half a dozen clergymen in the Church of England who have been guilty of this profanation. Certain dissenters, from a morbid passion for popularity, from a resolution to fill their chapels at all hazards, or from want of a proper conception of the nature of religion, have alone continued to indulge in jocosity from the pulpit.

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it can ever be said of laughter that it is mad, it is when it is excited in connexion with subjects which should either lift the heart to heaven in adoration, or abase it to the dust in repentance. It was one of the infirmities of Whitefield that he would sometimes move his congregation to mirth, but he at least was able to supply the antidote, and suddenly changing his tone, he drew sobs of contrition from the entire multitude. Any buffoon can raise a laugh with weak and vulgar minds; but to open what Gray terms 'the sacred source of sympathetic tears,' demands more exalted powers.*

The sermons of many of the clergy might, it must be admitted, be better adapted to the wants of the people; but reflecting men will not expect superlative excellence from the whole of a numerous profession, nearly all of whom are obliged by their office to address their congregations at least twice a week. What sort of eloquence would be heard at the bar if every barrister were compelled to plead, or in Parliament if every member were required to debate? Average ability and industry, as the epithet implies, can alone be required from the general run of mankind. Some will rise above the ordinary level, and others, from want of application or talent, must sink below it. Each in his degree may not the less be expected to aim at the species of excellence which is the likeliest to turn men from the error of their ways, and this leads us to touch upon a few of the prevailing defects.

One of the commonest faults is the frigid, flat, essay-like form given to truths which should be expressed with the utmost simplicity to instruct the ignorant, and with the utmost force

'He that negotiates between God and man, As God's ambassador, the grand concerns Of judgment and of mercy, should beware Of lightness in his speech. 'T is pitiful To court a grin, when you should woo a soul; To break a jest when pity would inspire Pathetic exhortation; and to address The skittish fancy with facetious tales, When sent with God's commission to the l So did not Paul.'

He afterwards adds, that the divine truth which is 'dishonoured' by the accompaniment of 'histrionic mummery,'

^{* &#}x27;Of all preaching in the world,' says Baxter, 'that speaks not stark lies, I hate that preaching which tendeth to make the hearers laugh, or to move their minds with tickling levity, and affect them as stage-players use to do, instead of affecting them with a holy reverence of the name of God.' Cowper gives expression to the same sentiment in the 'Task':—

^{&#}x27;Drops from the lips a disregarded thing:
The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught,
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.'

to rouse the thoughtless. A preacher who feels his subject. and who labours to make others feel it too, whose heart is on fire with his theme, and who burns to light up the same flame in the breasts of his hearers, will easily communicate a portion of the warmth and brightness to his language. He will no longer round his sentences till he files away the point of his meaning. but will seek how to render it sharp and piercing that he may drive it home. Professor Blunt holds up Baxter, and we entirely concur in the opinion, as the model of this easy yet energetic, this unambitious yet penetrating, style, and quotes from the younger Calamy an interesting account of his preaching a short time before he died, as an evidence that it was in harmony with the fervour of his writings. 'He talked with great freedom about another world, like one that had been there, and was come as a sort of express from thence to make a report concerning it. He was well advanced in years, but delivered himself in public as well as in private with great vivacity and freedom, and his thoughts had a peculiar edge.' Baxter had studied, as he tells us himself, 'how to write in the keenest manner to the common, ignorant, and ungodly people, without which keenness no sermon nor book does them much good.' The result was that he verified in a surprising degree his own injunction 'to speak as a dying man to dying men.' the power with which he depicts the guilt and misery of sin and the duty of a stringent holiness of life, he is without a rival, nor can we name a second divine who displays equal enthusiasm without the least tincture of fanaticism, and such sustained vehemence of admonition without one syllable of exaggeration.

To excel in this or in any kind of preaching requires definite No one can generate a strong sentiment in the minds of others when his own conceptions are feeble and fluctuating. There is nothing which more contributes to produce distinctness than the habit of fixing at the outset upon a special topic to form the subject of a sermon, instead of writing a discursive commentary upon a text without a previous determination of the particular doctrine to be built upon it. 'Propose,' said Paley, one point in one discourse, and stick to it; a hearer never carries away more than one impression.' This point, singled out at the commencement of the week, meditated at leisure intervals, and read upon in the works of the eminent divines who have treated of it, will furnish such a vast variety of thoughts that the preacher, far from having to eke out the time by periphrastic platitudes and a string of texts, will find that the difficulty is to compress his matter within the compass allowed him. instruction

instruction which cannot fail to be communicated will of itself secure attention and make amends for the want of many attractions of style. The celebrated Samuel Clarke, whose sermons, which have the drawback of not being orthodox on one particular point, were otherwise much and justly admired by Dr. Johnson, never tried to move the passions because he was conscious that he should not succeed in the attempt; but we are told by Bishop Hoadley that his plain and perspicuous elucidation of the nature and limits of each earticle to be believed and of each precept to be kept rendered his discourses delightful to all the diverse ranks of persons who attended his church, and they were never weary of listening to him.

In addition to the ordinary miscellaneous sermons, in which the injunctions most demanded by the place and time are enforced at length with all the persuasion that the preacher can command, a congregation should be taught, in a continuous, methodical, didactic way, the entire system of faith and practice. A clear perception of the whole scheme of Christianity, the mutual dependence of its parts and the proofs on which they rest, cannot be obtained by the hearers unless there is an orderly sequence in the lessons of the pastor. This was a circumstance more considered in former times than it is at present. James I. issued an injunction in 1623 against preaching in the afternoon upon any other subject than the Catechism, which comprises the summary of all religion—the doctrine of the Sacraments, the Creed, or things to be believed, the Lord's Prayer, or things to be desired, and the Ten Commandments, or things to be done.* It is greatly to be wished that the practice commanded by James I. should be revived, and those who at first might be disposed to doubt its value would probably be induced to change their opinion upon a mature consideration of the arguments in its favour and the long array of celebrated men who have urged it as superior to every other method of instruction. Archbishop Usher, of whom Dr. Johnson affirmed 'that he was the great luminary of the Irish Church, and that a greater no Church could boast, considered that preaching was labour

^{*} The most able, learned, and pious divines have always been the persons who set the greatest store by these elementary lessons. 'Now,' wrote Baxter when advanced in years, 'it is the fundamental doctrines of the Catechism, which I highliest value, and daily think of, and find most useful to myself and others. The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments do find me now the most acceptable and plentiful matter for all my meditations. They are to me as my daily bread and drink, and as I can speak and write of them over and over again, so I had rather read or hear of them than any of the school niceties which once so much pleased me. And thus I observed it was with old Bishop Usher and many other men.'

lost until the people had been grounded by this means in the principles of Christianity; and to those scholars who might think the task beneath them, he answered that there was nothing which would more severely test their skill than thus to render the rudiments of religion clear to common capacities. Bishop Hall was of the same opinion. No sort of teaching, he asserted, after long experience, was of equal value, for it informed the judgment and understanding, while other discourses chiefly stirred up the affections. Bishop Burnet is just as emphatic. 'Every priest,' he says, 'that minds his duty, will find that no part of it is so useful to his people as once every year to go through the whole Church Catechism, word by word, and make them understand the importance of every tittle in it.' He adds that explanations of this kind are usually of much greater edification than an afternoon's sermon, and, like Archbishop Usher, he contends that they are necessary to render the usual sermons intelligible. In the Life of Dr. Clarke we are told that, during the twenty years and upwards that he was rector of St. James's, Westminster, he followed the custom of his predecessors in reading lectures upon the Catechism every Thursday morning,' and towards the close of his career he revised them with particular care and directed them to be published after his death. Secker, who succeeded to the living after a short interval, continued the practice. The great work of Bishop Pearson on the Creed was originally preached to the parishioners of St. Clements, East-Cheap, and Leighton and Barrow, with many more of our most eminent divines, extended their exposition to the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Others, such as Bishop Hall and Dr. Hammond, made their comments during the process of questioning the young in the presence of their elders: the first saying that, many as were the hours he had bestowed upon the duty, there was nothing of which he repented so much as that they had not been more, and both declaring that the people had derived greater advantages from the practice than from all their exhortations from the pulpit.

Of the inestimable benefits of catechising as well as of expounding the Catechism there can be no sort of doubt. Evelyn, in 1655, mentions that in consequence of the custom having ceased, the people had grown very ignorant of the elements of the gospel, and it was to this omission of the duty during the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth that Archbishop Tillotson ascribed much of the profanity which ensued at the Restoration. 'It is,' he adds, 'a true observation that catechising and the history of the martyrs have been the two great pillars of the Protestant faith;' and he states it to be a matter of general experience that

children who were not submitted to the discipline had seldom any clear and competent knowledge of the principles of religion. Baxter was amazed at the lamentable ignorance of numbers of persons who had been regular attendants at his church for ten or twelve years, and who yet in one hour's familiar instruction seemed to learn more than in all their previous lives. It is by questions that tender, sluggish, and uninformed minds are put upon the alert, and are gently led on from notion to notion till, in the words of Herbert, 'he who once gets the skill of it will draw out of ignorant and silly souls even the dark and deep points of religion.' Nor does the advantage not possessed in former days of parochial schools dispense with the necessity for the public examination in the presence of the congregation, since the scholars leave before they have attained to a sufficient maturity of understanding for thoroughly mastering the entire body of Christian truths, and can only continue their early and imperfect lesson by listening subsequently to the interrogations in the church, and to the colloquial explanations which accompany them. There is not, indeed, one of the labouring classes desirous of instruction who would not gather fresh knowledge from this conversational exposition. With the merit of being more easily intelligible to the capacity of the lower orders, the system of question and answer, and incidental commentary, has the undoubted defect of presenting the particulars in a less complete and consecutive form than in a discourse from the pulpit. Instead therefore of invariably substituting catechising for the afternoon sermon, as Professor Blunt advises, it seems to us that the better course would be to combine the benefit of both schemes—to preach, in accordance with the views of Usher and Burnet, upon a portion of the Catechism one Sunday, and, in accordance with the practice of Hall, Hammond, and Herbert, to hold a species of conference upon it the next. This conference, in addition to its other advantages, would incite the hearers to listen to the catechetical sermons, and would prove a key to the comprehension of the portions which were not understood at their delivery. Bishop Burnet would not have more than one topic discussed at a time, nor the disquisition to last much above a quarter of an hour, 'for it will be tedious,' he says, ' and too little remembered if it is half an hour long.' good plan of Archbishop Usher was to devote a lecture to explaining the scope of the Creed or Lord's Prayer before entering upon the explanation of its separate members, and the same might be done at the outset with the entire Catechism, which would keep learners from losing sight of the bearings of the whole during the subsequent protracted consideration of the parts.

Bishop Burnet assumed that the same catechetical discourses would

would be delivered by a clergyman again and again throughout the whole of his life. Repetition is necessary for the sake of those who every year are rising to the point at which they are capable of receiving the instruction, and is beneficial to the rest by rendering them more perfectin it. The want of variety is no objection to the ignorant. When once they begin to feel that they are growing in knowledge, the sense they have of the much which they have not yet taken in or retained makes them prefer the solid advantage of an old to the attraction of a new lesson. each repetition, too, it may be presumed that the lectures themselves will be palpably improved. Continued reading and reflection will suggest the omission of some arguments and the addition of others, will supply clearer and more forcible expressions, anter and more luminous illustrations, and these emendations will be sufficient to raise interest and fix attention with former auditors. One variation of the catechetical teaching may indeed be adopted with advantage—the interposition at the completion of each course of a series of sermons on the use and meaning of the several portions of the Church service. This was the recommendation of Archbishop Secker, and if the young, while the lectures continued, were examined in them, as in the case of the Catechism, on alternate Sundays, there could be no exercise more profitable to themselves and to the elders of the congregation. Though the gift of preaching, says Lord Bacon, be far above that of reading, yet the action of the Liturgy is as high and holy as that of the sermon.' It is not by depressing the sermon, when every agency at its best is not good enough, that the people are to be brought to give due reverence to the prayers, but by elevating the Liturgy, which will be most efficiently done by explaining it. Long familiarity with the words renders many people blind to the sense of them, others never understood them at all, and there are some particulars which are attended to by none except the few who have made a special study of the origin and design of the entire service. Unless the lower orders are taught to comprehend they cannot do otherwise than undervalue it. The sublimest forms can rouse little devotion in those who are unable 'to pray with the understanding,' and who will often prefer what is worse, for no other reason than because to them it is intelligible, as on the other hand those who have once entered into the spirit of the Liturgy will find all extempore effusions fall as far short of it in true warmth and intensity of devotion as in the completeness of its petitions, and the solemn beauty of its composition.

With the morning sermons to dilate upon particular topics, with the afternoon sermons to explain the Book of Common

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Prayer, and to set forth, in a connected manner, the fundamental principles of faith and practice, which, scattered through Scripture, are gathered together in the Catechism, there will still be another thing needed—a running commentary upon the Book which is the foundation of all the rest. Reading the Bible is acknowledged by every Protestant to be the most effectual means of keeping up religion, and nothing will contribute to this end in the same degree with enabling the people to read it with intelli-Of the majority it may be said, in the words of the Eunuch, that they cannot understand except some man should guide them. Difficulties swarm for them, which are none to the theologian; and to their eyes he will have cast a flood of light upon Holy Writ if he elucidates phrases, explains customs, interprets parables, indicates the train of a course of reasoning, or the general tenor of a narrative, and deduces the spiritual meaning of the whole. There is no description of preaching which has equal attractions for the lower orders. Paley, who tried, and afterwards strongly exhorted his brethren to copy the method, swelled by means of it his afternoon congregation from twenty to two hundred. There is the greater reason for adopting the system, that unless labouring men could attend a daily service, they never hear the chapters of the Bible read in church in continuous succession, and consequently cannot obtain by any effort of understanding, a just idea of the arguments of the Epistles, or of the history contained in the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. To some, the labour of an exposition of the kind, conjoined to other duties, may possibly be more than they can compass; to many it will be as easy as it is sure to be delightful. Either the evening of the Sunday, or of a week-day after working hours, or, better still, of both, can be appropriated for the purpose. A considerable passage might be gone through on each occasion, and the breaks should be regulated by the sense, and not by the divisions into chapters, which have been made with little regard to it. The education of the common people can never be carried far enough to permit them to depend upon books alone and dispense with the assistance of verbal instruction; and unless the lessons of youth are followed up by the oral lessons of riper years, the knowledge of the poor will, in most instances, rather decline than increase. By becoming a sort of parish theological professor as well as a preacher of the usual kind of sermons, a clergyman has now a more favourable opportunity than in any previous generation, to do for the man what the school does for the child, and complete the grand object of the philanthropic efforts of the present generation—the religious training of the labouring classes.

'As to preaching,' said Paley in his College lectures, 'if your situation requires a sermon every Sunday, make one and steal five.' Such authorities as Bishop Burnet and Bishop Bull, among ecclesiastics, have held similar language to the younger clergy, who had still to acquire the art of writing creditable discourses of their own; and such men as Addison and Southey among the laity have seconded the advice. Upon the first glance it would seem self-evident that while volume upon volume of the finest divinity is utterly unknown to the congregation, it must be better for the majority of newly-ordained persons to deliver from the pulpit the weighty matter, close reasoning, and well-weighed phraseology of some luminary of the Church, than their own comparatively crude and flimsy compositions. Yet unless the habit is openly avowed there is the fatal objection that it is a virtual offence against truth. So long as sermons are understood to be the productions of the minister who reads them, he cannot, with a good conscience, take to himself the credit of the labour of others. Since, however, he is not only under the obligation to say something, but to preach, if possible, what will arrest the attention, inform the understanding, and touch the hearts of his hearers, he may solve the difficulty by pursuing the method by which Franklin taught himself to compose. perused carefully a paper of the 'Spectator,' jotted down brief hints of the sentiments, and, after the interval of a day or two, re-constructed the Essay without looking at the book, in the best language he could command. A comparison with the original brought into prominence the felicities of Addison, and showed Franklin his own defects. The scheme combines a variety of Not only does it teach the learner to write, but at the same time compels him to read with attention, to fix arguments firmly in his memory, and to impregnate his mind with both the substance and spirit of his model. It leaves him the liberty to interweave his own ideas, and adapt the style to the comprehension of his auditors, which, as Burnet admits, is commonly too close and stiff for delivery from the pulpit, in printed sermons, and especially this is the case with the older divinity, which is the best. Far from fostering indolence and dropping into a slavish transcriber, the young divine who adopts the plan has the satisfaction of feeling that his intellect is actively exercised, and that, by following, he is acquiring the power to lead. Confident that there is not a single sensible person in his congregation who would not allow that he was making a legitimate and praiseworthy use of the works of his predecessors, he no longer dreads detection, nor fears to confess a habit which would only increase the confidence of the hearers in his lessons.

Professor.

Professor Blunt declares his incompetence to give an opinion upon the merits or disadvantages of extempore sermons, by which must be understood discourses which are spoken instead of read, but which, like any other speech, may have been written altogether or in part, and are to be judged by their intrinsic merits, without reference to the manner in which they The subject does not appear to us to present are produced. any extraordinary difficulty. The two questions involved in the inquiry are, what is possible to the preacher and what is. most effective with the congregation. Every clergyman can decide the first point for himself, and may easily ascertain the second by a little observation of his hearers. Upon both heads, indeed, common experience will easily conduct us to some general conclusions. Bishop Burnet states in his 'Pastoral Care,' that the reading of sermons was endured in no other nation than our Swift, after having frequently heard foreigners, conceived a strong distaste to the English practice; and added, that although the clergy would be against his opinion, he should have the laity almost to a man on his side. In our time, we believe, that very many of the upper orders among the laity would be against him also, from the disgust inspired by the wretched efforts of incapable persons; but he had the entire support of Sir Walter Scott, who said that 'it was conclusive against the frigid custom of reading, that in any other mode of public speaking it would be held childish and absurd.' There can be no doubt that the shop-keeping and working classes, who form the bulk of the nation, would be all but unanimous for the extemporaneous system. The superior efficacy with the multitude of a discourse which has merely the appearance of being delivered straight from the mind over the same matter when it is visibly read, is exemplified in an incident related by A clergyman whom he complimented upon his power of repeating his sermon without looking at his notes, assured him that he did not burden his memory with half a dozen lines. His habit was to write large, and run over what he had penned five or six times before going to church, and then by turning his face when he was in the pulpit from one side to the other, he could pick up the lines, and leave the impression upon his people that he had the whole by heart. If, however, he was less perfect than ordinary, and the deception incomplete, the common remark of the congregation was, 'Our doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day.' The effect with an assembly of rational beings seems incommensurate with its cause; but even granted that it is a concession to human infirmity, it is one which is due to the souls committed to the charge of the clergy. ference

ference which is felt by many of the lower orders for the preaching of the conventicle, will be found, we believe, to resolve itself mainly into a preference for extemporaneous discourses. 'We have great reason,' says Paley, 'to complain of listlessness in our congrega-Our sermons are, in general, more informing as well as more correct and chastised both in matter and composition, than those of any denomination of dissenting teachers. I wish it were in our power to render them as impressive as some of theirs seem to be.' When Boswell talked to Johnson in 1763 of the success of the Methodists, the latter replied, 'It is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty when it is suited to their congregations—a practice for which they will be praised by men of sense.' This familiar style, though attainable in sermons which are penned, is more congenial to the speaker, who naturally expresses himself with greater ease and freedom than is usual with writers, and the impressiveness to which Paley refers. in so far as it is not the result of the plainness, arises chiefly from the idea of mental power which is attached by many to what appears to be uttered off hand, coupled with the larger measure of life and vigour which are infused into the voice and manner when they are no longer held in check by the paper on the cushion. To those who do not simply repeat what they have learnt, and who in a tolerable degree are masters of their art, there is the further advantage that they can watch their auditors, and contract or expand an argument and vary their illustrations according to the impression they observe to be produced, which, in the opinion of St. Augustine, was one of the circumstances most conducive to success in the pulpit. The warmth, again, of the moment kindles conceptions which never present themselves to cooler thoughts, and the happiest flights are usually those which are born of the occasion. There may be feebler passages to counterbalance than would have flowed from the pen, and a critical hearer of Archbishop Fenelon thought that they marred by their juxta-position the finest bursts of his spontaneous eloquence; but such was not the general opinion, nor is there any reason why the sacred orator should fall in this respect below the secular. The practice, it must be admitted, can never become general from the want of that fluency which is frequently conjoined with inferior talents and denied to the rarest. It is true that up to the period of the civil wars it was customary for the clergy who made use of their own compositions, instead of reading a homily, to dispense with the aid of their book. Many repeated them by rote, which obviated the difficulty from want of readiness, but introduced another as formidable

formidable from want of memory. Few could attain to the wonderful facility of Bishop Jewel, of whom we are told, 'that he could recite anything he had penned after once reading, and therefore usually at the ringing of the bell began to commit his sermons to heart.' But there was this distinction between those times and our own, that no one was expected to address his congregation. unless he was possessed of the special faculties required for the purpose. Even then there were persons of great acquirements who were unable to conform to the prevailing usage. Dr. Hammond on one occasion persuaded the famous Bishop Sanderson to endeavour to deliver a short lecture from memory to a country congregation, and although it was his especial distinction that he was one of the most clear-headed of divines, he got confused upon the very substance and method of his discourse, 'Neither you, nor any man living,' he said with some warmth to Hammond, as they were walking home, 'shall ever persuade me to preach again without my books.' 'Good doctor,' replied Hammond, 'be not angry; for if ever I persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all the books that I am master of.' The mere fact of his being unable to dispense with his manuscript caused his sermons, Walton tells us, to be undervalued, and it was a saying when they were printed in 1632, 'That the best sermons that were ever read were never preached,' for 'to preach' in former days as 'to speak' in ours usually signified that the words were uttered direct from the mind. Tillotson once, in the country, tried the same experiment as Sanderson with the same result. 'He soon found himself so much at a loss that after about ten minutes spent with great pain to himself, and no great satisfaction to his audience, he came down with a resolution never to make the like attempt for the future.' South, who was in the habit of learning by heart what he had written, stopped suddenly short in the opening portion of his subject, when he was preaching before the king, and exclaiming 'Lord be merciful to our infirmities,' descended abruptly from the pulpit. If such was the occasional consequence with the picked men of the church, it was impossible that the extemporaneous system could continue to be universal after the Restoration, when all the clergy, without exception, were expected to preach. Monmouth, in 1674, when Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, issued an injunction to that body, by the command of Charles II., prohibiting 'the supine and slothful' system of reading sermons, which is stated 'to have taken its beginning from the disorders of the late times; ' but nature prevailed over the royal command, and it became daily more apparent that fluency, memory, and presence of mind could not be communicated

communicated by a proclamation from the Crown. Some, both then and formerly, who were destitute of the natural aptitude for the task, and who contrived, by a disproportionate expenditure of time, to comply with the plan, neutralised its advantages through the constraint produced by the effort to remember their lesson, and by their fear of forgetting it. The mind, absorbed in recalling the words, was not enough at leisure to give emphasis to them also, and the delivery became tame, monotonous, and mechanical. 'I speak within bounds,' remarks Dr. Campbell, whose experience was derived from the Scotch Church, 'when I say that I have found six good readers for one who repeated tolerably.' Thus it is related of Hooker by Walton, that 'he seemed to study as he spake,' and by Fuller, that 'his gesture was none at all; that where his eye was left fixed at the beginning, there it was found fixed at the end of his sermon, and that, in a word, the doctrine he taught had nothing but itself to garnish it." The great French divine Bourdaloue was still less at his ease. To avoid any distraction which might confuse his imperfect memory, he was compelled to preach with his eyes closed, and he is so represented in all the portraits which remain of him. Nor did this precaution do away with the necessity for keeping his manuscript by his side and occasionally referring to it, which is said to have robbed his eloquence of much of its effect upon his hearers.

But although from the diversities of gifts which Providence has distributed among mankind, sermons read must often be preferable to sermons spoken, there is no question that numbers might acquire the art of extemporaneous preaching if they would only be at the proper pains. Especially might they attain to it in a sufficient degree to satisfy the requirements of rustic congregations, who, as they consist of the persons who are most benefited by it, so likewise are they unconscious of many minor defects which offend the judgment of a refined and fastidious auditory. Bishop Burnet has laid down an admirable plan for the purpose, which, he states, had been attended with excellent results by all who tried it. To furnish himself with matter, the student was to read the Bible with minuteness, to classify its contents, to digest them thoroughly, to have a complete scheme of the doctrines, vices, and virtues taught, and a kind of concordance in his memory of the passages upon which every principle was built. He was further to fix in his mind the arguments, ideas, and exhortations of the best authors, and being now provided with a storehouse of materials, he was next to learn to use them by talking over to himself each of the Christian duties in succession—explaining, proving, and applying them as if he were engaged

engaged in enforcing them from the pulpit. He was at the same time to write essays upon these several subjects, that he might acquire exactness together with readiness, and learn to blend the severity and finish of composition with the force and fervour of extemporaneous eloquence. If to this intellectual there was conjoined a constant spiritual discipline, a deep sense of religion and a perpetual aiming at a personal conformity to its obligations, the Bishop conceived that a few years of daily practice would enable a clergyman to preach far more effective discourses than he could ever have produced by any other method. He himself was a conspicuous instance of its success. Onslow, who was Speaker of the House of Commons for thirty-three years, who had listened to the splendid declamation of Bolingbroke, to the terrible thunders of Pitt, and the silvery strains of Murray, could not, after an interval of forty years, recall the sermon which Burnet delivered on the 'new heavens and the new earth' without being sensibly moved by it. He describes with warmth the power of his imagination, the solemnity of his language, the earnestness of his heart, look, and voice, and asserts that he hever heard a second preacher who equalled him. On another occasion, when Burnet argued against Roman Catholicism at the Temple Church, 'he depicted,' says Onslow, 'the horrors of that religion with such force of speech and action, that I have never seen an audience anywhere so much affected as we all were who were present; and when, in the first year of the reign of James II., he again attacked Popery in a sermon at the Rolls Chapel, and having gone on till his sand-glass had run out, he held it up aloft to his hearers, and then turned it round for another hour, the congregation, as was related by Sir Joseph Jekyl, set up almost a shout for joy. His readiness was such that he once consented. at a minute's notice, to preach a consecration-sermon at Bow Church, the prelate who had undertaken the task being detained by some accident, and the discourse which he pronounced was considered by Archbishop Tillotson to have been the very finest which ever fell from his lips. Apart from the purposes of the pulpit, the scheme recommended by Burnet is the best conceivable discipline for a clergyman, who should have the entire body of divinity ready at all times for instant use,—be able to answer cavils, to satisfy doubts, to inform ignorance, to shame evil, and keep goodness in countenance. That the plan calls for much labour and perseverance is an equal objection to every system by which excellence is attained. No method has yet been discovered by which indolence can be rendered learned, wise, and impressive. Those who will not submit to the previous training should beware of rashly inflicting their crude conceptions upon their their congregations. If hesitation, broken sentences, inappropriate language, and confused and inaccurate statements are ever unendurable, it must be in treating of the solemn truths of religion, where we are shocked by every circumstance which is not in keeping with the subject. A tolerable written sermon is a thousand times to be preferred to even a fluent but empty and rambling extempore discourse, which, though it may impress the ignorant by its noise, cannot inform them by its sense, and is, therefore, no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

'There is a middle way,' says Archbishop Secker, 'used by our predecessors, of setting down the principal heads, and enlarging on them in such words as present themselves at the moment, which, perhaps, duly managed, would be the best.' The scheme, however, appears to offer no peculiar advantage. If the notes are copious, they differ little from a written sermon; if they are brief, most men could learn to dispense with them entirely. The 'middle way' was adopted, among others, by Bishop Bull. He committed the outline of his argument to paper, and, 'having secured the substance, did by practice bring himself to great readiness in expressing himself." * But how slight was the necessity for the paper at all appeared from a circumstance which occurred when he was preaching at Bristol. As he was turning over his Bible, the loose leaves which contained his memoranda flew into the middle of the church. Many of the congregation, who were rough sailors, laughed at the accident, and prepared themselves to enjoy his perplexity. Others gathered together the leaves, and handed them up to the pulpit; but Bull, perceiving that the ill-disposed had anticipated his discomfiture, put the notes aside, conducted his sermon to a triumphant conclusion, shamed the scoffers, and greatly increased his reputation among his parishioners.

Whether sermons be read or spoken, no pains should at least be spared to give them force by a proper delivery. This was a subject which occupied the attention of the Greek and Roman orators in a degree proportionate to its effect upon an audience, and which has been grievously neglected in modern times, as though we had forgotten how much the understanding is influenced by the eye and the ear. Bishop Gibson makes the unan-

^{* &#}x27;If,' continues his biographer, the excellent Robert Nelson, 'this manner of preaching wanted the exactness of more studied compositions, it had the advantage of that popular style, which by good judges has been thought the fittest for the pulpit, from whence if men design to influence the generality they must condescend to use more words than are necessary in a strict sense, the same thing must be repeated often, and turned after a different manner and inculcated with force.'

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swerable observation that, instead of falling into complaints that sounds obtain a readier acceptance than sense, a considerate pastor should turn to account the inherent qualities of humanity, and set off good sense by good elocution. Amid the numerous faults of delivery which prevail, there is none so general as a dry and lifeless tone, which is more calculated to chill the zeal of the pious than to stimulate the hearts of the cold and careless. When Speaker Onslow, after the lapse of almost half a century, recorded his impression of Burnet's preaching, he said that the fervour of his action and utterance could scarcely be conceived by the new generation, because this carnestness of manner was no longer in fashion, and 'it is by the want of it,' he adds, 'as much as by anything, that religion is every day failing with us.' Burnet himself has given the rule which is the surest remedy of the defect—to have a mind penetrated through and through with a deep sense of the truth of Christianity, and filled with an ardent individual concern for its realization. Then 'the preacher will pronounce with a natural vehemence that is far more lively than all the strains that art can lead him to; or, to quote the same thought in the words of Professor Blunt, 'No master of declamation can inspire him with the grace that should become the pulpit half so well as the simple consciousness that he is there to save men's souls.' This, too, will preserve him from even worse faults than want of energy,—from affectation, from foppery, from theatrical tones and gestures, from frothy, flowery and ambitious declamation, from everything, in short, which can divert the attention of his hearers from the Gospel to himself. It is with regret that we are compelled to forego the satisfaction of accompanying Professor Blunt through the remainder of the important topics he discusses-such as 'Schools,' Pastoral Ministrations,' and 'Pastoral Conversations;' but, since we are compelled to stop, we rejoice to conclude with recording his emphatic protest against 'the fustian which often passes for eloquence: the fruit of a miserable wish to shine-miserable in any man, most miserable in a minister of Christ in the exercise of his office.' With persons like these, pride, as Baxter forcibly puts it, goes with them into their study, chooses their subject, and more often still their language and ornaments. When pride has made the sermon, it ascends with them into the pulpit and regulates their delivery. The sermon ended, pride goes home with them, and makes them more eager to know whether they were admired, than whether they have turned sinners from the errors of their ways. preachers of this degraded class are happily few in our Church, and are chiefly located in great towns, where alone the imposture can meet with the reward it seeks. To shame those who thus turn godliness into a trade, and to open the eyes of their dupes, would be almost equally hopeless; but let the young minister who is ambitious in his sermons, rather from error of judgment than corruption of mind, remember in whose name and for what purpose he speaks, and, in the language of Professor Blunt, 'he will rejoice infinitely more when he sees reason to believe that he has made one convert, than when he has made a church full of admirers.'

ART. VII.—1. The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. London: 1857.

2. Address of Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P., on his Election as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. London: 1856.

LTHOUGH thirty years have not elapsed since the com-A mencement of the great social revolution by which the whole course of public traffic throughout England has been changed, the number are, we fear, comparatively few, who know the particulars of the history of that change, understand the principles which led to its adoption, or are acquainted with the lives of those by whom it was effected. Yet if we look to the magnitude of the railway works around us, to the capital they have absorbed, the immense proportion of the population to which they give employment, and the incomes derived from them; if we regard the time they save in the lifetime of man, the facilities they afford him of acquiring information, the better feelings they engender, their effect upon production, their operations upon commerce, and the changes they are effecting in the habits of the people, we must acknowledge that there is no science more worthy of study than the science of railway inter-communication. no subject more replete with interest than the history of its introduction and of those who introduced it.

It is the fate of few men, even of those who are the most signal public benefactors, to be known and appreciated by the generation in which they live. The fame of George Stephenson spread slowly, and great as it has at last become, we cannot question that it will continue to increase with time. Not only is he a surprising example of a labourer raising himself to wealth and eminence without one solitary advantage except what he derived from his own genius, but the direction which that genius took has stamped his name upon the most wonderful achieve-

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ment of our age. Though his powers were shown on many subjects, it is as the father of railway locomotion that he founds his highest claim to the gratitude of the world, and it is in this, capacity alone that we shall consider him here. Few people have hitherto had any adequate conception either of the difficulties he conquered, or of the singular and unerring sagacity he displayed.

He was born at the colliery village of Wylam, about eight miles west of Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 9th June, 1781. He was the second son of very poor, but very industrious, respectable, and amiable parents. His father had employment at Wylam as fireman of the pumping engine at the village colliery, close to which the family occupied a cottage, which stood beside the wooden tramway on which the coal-waggons were drawn by horses from the coal pit to the loading quay.

George Stephenson's first employment was, at the age of eight, to keep the cows of a widow named Ainslie, who occupied a neighbouring farmhouse. The bent of his mind appears even then to have exhibited itself, for it is recorded of him, that 'his favourite amusement was creeting clay engines, in conjunction with his chosen playmate, Tom Tholoway. They found the clay for their engines in the adjoining bog, and the hemlock, which grew about, supplied them with abundance of imaginary steam pipes.' At the age of fourteen, he was taken on as an assistant to his father in firing the engine, a promotion which he had anxiously desired, for, 'since he had modelled his clay engines in the bog, his young ambition was to be a fireman.

A new coal-pit being opened on the Duke of Newcastle's property, at a place called Water-row, George Stephenson, at the age of seventeen, was appointed to act as its plugman.

'The duty of the plugman was to watch the engine and to see that it kept well in work, and that the pumps were efficient in drawing the water. When the water-level in the pit was lowered, and the suction became incomplete through the exposure of the suction holes, then his business was to proceed to the bottom of the shaft, and plug the tube so that the pump should draw: hence the designation of Plugman. If a stoppage in the engine took place through any defect in it which he was incapable of remedying, then it was his duty to call in the aid of the chief engineer of the colliery to set the engine to rights. But from the time when George Stephenson was appointed fireman, and more particularly afterwards as engineman, he devoted himself so assiduously and so successfully to the study of the engine and its gearing-taking the machine to pieces in his leisure hours for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its various parts—that he very soon acquired a thorough practical knowledge of its construction and mode of working, and thus he very rarely needed to call to his aid the engineer of the Vol. 102.—No. 204. colliery.

colliery. His engine became a sort of pet with him, and he was never weary of watching and inspecting it with devoted admiration.'

At this time he was wholly uneducated. There was a night-school in the village, kept by a poor teacher, and this school he determined to attend. He took a particular fancy to figures, and improved his hours by the engine-side in solving the problems set him by his master, and working out new ones of his own. By the time he was nineteen he had learnt under the village dominie to read correctly, and 'was proud to be able to write his own name.'

At the age of twenty, when he was acting as breaksman of an engine at Black Callerton, his wages being about eighteen shillings a week, he formed an attachment for a respectable young woman, named Fanny Henderson, a servant in a neighbouring farm-house. His means, however, not permitting him to marry, he began to make and mend the shoes of his fellow workmen, an occupation by which he contrived to save his first guinea. He expressed an opinion to a friend, that he was 'now a rich man,' and the next year he married Fanny Henderson, and furnished a small cottage at Willington Quay, near Wallsend, where he got an appointment as breaksman to an engine. It was here that his son, Robert, was born, and within a twelvemonth after Mrs. Stephenson died, to the great affliction of her husband, who long continued to cherish her memory.

At this time all was distress with him; his father met with an accident, by which he lost his eyesight, and was otherwise injured; the condition of the working classes was very discouraging, in consequence of high prices and heavy taxation; George himself was drawn for the militia, and had to pay a heavy sum of money to provide a substitute. He was almost in despair, and contemplated the idea of emigrating to America. 'But his poverty prevented him from prosecuting the idea, and rooted him to the place where he afterwards worked out his career.'

Conscious of the disadvantages arising from want of instruction, George Stephenson determined that his boy should be taught, as soon as he was of an age to go to school.

'Many years after, speaking of the resolution which he thus early formed, he said, "In the earlier period of my career, when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night, after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son."

But

But his career was now about to take a turn. He had marked the details of the machine under his guidance, and he only wanted an opportunity to turn his practical knowledge to account. That opportunity soon presented itself. The lessees of the Killingworth Colliery had re-erected an engine, made by Smeaton, for the purpose of pumping the water from the shaft. From some cause or other the engine failed. Nobody could make it work, and George Stephenson, like many others in the neighbourhood, had examined it:—

'One Saturday afternoon he went over to the High Pit to examine the engine more carefully than he had yet done. He had been turning the subject over in his mind; and after a long examination, he seemed to satisfy himself as to the cause of the failure. Kit Heppel, who was a sinker at the pit, said to him: "Weel, George, what do you mak'o' her? Do you think you could do anything to improve her?" "Man," said George in reply, "I could alter her and make her draw: in a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom." Forthwith Heppel reported this conversation to Ralph Dods, the head viewer; and Dods, being now quite in despair, and hopeless of succeeding with the engine, determined to give George's skill a trial."

The next day Stephenson entered on his labours.

'The engine was taken entirely to pieces. The repairs occupied about four days, and by the following Wednesday the engine was carefully put together again and set to work. It was kept pumping all Thursday, and by the Friday afternoon the pit was cleared of water, and the workmen were "sent to the bottom," as Stephenson had promised.'

George Stephenson received 10*l*. as a present, and was appointed engineman to the Killingworth engine at good wages. His skill as an engine doctor became noised abroad, and he was called on to cure all the old, wheezy and ineffective pumping machines in the district. He soon beat the 'regular' engineers, though they treated him as a quack. In 1819 the colliery engine-wright at Killingworth having been accidentally killed, George Stephenson was appointed to succeed him at a salary of 100*l*. a year, and the use of a horse—and now he was on the high road to fortune.

The idea of applying steam power to the propulsion of wheel carriages had occupied the attention of many inventors from the time of Watt. The earlier notions all resolved themselves into its application to carriages on ordinary roads. Trevethick appears to have been the first who put together the two ideas of the steam horse and the iron way. In 1804 he constructed an engine to pass along a trainway at Merthyr Tydvil, but although it succeeded in dragging after it several waggons containing ten

tons of bar iron, at the rate of five miles an hour, this engine proved a failure and was speedily abandoned in consequence chiefly of the imaginary notion, which Trevethick adopted, that a smooth-wheeled engine would not 'grip,' or 'bite,' upon a Trevethick subsequently made two other engines on the same principle for Mr. Blackett, the owner of the Wylam Colliery, on which George Stephenson was born. The first of these was never used at all, and the second, having been put upon the road with infinite labour, would not move an inch, but flew to pieces when the machinery was set in motion. This was In 1813 Mr. Blackett, continuing his experiments, built an engine of his own, which 'crept along at a snail's pace, sometimes taking six hours to travel the five miles down to the loading place. It was also very apt to get off the rail and then it stuck. On these occasions the horses had to be sent out to drag on the waggons as before.' Whilst Mr. Blackett was thus experimenting, to the amusement of his friends, who pronounced that his machines would 'never answer,' George Stephenson was directing his attention to the best means of effecting some economy in the haulage of coal from the Killingworth Collieries to the river side. The high price of corn rendered the maintenance of horses very expensive, and with a view to save the keep of as many as possible, he laid down inclined planes, where the nature of the ground permitted, and let down his loaded coal waggons by a rope, of which the other end was attached to a train of empty waggons on a parallel incline. The rope ran upon wheels fastened to the tram road.

But this plan did not satisfy him. He recurred to the idea of a locomotive, and determined to go over to Wylam and see Mr. Blackett's 'Black Billy.' After mastering its arrangements, he declared 'his full conviction that he could make a better engine—one that would draw steadier and work more cheaply and effectivel. He proceeded to bring the subject under the notice of the Killingworth Lessees, and Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, having formed a very favourable opinion of him, authorized him to construct a locomotive, and promised to advance the money for the purpose. In defiance of the theoretical difficulty which had possessed the mind of Trevethick, he made all its wheels smooth, and it was the first engine which was so constructed. It was placed on the Killingworth Railroad, on the 25th July, 1814, and its powers were tried the same day. On an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, it succeeded in drawing after it eight loaded carriages, of 30 tons weight, at about four miles an hour; and for some time after it continued regularly at work.'

When

When this engine was put upon the rail, Mr. Stephenson was almost the only person who had implicit faith in the contrivance. Mr. Blackett's engines at Wylam were believed to be working at a loss; the machines tried elsewhere had proved failures, and had been abandoned; and even the colliery owners, who were supposed to be the only persons who could possibly profit by them, were not generally favourable to locomotive traction, and were not given to encourage experiments. 'Stephenson alone remained in the field, after all the improvers and inventors of the locomotive had abandoned it in despair. He continued to entertain the most confident expectations as to its eventual success. He even went so far as to say that it would yet supersede every other tractive power.'

His whole thoughts were now employed on the perfecting of this machine, and of the road on which it was to work, for he was in the habit of regarding them as one, speaking of the rail and the wheel as 'man and wife.' He began by improving the joints of rails, then by devising a new chair for them to rest on. He next turned his attention to the wheels of the locomotive, making them lighter, as well as more durable. He afterwards invented steam spring,' which remained some time in use, until superseded by a better article. Subsequently he studied the question of resistance, which included the whole subject of gradients, and on which he arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterwards deviated, that the power of the locomotive was best adapted to level roads.

Several years passed away before George Stephenson obtained another opportunity. During that time his locomotive engine was in daily use on the Killingworth railway, without exciting much attention. But in 1819 the owners of the Hetton Colliery, in Durham, determined to have their waggon-way constructed for locomotive engines. They invited George Stephenson to act as their engineer; and on the 18th November, 1822, he opened a line of railway of about eight miles length, from the Hetton Colliery to its shipping-place upon the Wear, on which five locomotives of his own construction were worked, capable of travelling at the rate of four miles an hour, and of dragging a train of 17 coal-waggons weighing about 64 tons.

In the year 1821, Mr. Pease of Darlington, and other gentlemen of the vicinity, obtained an Act of Parliament, enabling them 'to make a Railway, or Tramroad, from Stockton to Witton Park Colliery (by Darlington).' The object was 'to facilitate the conveyance of coal, iron, lime, corn, and other commodities;' and the promoters purposed to work the railway with men and horses, or otherwise.' It was in the winter of 1821, that George

George Stephenson, having heard of this project, went over to Darlington, with a letter from Mr. Lambert, the manager at Killingworth, and introduced himself to Mr. Pease. The plans of the road were undetermined. Stephenson strongly persuaded him to adopt a railway in preference to a tram-road, and a locomotive engine in preference to horse-power. Mr. Pease communicated these ideas to the Directors, who asked Stephenson to survey the country for them, which he did in company with his son. The first rail of the line was laid on the 23rd May, 1822. Shortly after this date, Mr. Pease paid a visit to Killingworth, in company with 'his friend,' Thomas Richardson (the then head of the firm of Richardson, Overend, Gurney, and Co., in Lombard Street), for the purpose of examining the locomotive:

'Stephenson soon had it brought up, made the gentlemen mount it, and showed them its paces. Harnessing it to a train of loaded waggons, he ran it along the railroad, and so thoroughly satisfied his visitors of its powers and capabilities, that from that day Edward Pease was a declared supporter of the locomotive engine. In preparing, in 1823, the Amended Stockton and Darlington Act, at Mr. Stephenson's urgent request Mr. Pease had a clause inserted, taking power to work the railway by means of locomotive engines, and to employ them for the haulage of passengers as well as of merchandise; and Mr. Pease gave a further and still stronger proof of his conviction as to the practical value of the locomptive, by entering into a partnership with Mr. Stephenson, in the following year, for the establishment of a locomotive foundry and manufactory in the town of Newcastle-the northern centre of the English Railroad System. The second Stockton and Darlington Act was obtained in the session of 1823, not, however, without opposition. Mr. Stephenson was regularly appointed the Company's engineer, at a salary of 300l. per annum, and he forthwith removed with his family from Killingworth to Darlington.'

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for traffic on the 27th September, 1825, and was the earliest public highway of the kind. Mr. Stephenson himself drove the first engine. The train consisted of six waggons loaded with coals and flour; after these came a passenger-coach, occupied by the directors and their friends; then 21 waggons, fitted up for other passengers, and lastly, 6 waggon-loads of coals, making in all 38 vehicles. The train went at a steady pace of from four to six miles an hour, and 'its arrival in Stockton excited deep interest and admiration.'

From the very outset, this railway was most successful. The traffic on which the Company had estimated their profit was greatly exceeded. Instead of sending 10,000 tons of coal a year to Stockton, as they had calculated, their shipments in a few years

were above 500,000 tons, and have since far surpassed that amount. At first, passengers were not thought of, but they wanted to be taken, and, by George Stephenson's advice, passenger-carriages were placed upon the line. One striking result of this railway was the creation of the town of Middlesborough-on-Tees:

'When the railway was opened in 1825, the site of this future metropolis of Cleveland was occupied by a solitary farm-house and its out-buildings. All round was pasture-land or mud-banks; scarcely another house was within sight. But when the coal export trade, fostered by the halfpenny maximum rate imposed by the Legislature, seemed likely to attain a gigantic growth, and it was found that the accommodation furnished at Stockton was insufficient, Mr. Edward Pease, joined by a few of his Quaker friends, bought about 500 or 600 acres of land, five miles lower down the river—the site of the modern Middlesborough - for the purpose of there forming a new seaport for the shipment of coals brought to the Tees by the railway. The line was accordingly shortly extended thither, docks were excavated, a town sprang up, churches, chapels, and schools were built, with a custom-house, mechanics' institute, banks, ship-building yards, and iron factories; and in a few years the port of Middlesborough became one of the most important on the north-east coast of England. In the year 1845, 50,548 tons of coals were shipped in the nine-acre dock, by means of the ten coal-drops abutting thereupon. In about ten years, a busy population of about 6000 persons (since swelled into 15,000) occupied the site of the original farm-house. More recently, the discovery [by Mr. John Phillips] of vast stores of ironstone in the Cleveland Hills, close adjoining Middlesborough, has tended still more rapidly to augment the population and increase the commercial importance of the place. Iron furnaces are now blazing along the Vale of Cleveland, and new smelting-works are rising up in all direction, fed by the railway, which brings to them their supplies of fuel from the Durham coal-fields.'

A line of railway, to be worked by horses, had been projected from Liverpool to Manchester in 1821; the opposition, however, was so powerful, that the idea was laid aside; in 1823 it was again proposed, to be again dropped; in 1824 it was once more revived, and the promoters determined to send a deputation to Killingworth to see George Stephenson's engine. Being amply satisfied with what they saw, they offered him the post of engineer to lay out their line. In the face of extraordinary difficulties, he proceeded to make a survey of the country. The Bill for the railway went into Committee of the House of Commons on the 21st March, 1825. It was vehemently opposed by the canal companies, the landowners, and almost every one interested. Mr. Smiles's 'Life' contains a graphic narrative of the mode in which this opposition was conducted; but we must content ourselves

ourselves with quoting the following account, which is given in the words of Stephenson himself:—

When I went to Liverpool to plan a line from thence to Manchester, I pledged myself to the directors to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but that we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for that if, when they went to Parliament, talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I should put a cross upon the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour, but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at! I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. I was subjected to the cross-examination of eight or ten barristers, purposely, as far as possible, to bewilder me. Some member of the committee asked if I was a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down.'

The great difficulty in making a railway from Liverpool to Manchester was the passage across Chat-Moss—a bog about four miles broad and more than 30 feet deep. Mr. (afterwards Baron) Alderson described it to the committee as 'an immense mass of pulp, and nothing else. It actually rises in height,' he said, from rain, swelling like a sponge, and sinks again in dry weather. If a boring instrument is put into it, it sinks immediately by its own weight. Who but Mr. Stephenson,' asked Mr. Alderson 'who but Mr. Stephenson would have thought of carrying a railway across Chat-Moss?' 'It was,' he said, 'ignorance inconceivable; it was perfect madness. man had applied himself to a subject of which he had no knowledge, and to which he had no science to apply!' Professed engineers were called who confirmed these opinions. No one was found to support Mr. Stephenson, and ultimately, although the committee declared the preamble to be proved by a majority of only one (37 to 36), they refused the company compulsory power to take land to make the railway, and thus the bill was virtually lost.

But the necessity of a new line of communication between Liverpool and Manchester had been established, and the Liverpool merchants were determined to obtain it. They went to Parliament in the next session for another bill, which appears to have been of a less ambitious character, and to have been framed upon the precedent of the Stockton and Darlington. In the evidence

evidence before the House they avoided the case of Chat-Moss, and proposed to work their railway by the application of horse power. The Act was granted, and Mr. Stephenson 'at once made arrangements to commence the works. He began with the "impossible"—to do that which the most distinguished engineers of the day had declared that no man in his senses would undertake to do, namely, to make a road across Chat-Moss.'

'The draining of the Moss was commenced in June, 1826. was indeed a most formidable undertaking; and it has been well observed that to carry a railway along, under, or over such a material, could never have been contemplated by any ordinary mind. Stephenson proceeded to form the line in the following manner: He had deep drains cut about five yards apart, and when the moss between those drains had become perfectly dry, it was used to form the embankment where necessary; and so well did it succeed, that only about four times the quantity was required that would have been necessary on hard ground. Where the road was to be on a level, drains were cut on each side of the intended line, by which, intersected by occasional cross drains, the upper part of the moss became dry and tolerably firm; and on this hurdles were placed, either in double or single layers, as the case required, four feet broad and nine feet long, covered with heath. The ballast was then placed on these floating hurdles; longitudinal bearings, as well as cross sleepers, were used to support the rails where necessary, and the whole was thoroughly drained. In the cutting the work had to be accomplished by drainage alone. The only advantage in favour of these operations was, that the surface of the moss was somewhat higher than the surrounding country. which circumstance partially assisted the drainage. In proceeding with these operations, however, difficulties from time to time presented themselves, which were overcome with singular sagacity by the engineer. Thus, when the longitudinal drains were first cut along either side of the intended railway, the oozy fluid of the bog poured in, threatening in many places to fill it up entirely, and bring it back to the original level. Mr. Stephenson then hit upon the following expe-He sent up to Liverpool and Manchester and bought up all the old tallow casks that could be found; and, digging out the trench anew, he had the casks inserted along the bottom, their ends thrust into cach other, thus keeping up the continuity of the drain. The pressure of the bog, however, on both sides of the casks, as well as from beneath, soon forced them out of position, and the line of casks lay unequally along the surface. They were then weighted with clay for the purpose of keeping them down. This expedient proved successful, and the drainage proceeded. Then the moss between the two lines of drains was spread over with hurdles, sand, and earth, for the purpose of forming the road. But it was soon apparent that this weight was squeezing down the moss and making it rise up on either side of the line, so that the railway lay as it were in a valley, and formed one huge drain running across the bog. To correct this defect, the moss was weighted with

with hurdles and earth to the extent of about thirty feet outside of the line on either side, by which means the adjacent bog was forced down, and the line of railway in the centre was again raised to its proper position. By these expedients, the necessity for devising which was constantly occurring, and as constantly met with remarkable success, the work went forward, and the rails were laid down.

'The formation of the heavy embankment, above referred to, on the edge of the moss, presented considerable difficulties. The weight of the earth pressed it down through the fluid, and thousands of cubic yards were engulfed before the road made any approach to the required level. For weeks the stuff was poured in, and little or no progress seemed to have been made. The directors of the railway became alarmed, and they feared that the evil prognostications of the eminent civil engineers were now about to be realised. Mr. Stephenson was asked for his opinion, and his invariable answer was—"We must PERSEVERE." And so he went on; but still the insatiable bog gaped for more material, which was emptied in truck-load after truck-load without any apparent effect. Then a special meeting of the board was summoned, and it was held upon the spot, to determine whether the work should be proceeded with or abandoned! Mr. Stephenson himself afterwards described the transaction at a public dinner given at Birmingham, on the 23rd of December, 1837, on the occasion of a piece of plate being presented to his son, the engineer of the London and Birmingham Railway. Herelated the anecdote, he said, for the purpose of impressing upon the minds of those who heard him the necessity of perseverance.

""After working for weeks and weeks," said he, "in filling in materials to form the road, there did not yet appear to be the least sign of our being able to raise the solid embankment one single inch; in short, we went on filling in without the slightest apparent effect. Even my assistants began to feel uneasy, and to doubt of the success of the scheme. The directors, too, spoke of it as a hopeless task, and at length they became seriously alarmed, so much so, indeed, that a board meeting was held on Chat-Moss to decide whether I should proceed any further. They had previously taken the opinion of other engineers, who reported unfavourably. There was no help for it, however, but to go on. immense outlay had been incurred, and great loss would have been occasioned had the scheme been then abandoned and the line taken by another route. So the directors were compelled to allow me to go on with my plans, in the ultimate success of which I myself never for one moment doubted. Determined, therefore, to persevere as before, I ordered the works to be carried on vigorously; and, to the surprise of every one connected with the undertaking, in six months from the day on which the board had held its special meeting on the Moss, a locomotive engine and carriage passed over the very spot with a party of the directors' friends on their way to dine at Manchester."

'The idea which bore him up in the face of so many adverse opinions, in assuming that a safe road could be formed across the floating bog, was this:—That a ship floated in water, and that the moss

was certainly more capable of supporting such a weight than water was; and he knew that if he could once get the material to float he would succeed. That his idea was correct is proved by the fact that Chat Moss now forms the very best part of the line of railroad between Liverpool and Manchester. Nor was the cost of construction of this part of the line excessive. The formation of the road across Chat Moss amounted to about 28,000l., Mr. Giles's estimate having been 270,000l.!'

This great and most original work has, we believe, up to this date, only one counterpart. A great part of the line from Norwich to Yarmouth, of which railway Mr. Stephenson was chairman, passes over a morass formerly, no doubt, occupied by the sea, and which in many places is so soft that no animal can walk over it without sinking. The railway has been constructed across these lowlands by fir poles laid transversely and covered with fascines, upon which the permanent way is laid with light materials. There can be no doubt, though the passengers may not know it, that this is nothing more than a floating road.

The directors of the Liverpool and Manchester line remained long undecided as to the mode in which it should be worked. They were inundated with projects, of which Mr. Smiles gives an amusing description; but no one except George Stephenson, ever pressed upon them the locomotive engine. With unwearied carnestness he continued to represent his favourite machine as superior to every other power, till at length the directors determined to send two professional engineers of high standing—Mr. Walker of Limehouse and Mr. Rastrick of Stourbridge—to visit Darlington, and report upon the working of that machine.

'Although admitting with apparent candour that improvements were to be anticipated in the locomotive engine, the reporting engineers clearly had no faith in its power, nor belief in its eventual success; and the united conclusion of the two was that, " considering the question in every point of view-taking the two lines of road as now forming, and having reference to economy, despatch, safety, and convenienceour opinion is that, if it be resolved to make the Liverpool and Manchester Railway complete at once, so as to accommodate the traffic, or a quantity approaching to it, the stationary reciprocating system is the And in order to carry the system recommended by them into effect, they proposed to divide the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester into nineteen stages of about a mile and a half each, with twenty-one engines fixed at the different points to work the trains Here was the result of all George Stephenson's labours! The two best practical engineers of the day concurred in reporting against the employment of his locomotive! Not a single professional man of eminence could be found to coincide with him in his preference for locomotive over fixed engine power. Still he did not despair. With

With the profession against him, and public opinion against him—for the most frightful stories were abroad respecting the dangers, the unsightliness, and the nuisance which the locomotive would create—Mr. Stephenson held to his purpose. He pledged himself that, if time were given him, he would construct an engine that should satisfy their requirements, and prove itself capable of working heavy loads along the railway with speed, regularity, and safety.'

The directors, influenced by Mr. Harrison, one of their own number, determined to offer a prize of 500L for a locomotive engine that would work under certain prescribed conditions, and this part of the history is so familiar to the public that we do not think it necessary to dwell upon it. It is well known that on the day appointed for the trial at Rainhill four engines came upon the ground, and Mr. Stephenson's 'Rocket' carried off the prize.

With the success of the 'Rocket' the railway system may be said to have been established. On the 1st January, 1830, the winning engine, with a carriage full of directors, passed over the whole of Chat Moss and the greater part of the road between Liverpool and Manchester—a double triumph to George Stephenson—the triumph both of his road and of his locomotive. On the 15th September, 1830, the line was opened; and, as in the case of the Stockton and Darlington railway, the commercial results were decisive: 400 passengers a-day were calculated on, but 1200 were carried on the average at the very commencement, and the number soon rose to half a million yearly. The land near the line increased greatly in value, and even Chat Moss itself became studded with valuable farms.

After the Liverpool and Manchester line was made, the crop of railways soon became plentiful as blackberries. Among the first with which the name of George Stephenson was associated were the lines from Canterbury to Whitstable, and from Leicester to Swannington. The great work of the London and Birmingham, now called the London and North-Western, was constructed by his distinguished son, although in his remarkable address, the title of which we give at the head of this paper, he tells us, with appropriate modesty, that 'all he knows and all he has accomplished is primarily due to the parent whose memory he cherishes and reveres.' Having, in conjunction with this worthy inheritor of his great name, successfully inaugurated our most important railway systems, George Stephenson retired from the anxieties of public life. Had he been a man of more ambitious pretensions, he would probably have remained longer in the field; but, having lived to see his projects carried into effect to an extent far beyond any anticipations he could possibly have formed at the outset, he wisely resolved to enjoy the sweets of domestic domestic repose for the remainder of his days, and withdrew himself to the enjoyment of rural pursuits. There were, however, few great works on which he was not consulted; and he may be regarded as, emphatically, the Engineer, to whose intelligence and perseverance we owe the introduction of railways into England, and who set the first example in this country of works which others have successfully carried into execution throughout the world.

From his earliest period George Stephenson, inheriting the feelings of his father, had cherished an ardent love for natural history. The latter days of his life were spent on an estate in Derbyshire, adjacent to the Midland Railway, where, engaged in horticulture and in farming, he lived amongst his rabbits, dogs, and birds. He died of an intermittent fever, contracted amid the noxious atmosphere of one of his forcing-houses, on the 12th August, 1848, at the not very advanced age of sixty-seven, leaving behind him the highest character for simplicity, kindness of heart, and absolute freedom from all sordidness of disposition. His virtues are very beautifully illustrated, and by no means exaggerated in his Life by Mr. Smiles. They would do honour to any anan in any age, and we reluctantly pass from their consideration to review the principles that influented Mr. Stephenson in his works, their practical operation, and the reception they met with from Parliament and the public.

At no period and in no civilised country has mankind exhibited any lack of mechanical ingenuity. Men have always been able to improve. In very early ages, we find the most complex systems of clockwork rendered still more complex. In the cotton manufacture, no sooner was the power-loom shown to be applicable to the work, than the most elaborate and wonderful contrivances were adapted to it. It is the same with every discovery, down to the most recent,—the use of the electric spark for purposes of communication. Since that field for ingenuity was opened, scarcely a day has passed without the promulgation of some new and beautiful contrivance.

But the rare thing is to find the mind that gives the impulse to a first revolution in science or in arts, and it was to this class of men of genius—few and far between—that George Stephenson belonged. Great as was his ingenuity, there were many equal to him in mechanics, and many more superior to him in scientific education and acquired knowledge. Yet the conclusions at which he arrived by an intuitive apprehension, which was the distinguishing feature of his mind, were much more perfect than those of the most prominent men of his own day. It is curious to reflect that only thirty years ago the government, the land-

owners, the canal proprietors, the trustees of turnpikes, the mathematicians, the mechanicians, even the engineers themselves, looked upon the railway system as an impudent imposition, to be put down at all cost, and under whatever circumstances. With a confidence which could only be the consequence of a prophetic understanding as sure as the conclusions of other men's experience, Mr. Stephenson went on notwithstanding perfecting his plans,

secure of their ultimate triumph.

The first principle from which he argued was the grand fact which he had effectually realized to his own mind, that steam power is the cheapest power. Our roads had arrived at great perfection, and mail-coaches were running on them at eleven miles an hour; canals were intersecting the country in every direction, and heavy goods were being drawn upon them with facility; yet George Stephenson insisted on his theory of locomotion by steam as the most economical and effectual motive power. Though it was his fate through life to have almost everything he invented claimed by somebody else, there is one discovery which passed unchallenged, and it was the foundation of all his future success. He discovered the enormous disparity in favour of steam. The disparity is, in reality, more extravordinary than is generally known. Taking coal as a unit, the relative approximate cost of employing the four powers at our disposal stands as follows:—

Coal power .				1
Horse power				10
Electric power		٠.		70
Manual power				90

Or, as it has been put by a very eminent authority, for every shilling expended, there may be raised by

Nature has put a limit to the speed of horses. Where cost is in question two miles an hour is the maximum pace at which a horse can draw a load. Where speed is to be obtained regardless of cost, ten miles an hour is the utmost that can be realized. A curious fact will illustrate this. When Messrs. Pickford conducted the canal traffic of the country without competition, their rate of speed was two miles per hour. At that rate they lost a horse a month. At a subsequent period, when railways began to compete with canals, they raised their speed to three miles an hour; but at that rate they lost a horse

per day! The increase of speed being one-half, the destruction of life from casualties was thirtyfold.

But as regards steam, nature has opposed no such limit. The rate of speed that can be maintained by means of that power, depends upon the state of the road and the mechanical appliances of the engine. Three surfaces presented themselves to Mr. Stephenson—the Coach Road, the Canal, and the Railway. Mr. Stephenson's first conclusion being that coal power was the most economical, his second conclusion was, that a level railway was a better medium for its application than a road or a canal. As on this point he stood with unequalled tenacity against the opinion of the scientific world of his day, and as even now his principles are far from being completely comprehended, it may be as well to consider the reasoning from which he drew his conclusions, and to show, by the light of subsequent investigation, how simple they are, and how correct.

I. In the first place, as to Coach Roads.—The power, whether on a road or on a railway, must be equal to the maximum resistance. This resistance, in the case of a railway, is composed of the rolling resistance, which, for the sake of illustration, we may take at 10 lbs. a ton, though it is marely so much, and also of the gravity due to the steepest ruling gradient. On a level railway the amount of rolling resistance is fixed, being uninfluenced by heat, or by cold, by rain, or by drought. But on a turnpike road the resistance is not only the resistance of the road in its most perfect state, but is a resistance augmented according to the condition of that road, whether rendered foul by rain, or loosened by frost, or made heavy by being covered with new material. The resistance offered on the most perfect turnpike road that could be devised is a resistance of from 1 in 40 to 1 in 50; or, in other words, of 40 or 50 lbs, per ton. The advantage, therefore, in favour of the railway is five to one, under the most favourable circumstances of the road. But taking coach roads in their worst circumstances the resistance is often 300 lbs, a ton, or one-eighth the weight of the passing load; and under all circumstances and seasons, when the road is dislocated by new metalling, or want of repair, or the action of rainfor of frost, the average rate of resistance on our roads is probably not less than 100 lbs. a ton. In addition to this, it is to be considered that the country is studded with hills, presenting gradients of from 1 in 30 to 1 in 20. Such acclivities add a resistance of 75 lbs. a ton, making an aggregate of not less than one-sixth of the load. Now, the physical effort of a horse may, for a few minutes, be doubled, trebled, or quadrupled; and it is by this increase of physical effort that a coach is carried across a hill.

the motive power is mechanical, this momentary exertion of the muscular impulsive power cannot be obtained. The area of the cylinder once given, the tractive power of the engine is fixed. The 'little more whipcord,' which will push a horse over a hill, will not push the locomotive engine over a gradient of 1 in 30, and a rolling resistance of 1 in 40 or 50. True it is that the locomotive does vary its power under certain circumstances, but this is not applicable to overcoming acclivities with maximum loads; and the 'snort' which the visitor to the Crystal Palace hears in going up the inclined plane and heavy gradients at New Cross and Sydenham, is not an index of the increased power of the engine, though it is an index of increased pressure, which is quite another thing. The inevitable conclusion is, that the best road for a locomotive is the road which offers the least resistance, and that road is not a turnpike.

There are three different descriptions of resistance to be overcome in moving a train.

1st. The rolling resistance, which is constant.

2nd. The resistance from gravity, which varies with the gradient.

3rd. The resistance of the atmosphere, which varies as some power of the velocity.

At high velocities the latter of these resistances is much the greatest in amount, generally exceeding the other two together. Hence we perceive an obvious reason why the present powerful locomotive engine, when carrying passenger trains below the maximum load, can surmount gradients which far exceeded the powers of the early locomotive engines; for, by slackening the speed on a steep gradient, that portion of the power of the engine which is expended, on a level, at high speeds in overcoming the resistance of the atmosphere, is not needed for that purpose, and is expended in overcoming the resistance of gravity. The case, however, is very different with heavy goods trains, when it is necessary, for the sake of economy, to load the engine to its full power, on what is termed the ruling gradient, and to adopt moderate speed. Under these circumstances the flexibility of the engine is much lessened. It no longer has the varying resistance of the atmosphere to play with, and has therefore lost the opportunity of converting one resistance into another, as with passenger trains at high velocities.

The contrast between a railway and a turnpike-road is, indeed, very striking, when we consider the resistances which have to be overcome on each. On the railway the least resistance is the simple rolling resistance upon the rail, which is all but uniform in all weathers. But, on the common road, the rolling resistance

is, even under ordinary circumstances, the greatest which has to be overcome, at the same time that the deterioration of the surface by atmospheric changes renders it the most fluctuating. This will demonstrate how vain must all effort be to apply the steam-engine to a common road, and will explain the abortive results which have invariably attended every attempt to do so.

Again, as regards the engine. The power of the locomotive engine must bear some proportion to its weight; in other words, a very light engine will be less powerful than a heavy one. Upon an iron rail an engine of twenty-five tons weight may be employed that will have a tractive power of from 4000 to 5000 pounds. But on a new turnpike-road, with a gradient of 1 in 30, the resistance encountered would prevent such an engine drawing a gross load of more than eleven tons. Thus the engine would be rendered immovable by its own weight: indeed, Mr. Stephenson used to say to those who were striving to apply locomotives to common roads, 'There is an engine in my factory of ten times the power of yours, yet it will not move itself on the factory floor.' These persons were forced to admit that they could not employ an engine weighing more than 2 or 3 tons, but they still failed to perceive that so light an engine would require a tractive force of 1000 or 1100 lbs. upon a road, whilst on a railway an engine of that tractive force might weigh from 9 to 10 tons. They further lost sight of the fact, that all the parts of an engine which was to run over the uneven surface of a turnpike-road must be much stronger than that of an engine of like power to run over the smooth surface of a railway, and that as strength is only to be obtained by accession of weight, the engine required to work upon the road must necessarily be heavier than the engine required to work upon the railway.

Nothing, to our eyes, seems more extraordinary than that Telford did not see all this. Telford was deservedly at the head of the engineering world thirty-five years ago. He acquired a great reputation as the constructor of the Holyhead road; he constructed the Worcester and Stafford, and other great trunk lines of canal; he was the engineer of the far celebrated Menai Suspension Bridge; and the author of another great work in North Wales, the Pont-y-Cysylte Viaduct. A man with sufficient grasp of mind to fill the position he occupied ought to have been able to appreciate the scientific truth of the new system. But he was dismally prejudiced against Railways. He declared his turnpike roads superior for locomotive purposes to any other roads. He failed to see the simple truth that the more perfect the way upon which a locomotive was placed, the more Vol. $102.-N_0$, 204. merfect

perfect must be its effect, and his last days were embittered by the failure to prove that simple scientific truth untrue.

So long as doubts of success attended Mr. Stephenson's discoveries, Telford's feeling in favour of his own roads might have been reasonable. But it is difficult to understand how any one could have held by the old turnpike, after the experiment had been realized on the Stockton and Darlington, and perfected on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. Even if the gradients could have been made reasonably good, and even if by any mechanical ingenuity an engine could have been made so strong as to hold together whilst travelling at a high speed on a turnpike, and so light as not to dislocate the surface of the road, yet the inference obviously was that an engine so perfect must have been powerful in proportion to the smoothness of the surface, and the ease of the gradients:—in other words, that the same engine would do seven or tight times the duty on an iron way that it would do upon a common road.

But what is still more extraordinary, the Government of the day abetted Telford in his error. They absolutely granted no less than 130,000l. to put the high road from London to Birmingham in a condition so perfect, as to enable it to compete with any railway! At the very time the London and Birmingham Railway was in progress of formation, this money was being expended in moderating gradients, in cutting down hills, laying down granite tramways, of which we believe specimens may yet be seen between Towcester and Daventry-monuments of folly for the admiration of a scanty peasantry. moment the Government Engineers were absolutely easing the gradients of the very hill through which the Railway Engineers were tunnelling. Telford tried upon this road the experiment of a locomotive engine, which broke whenever any undue resistance was offered to its progress, and after stopping at almost every blacksmith's shop for reparation, and being beaten by every coach upon the road, to the infinite delight of the coachmen and the guards, reached Birmingham (then an eleven hours' journey) on the third day after its departure from the Metropolis.

George Stephenson had genius enough to see, first, that steam power, being the best power, must be most efficient if applied upon the best road; second, that the best road was the hardest road, because the hardest road offered the least resistance; and, third, that the hardest road would be preferable in proportion as it presented the least irregularity of surface. These propositions, now so well established and so universally acknowledged, he battled against the world.

II. But

II. But there are many, even in the present day, who ask, why is not steam-power applied to our Canals? And we are bound to say that they often get very unsatisfactorily answered. In reality, however, there are good reasons against it. In the first place, our canals are nearly all made upon one gauge, and that gauge is a narrow one. The locks are almost invariably of one length and width. The water is generally so shallow as scarcely to admit of a greater draught than three feet; and this requires the use of boats which can carry no more than twenty or twenty-five tons. To boats of this sort it would be obviously impossible to apply engines with advantage,—they would encroach too largely on the space for cargo. The only expedient would be to use one boat as a tug for the rest. But here other hinderances interpose. The necessities of trade, the difficulty of collecting boats together, and still more the delays in getting them he by one through the locks, present practical obstacles, which under present circumstances may be said to be insuperable. Had the existing canals been made double their present width and depth, screw-boats might have been constructed to carry 100 or 150 tons, with no more expenditure of power than is now required for small craft; the locks even then would have been a great impediment to the adoption of steam-power, and, in the existing canals, the retardation from their shallowness has rendered every experiment for the purpose unsuccessful.

But there is another series of reasons why steam-power can be less profitably applied on canals than upon railways. At two and-a-half or three miles an hour, the resistance on a canal is the same as on a level railway. At that speed, or at any less speed, therefore, horse-power can be more economically applied on a canal than on a railway, because, whilst a canal boat, weighing five tons, will take twenty tons of cargo, the waggons required on a railway to carry that amount of tonnage would weigh three times the weight of the canal boat; so that out of a gross load of twenty-five tons there would be a net load of twenty tons of cargo on a canal to a net load of thirteen or fourteen tons upon a But, on the other hand, whilst the resistance upon a railway up to ten or twelve miles an hour is nearly constant, the resistance on a canal increases as the square of the velocity of the transit. Thus, whilst at three miles an hour the resistance upon canal and railway is nearly equal, at twelve miles an hour the canal resistance exceeds that of a railway nearly sixteen Hence the impossibility of applying steam-power to canals where speed is the object, to say nothing of other inconveniences.

Such being the principles which led Mr. Stephenson to prefer the railway to either coach roads or canals, we proceed to consider what were the principles which led him to prefer the Locomotive to any other form of Tractive power.

Mr. Stephenson derived his first views of the locomotive from the stationary engine. He laid down in the North of England several inclined planes for coal traffic worked by stationary power, and he may be said to be the originator of those works which were perfected at the Euston Square Station and on the Blackwall line of railway, where, under peculiar circumstances, stationary engines were used until the exigencies of the traffic rendered them no longer available. But from the first he saw the impossibility of punctually or economically conducting a large traffic over a long line of railway by any system of rope traction. Although very eminent engineers strongly recommended the application of stationary engines on the Manchester and Liverpool line, George Stephenson, single-handed, resolutely opposed all attempts at the introduction of that system. The principle upon which his opponents based their calculations was, that the locomotive engine, acting as a dead load upon a train, and being incapable of applying, at high speeds, the amount of power which could be obtained from the stationary engine, the latter must be more economical in its working. But against this there had to be set, first, the power expended in the friction of the rope; and, second, the startling fact that the rope could only be worked through stages of three miles at the most, and that the whole of the engines placed at short intervals along the line must at all times be kept ready for use.

The special advantage of the locomotive is that it adapts itself entirely to the necessities of the traffic—that no more engine-power is expended than the traffic needs. But the stationary engine must always be in readiness from day to day. and from hour to hour; and as no engine, stationary or otherwise, can at all times be in a state of perfect efficiency, there must be double gear for remedying every defect. But more than this, if, as ultimately proved to be the case, a single stationary engine, at Euston or Blackwall, could not work the traffic of from ones to three miles so economically as a locomotive, how much more expensive would it have been to work a traffic of 50, 100, or 150 miles, requiring 10, 20, 30, or 50 stationary engines! A train that can be drawn from Liverpool to Manchester by one locomotive, would have required at least 10 stationary engine-houses each with duplicate engines. That train may be an express, making no stoppage until it reaches its journey's end. But under the stationary system it must have made at least ten stoppages, because at every engine-house it must have been transferred from one rope to another. Such complexity, and delay, would have precluded the possibility of working a large traffic efficiently over any considerable length of line. Hence the stationary engine system is inapplicable to a continuous system of railway traction. It may be usefully applied to take traffic up a heavy inclined plane, such as the steep acclivity at Liege, where the system is now perhaps in more perfect use than anywhere else in Europe, but in no other way can it compete for a moment with the locomotive, which far surpasses it in all the elements essential to the working of a railway, and, as regards power, speed, and economy, has admitted of improvements and adaptations of which its rival could never have

been susceptible.

The principles and arguments which apply to stationary engines apply equally and in many respects with increased force to the atmospheric system. When the atmospheric system was proposed to be brought into practical working in 1843-4, it was received with great favour by the public, and the engineers as a body were prepared to welcome it with enthusiasm. It was submitted to Mr. Stephenson with proposals of the most tempting character, but from the very first he gave a strenuous opposition to the scheme. As Mr. Smiles very justly says, the atmospheric principle is simply the substitution of a vacuum for a rope: the principle of working both vacuum and rope being the same, i. e. the principle of stationary power. Between the lines of rails was laid a pipe, in which was inserted a large piston, attached by a shaft to the framework of a carriage. propelling power was the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere through the pipe and against the piston upon the one side, a vacuum being created by a stationary engine working on the other. The pipe adopted being fifteen inches in diameter, supposing a perfect vacuum to be created, the pressure upon the piston in the pipe was equal to a weight of about 2700 lbs.; but, as there was always something due to loss by reason of imperfections, the effective tractive force could not be taken at a maximum of more than 2300 lbs.

Now it was insisted that this system would in practice make railways independent of curves and gradients, and by enabling a multiplicity of trains to pass over a line, would afford increased accommodation, without any corresponding increase of expense. It was also urged that the cost of maintaining the permanent way would be reduced, and that greater speed, comfort, and security, would be obtained. It is remarkable that in every one

of these respects the atmospheric system proved an entire failure. It proved expensive in construction, costly in working, and uncertain in its effects. In the face of the fact that this system was adopted, as it was said, to surmount hills, and to conduct a train regardless of all curves, it was found that the very construction of the road itself was more expensive than a railroad levelled and straightened on the ordinary system. This resulted from the circumstance that the employment of a large pipe upon the road rendered crossings on the level impossible, and that it consequently became requisite to build a bridge whenever it was necessary to make a communication between fields and roads on either side the line. Thus the Croydon and Epsom line, which was sanctioned by Parliament as an atmospheric line, cost no less than 260,000%, or more than 30,000% a mile, and proved at last to be one of the worst in the kingdom—especially when it came to be worked by locomotive mgines, which were used the moment it was opened, the experiments made on the London and Croydon railway, at a cost exceeding 200,000l., having by that time proved an utter failure. As to the expense of working, the difference between the rope and atmospheric pressure, reduced itself practically to this—whether air could be exhausted from a pipe with less effort than a rope could be drawn over rollers. Now, although every gas engineer in the country knows that the pressure necessary to force gas through pipes evidences a very large amount of resistance, yet those who supported the atmospheric system in and out of Parliament persisted in asserting that there could be no resistance whatever. They induced an astronomer from Armagh to maintain the scientific theory which practice had so entirely disproved; but no sooner was a fair trial made than it was proved that the atmospheric resistance to be overcome in a pipe was far greater than the resistance to be overcome by the weight of a rope, and that, consequently, the power to be applied to work the atmospheric system was more expensive than the power required upon an equal length of railway to work a system of rope traction.

But these were far from being all the difficulties connected with the atmospheric principle. As it was necessary on the passage of each train to exhaust the air in front of the piston and re-admit it behind, it is obvious that only one train could pass along one length of pipe at one time. The stationary engine also had to be kept in operation, not merely to exhaust the air, but during the whole period of the passage of the train; for, unless the rarefied air remaining in the tube was removed as fast as the train advanced, it became condensed, until at length the tractive power was reduced to almost nothing. This being so, if a

train

train was from any cause detained, the engine was obliged to be kept at its full power throughout the interval, though the expenditure of that power was useless for the purpose of the train. In reality, therefore, the atmospheric system, even in those respects in which it was considered likely to be practically cheapest and most perfect, was subjected to expenses and losses which were not incidental to rope, much less to locomotive, traction.

When it is considered that on the Blackwall Railway, under the stationary system, engine-power equivalent to the power of 400 horses was required to draw the train on a level, by means of the rope, and when it is further considered that the resistance on the atmospheric system was found to be greater than the resistance due to the rope, we may form some idea of the character of the establishments which the atmospheric system would have required between, for instance, London and Edinburgh. On that route there may now be some 70 passenger stations. In addition to these there must have been, under the atmospheric system, at least 150 engine stations. At each engine station there must have been duplicate engines of 400-horse power with all their concomitants—that is to say, 300 engines with an aggregate power of 120,000 horses. There must have been enginemen for both day and night service, and breaksmen and pointsmen to arrange the trains, every one of which would have had to stop at each station to adjust itself to the new section of pipe. And as it would have been by no means practicable that every engine house should have been at every passenger station, the delays and inconveniences to which the trains may have been exposed at intervals of at least every three miles would have been intolerable. So inconvenient, indeed, were these stoppages found even on the comparatively short lengths of railway on which the atmospheric plan was tried, that mechanical ingenuity was put to the test to endeavour to obviate the difficulty; and a slide was invented by which a train was endeavoured to be passed from one pipe to another. This slide in its turn was found to be subjected to many accidents; and ultimately the slide and the pipe were abandoned together.

Increased facility of communication under this system was another of its assumed advantages which experience disproved. The amount of pressure in the atmospheric tube was found to be liable to great fluctuation, arising from a variety of causes—such as the state of the atmosphere, accidental damage of the valve, the extent of the trains themselves, and the resistance occasioned by high winds. The advocates of the principle affirmed that the effect of gradients would be entirely overcome, and that it mattered not whether a train was ascending an inclined plane or not, so

long as the same amount of pressure was applied to the piston. Specious as this appears at first sight, it is casily demonstrable that the idea was fallacious. On every inclined plane there must be a resistance from gravity. On such inclined planes as are ordinarily met with—say an inclination of 1 in 100—that resistance amounts to about 22 lbs. per ton. Now, it had been observed, in the very early days of railroads, that the effect of a high wind was not only to retard a train, but to double the quantity of steam required to propel it. The precise amount of the resistance at different rates of speed has not been absolutely determined; but we know that a train which moves at the rate of 50 or 60 miles an hour is always passing through a storm of its own creation. On a moderate assumption we may affirm that the resistance at such a rate of speed would amount to treble the ordinary resistance of a train upon a level, which we have already stated to amount to 10 lbs. per ton. The increased resistance, therefore, of a train going 50 or 60 miles an hour, would be at least 30 lbs. a ton. Adding this to the resistance from gravity on an inclined plane of 1 in 100, which we have already taken at 22 lbs. a ton, we have a total resistance for a train going 50 or 60 miles an hour up an inclined plane of an ordinary character of about 50 lbs. per ton.

Now it is clear that any mechanical contrivance for the satisfactory conduct of railway traffic must be adequate to overcome the highest amount of resistance which that traffic is likely to meet with on its journey; in other words, a train must be adapted for the worst gradients. In the case we have assumed, supposing all the valves and machinery of the atmospheric system to be perfect, the maximum gross load that could be drawn up such an incline at such a rate of speed would be about 40 tons! Hence the theory of attaining high speed upon an atmospheric railway was unsound; for the traffic of the country could not be conducted by trains carrying a maximum gross load of only 40 tons. Take, for example, the Epsom traffic on the Derby day, and we find the Croydon Railway absolutely could not have carried its passengers on that very atmospheric principle which it was constructed to bring into

operation!

Thus the atmospheric system failed to afford any single advantage it was designed to secure. It was much more costly than an ordinary railway in construction—it was more expensive to work—and its trains were neither so certain nor so expeditious. And yet this was the system hailed with so much satisfaction by every class of society, from the Premier downwards—which received the sanction of almost every eminent engineer, except George Stephenson

traffic

Stephenson and his associates and pupils—and on which half a million of money was wasted.

We have observed that there was a third principle to which George Stephenson was consistent—the principle that the best road for the locomotive was that which presented the least irregularity of surface. During the whole of his career he adhered to and preferred Level or Valley Lines to any other description of railway system, contending that ordinarily whatever was lost by a circuit was gained by a preferable gradient. As regards passenger traffic, Mr. Stephenson's views on this head have to some extent been modified in consequence of the enormously increased power of the locomotive,* which is now four or five times greater than that originally used on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, whilst upon the average the passenger trains have very little increased in weight. But, subject to this allowance, experience has entirely justified the view of Mr. Stephenson. Valley lines have proved, as a rule, the most successful and the best adapted to the wants of the public; and although many of them have lost the traffic they were originally devised to carry, yet the resources of the more populous country through which they pass have enabled them to preserve a position which probably no other routes could have maintained so well. A strong example of this is furnished by the Midland Railway, which was one of Mr. Stephenson's favourite lines, and which he laid out entirely upon the principle of following the valleys. Mr. Robert Stephenson tells us in his Address:-

'At one period the Midland Railway had the monopoly of the whole

^{*} The introduction of Express Trains has, however, created a new element, which has again restored the importance of level lines both as to speed and safety. The late melancholy accident on the Great Northern Railway gives additional prominence to this view. Experience has shown that speeds of even 60 miles per hour are not necessarily very dangerous; but it cannot be denied that the tendency to jump off the rails increases in a much more rapid ratio than that of the actual velocities, whilst the consequences are even more aggravated. This will readily be perceived, when it is stated that a train proceeding at this rate, possesses the same velocity as if it had fallen from a tower 120 feet in height. Express trains are frequently timed to a speed of 40 miles per hour. If this speed were uniformly maintained, the danger of running off the rails is scarcely appreciable; but if there be any considerable extent of severe gradients, the diminished velocity on the ascending gradient must be compensated, in order to maintain the average rate for the whole length of line, by an increased speed on the more favourable planes. Thus on the road from Manchester to London, the Sheffield, the speed between Manchester and Sheffield is necessarily so lessened, owing to the long and continuous ascent both ways, that, in order to perform the journey in five hours, the speed of the remainder of the distance requires to be increased nearly 3 miles per hour more than would have been the case if there had been uniformly favourable gradients throughout. If, therefore, the late accident be attributed to excessive speed, it may fairly be assigned to the existence of the heavy inclines.

traffic to the north; that line being "the route" to the north of England and to Scotland. When the Caledonian was opened, some years ago, the North Western Railway, working in conjunction with it, was able to abstract the bulk of the Scotch traffic from the Midland line. Nevertheless the Midland traffic continued to increase. At a later period the Great Northern was opened, affording almost a direct route to Nottingham, to Leeds, to York, and to Edinburgh. The Scotch traffic of the Midland was thereby annihilated, and its trade to the large towns named almost entirely abstracted; yet, with all this, the Midland receipts continued to increase largely, chiefly in consequence of its local growth and the development of its mineral traffic.'

A very remarkable illustration of the relative values of the 'Direct' and of the 'Valley' routes of Railway, is furnished by the case of the London and Brighton line, the fierce, protracted, and costly contests respecting which occupied so large a share of the attention of Parliament and of the public in 1836 and 1837. The great competition lay between Rennie's, or the Direct' line, and Stephenson's, or 'the Western' line. Stephenson's line was adopted by the House of Commons, by a large majority. Rennie's, on the other hand, obtained the preserence in the House of Lords. As the Government could not decide between the two conflicting authorities, it was determined to refer the matter to a Royal Engineer. The Royal Engineer reported that the line proposed by Mr. Stephenson, considered in an engineering point of view, was preferable; but that Rennie's termini 'afforded the greatest accommodation;' and that 'it afforded by its branches greater facilities of approach to the other towns on the coast within reasonable distance.' On these grounds he recommended 'the Direct' line 'as the best line between London and Brighton.'

The Stephenson line took an entirely different route to Brighton from that which the traveller at present follows by way of Redhill. The line was to run out of the Southampton Railway at Wimbledon; passing by Ewell and Epsom, it entered the Valley of the Mole by Leatherhead and Dorking, and thence getting to the Valley of the Adur, it ran by Horsham, Henfield, Steyning, and Shoreham, to a part of Brighton in the rear of the well-known Bedford Hotel. This line, as the Royal Engineer reported, would not only have 'avoided all the heavy cuttings consequent on forcing a passage through the chalk ridges, known as the North and South Downs,' but would have accommodated a much more populous line of country than that through which the Brighton Line now passes. It would also have thrown open to the public one of the most picturesque and interesting districts in the vicinity of London.

The

The Stephenson line was to be 54 miles in length. It was estimated to cost a million, and it is averred by engineers that it could certainly have been completed for 1,500,000*l*., including rolling-stock and engines. The present line to Brighton is 50 miles long. It was estimated to cost 900,000*l*., but it was obvious to every one acquainted with the district, that it never could be executed for the money. The works upon it were, indeed, unequalled in their magnitude. No such cuttings or tunnels had previously been proposed, and, so heavy were its gradients, that although in absolute length it was four miles shorter than Stephenson's line, yet in equivalent distance it was nearly a mile longer. Croydon being accommodated by a line of its own, the Brighton direct line passed through a district without a town upon it; for Reigate, with its then population of 3000, was two miles off, and Cuckfield still more distant.

The cost of constructing the direct line ultimately proved to be 3,000,000*l*., instead of 900,000*l*. But this was not all. The Western line would have accommodated Ewell and Epsom; it was found necessary, in consequence of the adoption of the 'Direct' line, to make a railway from Croydon to Ewell and Epsom. The Western line would have accommodated Dorking; it has since been found necessary to make a railway across the country from Redhill to Dorking. The Western line would have accommodated Horsham; the Brighton Direct Company were obliged to make a branch to Horsham. The Western line would have gone to Shoreham; the Brighton Company were obliged to extend themselves along the coast to Shoreham. The Western line would have accommodated Steyning; last session the Brighton Company projected a branch railway from Shoreham to Stevning. Thus every single town to which Stephenson's line would have afforded direct accommodation has been obliged to be supplied by branches, at a greatly increased cost, either by the Brighton line or by some other Company, the result being in either case an abstraction from the profits of the Brighton shareholders. Nor is this all. In the last session of Parliament, an act was obtained to make a line of railway from near Wimbledon to Epsom and Leatherhead. It is very well known that at this moment the promoters of that line are projecting its extension from Leatherhead to Brighton, by the comparatively easy route through Dorking, Horsham, and Shoreham, so that Stephenson's Valley Line to Brighton may yet, in effect, be executed, and the Brighton line be driven to divide its own direct traffic with a competing western line of railway.

The branches which have been made in order to accommodate the country through which Stephenson's line would have passed.

passed, have already probably equalled Stephenson's line in length, and may have equalled it in cost. It is lamentable to reflect upon such a waste of capital, especially when all the consequences are taken into consideration. For the error committed by the Legislature in adopting 'the direct line' to Brighton had most injurious effects upon another district. It was of course necessary to form a line of communication between London and the Continent of Europe. If it was desirable that the Brighton line should be 'direct,' it would seem to be ten times more desirable that the line of communication with the Continent should be so also. But Parliament, having adopted a direct line to Brighton in one session, saw fit in the next to adopt an indirect line to Dover. Beyond all question, the proper line to Dover is by North Kent, i. e. from London Bridge, by Greenwich, Gravesend, Strood, Rochester, Faversham, and Canterbury. But a line having been adopted to the Sussex coast, which got through the North Downs (or Merstham Hills) by means of an enormous tunnel, Parliament thought the best line to the Kentish coast would be a valley line, which reached that coast without a tunnel. Instead of a direct line from London to Dover through North Kent, they therefore adopted a very indirect line from Redhill to Folkestone through Tonbridge! Having saved 4 miles upon the route to Brighton, they appeared to think that they might fairly add 12 miles to the distance between Tonbridge, Tonbridge Wells, and Hastings; that they might place Maidstone at a distance of nearly 60 miles from London by railway instead of 35 by turnpike road; that they might add 35 miles to the journey to Canterbury; place Margate, to which the Thames afforded a direct passage, at the furthest extremity of the South Eastern system and upon a branch; increase the distance to Dover 18 miles, and so arrange the route that the works necessary to reach that place from Folkestone should be of the most difficult and expensive character, involving the construction of an immense viaduct, of tunnellings and cuttings through, the highest cliffs upon the coast, and of works along the sea-shore which are necessarily liable to destruction in any extraordinary storm. Such were some of the effects upon the country of adopting the direct route to Brighton.

The consequences to the South Eastern shareholders are at present only partially developed; but some of those consequences have been not dissimilar from the Brighton case. They have been obliged to make a considerable branch to Sandwich and Deal—a branch, we should think, that could never pay. Having a main line to Hastings, by way of Tonbridge Wells and Battle,

Ashford, as if for the very purpose of competing with their main line. Having communication from their main line by a branch to Maidstone, they have been recently obliged to ruin that branch by making another and shorter branch to compete with it from Maidstone to the North Kent line at Strood! Beyond all this, as their main line did not accommodate the most populous district of Kent, they have been obliged to make another main line in North Kent, which other shareholders are now carrying on direct to Dover by what is called the East Kent line: whilst a Mid-Kent line with a west-end terminus is now in course of construction!

Thus the great Brighton blunder has caused Kent and Sussex to be accommodated in the worst possible manner, and many of the most populous and important towns in those counties to be placed on branch lines at the greatest distance from the Metropolis. The expenditure of capital in these two counties, beyond what would have been necessary to accommodate the district more satisfactorily and effectually cannot be estimated at less than from six to seven millions! When shareholders complain of the smallness of their dividends, they should bear in mind how much capital their earnings have to cover beyond what was needed for the legitimate object for which they associated.

If the Valley Line to Brighton had been adopted, there would, no doubt, have been a great joint Central London Terminus for the Brighton and South-Western Lines, either at Waterloo Bridge, or at the Obelisk, near the Surrey Theatre. Brighton, by reason of the preferable gradients on the Valley Line, would have been as near London, in point of time, as at this moment. In the town of Brighton we venture to think that a station on the level, near to the sea and the long course of the Esplanade, would have been as convenient for passengers, and more convenient for heavy goods, than the present station, on a high elevation, at the extreme north of the town, and with a very inconvenient, crowded, and difficult approach. Worthing, by the Valley Line, would have been brought almost as near to London as Brighton, instead of being twelve miles beyond it. No doubt the present South-Coast Line would have been made, but there would have been a most important advantage gained to Portsmouth and the Isle of By the present route Portsmouth is placed ninety-five miles from London (the distance by the South-Western and South-Coast Lines being nearly the same). But had Stephenson's line been adopted, a short line from Horsham down the valley of the Arun to the South-Coast Line at Arundel, would have given Portsmouth a direct line to London, and would have brought it within eighty miles of the Metropolis on a line of its own.

the same event the South-Eastern Line, which in reality accommodates nothing, would have been avoided. The unprofitable line from Redhill to Ashford, that passes no town save Tonbridge on its route, would never have been made. The enormously expensive works at Folkestone, and from Folkestone to Dover, would all have been saved, and the shareholders would not have had to bear the burden of that flagitious branch from Ashford to Rye and Winchelsea, which passes through nearly twenty miles of marsh, to connect towns with populations of scarcely 10,000 in the aggregate. But whilst all this would have been saved, the district isself would have been far better accommodated. Dover, Margate, Ramsgate, and Canterbury, would have been brought direct to London by a North Kent Line. A road out of that line up the beautiful valley of the Darent, and through Igtham and the Plaxtol Valley, would have accommodated Tonbridge and Maidstone, whilst Folkestone could have been reached through Ashford and Hythe, and along the line of the present level sea-shore road through Sandgate. The saving in mileage and in works through all this country would probably have saved the shareholders in Kentish lines one-half their present capital.*

Having now demonstrated the principles on which Mr. Stephenson was guided, we are led to consider how those principles were received by the public men of the time in which he lived. Sir Robert Peel was Premier during the years in which Mr. Stephenson was most prominently before the public. The great minister understood and appreciated the great engineer, as many incidents in this book show. But it is curious to notice that he by no means understood or appreciated his system. The speeches of Sir Robert Peel upon railway questions show, to tell the truth, that he was behind the time on the whole subject. Here is an illustration, dating at so late a period of his life as 1845:—

'The Board of Trade itself began to favour the views of the fast school of engineers. In the "Report of the Lines projected in the Manchester and Leeds District," they promulgated some remarkable

^{*} It may probably suggest itself to some reader that the main line of the London and North-Western, from London to Birmingham, is not altogether what we have been describing—a valley line—but partakes much more of the character of a direct communication. In the midland parts of England, the course of such rivers as exist being for the most part east and west, there is, in point of fact, no good valley communication between Birmingham and London. That the present line approximated nearer to the valley principle than any other line that could have been made with advantage, is shown by the fact, that throughout its whole length it runs nearly parallel to the course of the Grand Junction Canal, which, no doubt, was constructed through the easiest and most level country.

views respecting gradients, declaring themselves in favour of the "undulating system." Thus they cited the case of the Lickey incline, on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway, as "a conclusive proof that a gradient of 1 in 37½ for a length of two miles may be worked by the aid of an engine constructed for the purpose, without serious inconvenience to an extensive traffic,"—that "gradients of 1 in 50 to 1 in 100 are perfectly practicable to the ordinary locomotive engine with moderate loads,"—that lines of an undulating character, "which have gradients of 1 in 70 or 1 in 80 distributed over them in short lengths, may be positively better lines, i.e., more susceptible of cheap and expeditious working, than others which have nothing steeper than 1 in 100 or 1 in 120!" They concluded by repeting in favour of the line which exhibited the most gradients and the sharpest curves, chiefly on the ground that it could be constructed for less money.

'Sir Robert Peel took occasion, when speaking in favour of the continuance of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, to advert to this Report in the House of Commons on the 4th March following, as containing "a novel and highly important view on the subject of gradients, which he was certain never could have been taken by any committee of the House of Commons, however intelligent;" and he added that it was the result of former investigations undertaken by the Board of Trade upon other railway projects. When Mr. Stephenson saw this report of the Premier's speech in the newspapers of the following morning, he went forthwith to his son, and asked him to write a letter to Sir Robert Peel on the subject. He saw clearly that if there views were adopted the utility and economy of railways would be seriously curtailed. "These members of parliament," says he, " are now as much disposed to exaggerate the powers of the locomotive as they were to under-estimate them but a few years ago." Mr. Robert Stephenson wrote a letter for his father's signature, embodying the views which he so strongly entertained as to the importance of flat gradients, and referring to the experiments conducted by him many years before. in proof of the great loss of working power which was incurred on a line of steep as compared with easy gradients. It was clear, from the tone of Sir Robert Peel's speech in a subsequent debate, that he had carefully read and considered Mr. Stephenson's practical observations on the subject, for he then took the opportunity of observing that " he thought there was too great a tendency to adopt the shortest lines. without reference to gradients. Though in recent instances unfavourable gradients have been overcome by the construction of new engines, he doubted whether there was not an unprofitable expenditure of power in such cases,—whether the mechanical action of locomotive engines was not materially interfered with by unfavourable gradients,—and whether the exertions made to diminish the gradients, and to run as nearly as possible on a level, would not be amply repaid. Ile was alluding, not to the shortest lines merely with regard to distance, but to the shortest lines in point of time." On the whole, however, he declared himself favourable to direct lines, and cited the case of the Trent Valley Railway (which placed Tamworth on a main line) as one that

that "was about to be established by universal consent." Sir Robert's conclusions were not very decisive on the question, and it was not quite clear whether he was in favour of direct lines of unfavourable gradients, or somewhat longer lines of flat gradients. There was doubtless "much to be said on both sides," and the committees were left to decide as they thought proper.'

It is probable that Sir Robert Peel considered the entire railway system to be mainly departmental. But this was of itself a grievous oversight. For what is in reality the question that the greatest statesman of our day was content to leave to the control and supervision of a junior Lord? One of the most capital points of the science of government must consist in securing for the people to be governed the utmost amount of comfort at the smallest possible cost; and the largest portion of the cost of almost every article we consume is the cost of transit. is partly built, and is wholly paved with stone, which is chiefly brought from Aberdeen, the Channel Islands, Portland, and Purbeck on the coast of Dorset. At these places the material is comparatively valueless; the principal element that makes it so costly in London is the cost of transit. Take another illustration. Above the stones of London lie heaps of mud. Here that mud is a nuisance—a reeking, fetid, pestiferous mass. Spread over the fields and plains of England the mud would be a fertiliser of inestimable advantage to our population. What is it that prevents its being so spread? Every one will answer,—the cost of transit. All the cost again of water, from the time it falls from the heavens until it appears on our dinner-tables or in our washhand-stands, is cost of transit. costs us millions to bring the river Lea and the river Thames into our houses. The people of Glasgow are now expending hundreds of thousands to bring the water of Loch Katrine into their city. Liverpool has been agitated for years past to its heart's core about what is called the Rivington Pike question all a question of water supply, and the cost of its transit. Take another illustration—gold. Suppose we had found the auriferous fields of Australia and California in one of our midland counties -say in the neighbourhood of Birmingham; in those gold-fields, at this moment, we should have at work an abundant supply of labour, and all the resources of science, backed by machines worked by steam-power, for digging and mining, and the product of the gold-fields would be proportionately increased. What prevents the same men and the same machines from being at work in Australia and California? Simply the cost of transit. Mr. Smiles gives an anecdote to the point. In 1841 Trevethick went to Peru as a government engineer to work the silvermines.

mines, taking with him nine pumping-engines, made after his locomotive model, at a cost of 100,000l. Arrived at Lima it was with the greatest difficulty that one of these engines could be transported across the country, and when it got there, there was no coal to work it with. Trevethick encountered ruin in the midst of riches—all in consequence of the cost of transit.

The larger proportion of the cost of our tea, our sugar, our tobacco, our wines, our brandy, and of every article of foreign import, is not the cost of production, but the cost of transit. the last fifty years the freight of tea from China has been happily reduced to one-tenth, from 50l to 5l a ton. That difference alone is 5d, upon a pound of tea—equal to nearly a million and a half a-year in the pockets of the tea-drinkers of Great Britain. What would be the price of beef and mutton, supposing we had sufficiently rapid (which implies cheap) transit between Newgate Market and the Pampas of South America, and the plains of Australia, where oxen and sheep are killed for their skins? Or how much would the price of boiled beef be reduced, supposing the herdsmen in those districts had ready access to Droitwich and Nantwich, and could obtain cheap salt wherewith to pickle down their meat? But to take an illustration that comes more painfully home to us, how many millions of money and how many valuable lives would the English people have saved during the late war, if there had been proper means of transit between England and the Crimea, and between Balaclava and the camp? Alas, alas! the failure of Sir Robert Peel, and of those who have followed him in English statesmanship, in their want of appreciation of the importance of this transit question to governmental science, was indeed illustrated there!

Perhaps one of the most practical applications of the importance of the transport question is to be found in the present state of the coal trade. We all know that of late years coals have been very much reduced in price, and that we are now obtaining in London for 19s. a ton an article for which ten or twelve years ago we rarely, if ever, paid less than 30s. The inland coal traffic, which has rapidly developed, but is still in its infancy, was one of the great advantages which George Stephenson always anticipated from the introduction of railways. of his first objects in the establishment of a railway was to plant it, wherever it was possible, in a district containing minerals. The enormous growth of the mineral traffic of our railways has fully justified the application of this rule. Railways are now carrying coals into districts in which the peasantry, a few years since, made their fires with a few scanty sticks gathered from a hedge. 'Railways, in this respect,' says Mr. Robert Stephenson, 'are Vol. 102.—No. 204. 2 м agents

agents of benevolence and ameliorators of the condition of the human race; for it may be said that there is no contribution to the social comfort of society equal to warmth. Comfort, indeed, implies warmth; and warmth, chemically considered, is an

addition to the supply of food.'

The difference of cost of transit in the case of coal is another illustration of the importance of Railway communication, and another proof of the comparative inexpensiveness of steam. Nothing could be supposed to be cheaper than the conveyance of coal to London by a sailing collier. The vessel, a large barge, is itself a cheap vehicle of conveyance; the motive power of the ship is the winds, which cost nothing; the highway on which she passes is the great sea, which calls for neither original outlay nor subsequent expenditure for repairs. It would seem difficult to suppose that this means of communication would be beaten in respect of cost; least of all that it could be beaten by railways, every mile costing thousands of pounds for construction, every train having to be worked by a costly locomotive engine, the motive power being steam, and those engaged in working the train being skilled officers paid at comparatively high rates of wages.

But there is one element in which the railway beats the sailing vessel, which affords more than compensation for all the rest. That element is regularity. The railway trains carry a certain quantity of coals, adequate to supply the demand, in a certain fixed and reasonable time. Against this even the cheapness of conveyance by sailing vessels cannot prevail. The collier is peculiarly exposed to the expensive element of uncertainty. The sailing vessel is dependent on the winds. On the east coast of England those winds are, at certain seasons of the year, prevailing winds. There is at one time a long course of south-west, at another a long course of north-east winds. With the southwest winds the loaded colliers cannot get up to London: with the north-east winds the light colliers cannot get from London to the North. The result is that regularity of supply by sailing vessels is impossible, and that, as any one may see by consulting the Coal Market List, they all come in at once. there are 150 ships at market, 65 or thereabouts will consequently be unsold. The result used to be great inequality of price. Sometimes the best coals were down to 27s., then considered very low, or else they were up to 40s., 45s., or even 49s. and 50s., though the latter price was rare and very high. The coal merchant made his profit at the higher prices and lost at the lower. But what the public paid, whoever received the difference, was not an extra price for coals, but an extra price for

freight. The regularity of Railway intercourse prevents this evil. There is no real fluctuation in the price of coals brought to London by inland conveyance; for though a higher price may be paid by the consumer at one time than at another—for instance, in the winter than in the summer—this difference, small in itself, is the effect of fluctuations in the sea-borne coal market, to which the inland dealers adapt their prices. The general result is that the consumers get coals from the same districts at one-third less than the old prices—for all of which we have to thank Railway conveyance.

The old sailing vessel is so completely beaten, that the large coal dealers of the Thames, driven by the force of railway competition, are in process of changing their whole means of sea conveyance. They are now rapidly constructing large screw vessels of 1500 tons, and even 1800 tops burden, which will be independent of the adverse influence of winds, and which will bring their cargoes to the London market with comparative regularity and certainty. The effect of this will, no doubt, be beneficial to the consumer; its effect upon the Railway coal trade is not easily to be foreseen. Under this system we shall have steam at sea, and steam on land, competing for heavy mineral traffic. Many elements will be in favour of steam at sea, especially with a 1500 ton vessel, which can be worked for fuel and men nearly as cheaply as one of 300. There will be, however, one element, the element of speed, highly favourable to steam on land. The cheapest speed at which a Railway can be worked, is an average speed of about 12 miles an hour. But 12 miles an hour at sea cannot be purchased without a frightful cost. The Holyhead boats at 15 miles an hour consume as much fuel as would be sufficient to carry 3000 tons on a Railway at 20 miles an hour, being about four times the total weight of the steam vessel, engines and all. If the steam collier is to be rendered profitable, her speed must be kept within 6 or 7 miles an hour, or half that at which the Railway can be economically worked.

But although we hold Sir Robert Peel to have been mainly responsible for the errors of English statesmanship respecting railroads, because Sir Robert Peel was at the head of public affairs in those years when the system received its great impulse, and wholly failed to direct or guide the movement, yet we are far from saying that he was alone responsible for the errors which have been made. Great and grievous mistakes have been committed since his time. All our thoughts at the present moment are turned towards India, and what has been the conduct of our government with respect to railroads in that 2 m 2 country? country? An awful calamity has fallen upon us, and finds us almost entirely devoid of proper facilities for intercommunication and transport. Whilst every back-wood in America has been penetrated by a railway system, the great cities of India remain in their former isolation! How is this anomaly to be accounted for otherwise than by the want of appreciation of the transit question by the ruling men of our times?

When this question was brought under the consideration of the House of Commons last Session, the Government and the Parliamentary members of the Court of Directors stoutly defended themselves from the accusation of neglecting Indian They admitted they were not constructed; but they thought they were entitled to great credit because a large number of miles had been projected. But, when the facts come to be examined, it will be found that our rulers are entitled to claim very small credit even for what they have proposed to The system they have laid down has been the most cumbrous that it was possible even for an Indian Government to devise. Instead of employing competent engineers, and making direct contracts for the construction of the works, as common sense would appear to have prescribed, the East Indian Government have set about the construction of Indian Railways upon the plan of creating in England a number of Railway Companies, subsidiary to the East India Company, which guarantees its deputies interest upon their capital at the rate of 5 per cent. Why the East India Company should have chosen to pay this interest through the medium of a second company, instead of directly out of their own coffers, seems inexplicable, especially when we find that the subsidiary Railway Company, with its Board of Directors, and all its costly staff of machinery, are to be under the control of the officers of the East India Company! The effect of this is a double staff to perform a single duty; and the result of that is a double expenditure by the East India Company: first, in the pay of its own officers; and second, in the shape of interest upon the money required to pay the officers of the Railway Company. If this indeed was the only bad consequence of the system, it might be borne; but the money loss is as nothing compared with the other evil results. The inevitable effect of having two staffs to perform one duty is a conflict of authority and of opinion. In the case of the East India Company, the persons appointed to superintend and control the execution of Indian railways have been invaluable officers, of very old standing in the country, and from that very fact utterly devoid of a particle of practical knowledge as to either the construction of railways or their working. The consequence has been difficulties and delays in the execution of the works devised in India unparalleled in the history of railway enterprise. Obstructions have occurred where none ought to have existed; and the fatal result is that we are left, in a dire emergency, without those facilities which we should have had for the conduct of one of the weightiest wars in which we could be involved. The loss of valuable life which our troops will sustain in their hot and toilsom marches will, we fear, afford a direful illustration of the want of foresight of our rulers.

Far from having exhausted the subjects which are inseparably connected with the Life of Stephenson, we have only slightly touched them. There is scarcely a page of the work of Mr. Smiles which is not suggestive, and on which it would not be profitable to institute inquiry into the results of past experiments as compared with present practice. The whole ground is novel, and of the highest interest. Whether, as relates to the construction of railways, we look at the experiments at Chat Moss,—the comparative resistance to traction on roads, railways, and canals,—the effects of gradients,—or the advantages of valley lines upon a level; we shall find food for investigations which were almost unknown thirty years ago. It is the same with respect to tractive power. Whether we inquire as to the relative forces of man, horse, electricity, or steam, we find new and unoccupied ground for observation and speculation. Up to this day, we believe, the comparative advantage of the stationary and locomotive engine systems has been very little understood even by many most concerned in the working of either. As to the locomotive itself, its capabilities are probably scarcely developed. Since 1830 the application of new and ingenious contrivances has brought the machine to a condition in which its power has at least been doubled. We are told that, so far back as 1832.

'The engines had been constantly varied in their weight and proportions, in their magnitude and form, as the experience of each successive month has indicated: as defects became manifest they were remedied; improvements suggested were adopted; and each quarter produced engines of such increased power and efficiency, that their predecessors were abandoned, not because they were worn out, but because they had been outstripped in the rapid march of improvement.'

But to whichever branch of this subject we turn our attention, it is George Stephenson that fills the foreground of the picture. The monument of his greatness may be said to be everywhere. There is not a line or a locomotive which does not bear testimony to his genius, his sagacity, and his perseverance; nor is there a traveller upon a railway, who saves time, money, fatigue,

and anxiety; nor a consumer of the commodities which are conveyed so cheaply and expeditiously by this new channel of communication; nor a single soul of the many thousands to whom the system, directly or indirectly, has given wealth, competence, and employment, who has not reason to think of George Stephenson with gratitude for the benefits he has conferred and with admiration for the intellectual triumphs he achieved.

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14. Speech on a Motion of Inquiry in the House of Commons, June 11, 1857. By the Hon. A. Kinnaird. London, 1857.

15. The Way to lose India. By Malcolm Lewin, Esq. London, 1857.

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WITH the terrible details of the Bengal Mutiny so fresh before us, its occurrences rather news than history, its issue though certain yet incomplete; with the blood of our countrymen

countrymen not yet dry, and the cries of our countrywomen still ringing in our ears, it is hard to write calmly of an event which must ever be numbered among the most appalling atrocities in the annals not only of Britain but of the world. There is no longer any fear, at least for the present, that our proverbial apathy on Indian affairs will prevail; and we may rely on the strong sense and the sound heart of the British people for taking a far deeper interest in the miseries and indignities to which our brethren in the East have, been subjected, than ever was given to their most glorious victories, or to the widest extension of our power. It may be among the blessings which already seem to be arising from this fearful trial, that our eyes shall never for the future be blind to the enormous responsibilities and interests which our Indian empire entails. If we are to continue to call 150 millions of men our fellow-subjects, India must no longer be viewed with the indifference with which both government and people of England have hitherto regarded it. It cannot for the future be to us a mere commercial mart, a provision for the cadets of our middle classes, a resource for superannuated generals or impoverished nobility, a thing of the city, of a clique, of a department; it must become an integral part of our Home Government, and the full power of national intelligence and opinion must be brought to bear upon its interests and resources.

Suddenly as this calamity has come upon us in England, it now turns out that the disaffection and insubordination of the Bengal army has long been suspected and connived at, From time to time the great minds that had been brought in contact with the system have not hesitated to tell the truth and give the warning; but the cry had been raised so often that it was at last disregarded, and England, always so ignorant of Indian affairs, has only just awakened to the fact, which is now undeniable, that mutiny, more or less open, has been for years past the normal condition of the Bengal sepoy. With the light of the late fearful eruption to read the past, it is clear that no recent act on our part was the origin of the mischief. The cause is to be found in our own too great security and forbear-Our past military system in Bengal has been one of continued concession, fatal enough often in European states, but regarded by an Oriental only as a sign of weakness; and if the natives misunderstood the cause of our leniency in the first instance, our own perseverance in the same course made them right enough at last in their interpretation of it. Temporising at first in the very recklessness of security, we have at length been driven to it by fear. The subtle sepoy was acute enough to detect the difference.

The mutiny and massacre of Vellore, in the presidency of Madras, as far back as 1806, might have shown us the nature of the men with whom we had to deal. 'That,' said Mr. Marsh, in the House of Commons of that period, 'was, in the strictest sense of the expression, a religious mutiny. It originated in the belief, artfully instilled by the emissaries of the Mussulman princes into the minds of the sepoys, that the British Government intended to convert them gradually to Christianity.' Then, it was an innovation in dress and a direct aggression on their marks of caste; but then, too, it was a subornation of the Hindoo by the Mussulman; and the premature outbreak at the garrison of Vellore prevented at the time the success of the widespread plot for the extermination of the Feringhee in India. The history of India will supply many other links in the same chain; but it will be enough to notice those instances in more recent times when it had become evident that the old spirit of loyalty in the sepoy had passed away, and the alleged grievance was only made a cloak for the feeling that he had become his own master, and could dictate his own terms. When in 1835 Lord William Bentinck, outrunning reform at home, abolished flogging in the Indian army, the first sop was given, and from that time the insolent feeling of the men was only more increased, and several regiments were obliged to be disbanded for insubordination. In 1844 several of the Bengal Native regiments. when ordered for service in Scinde after its annexation, refused to march, on the ground of its being foreign service. All ultimately gave way, except the 34th Native infantry, which was ignominiously disbanded at Meerut by Lord Ellenborough, in the presence of the whole of the troops of the station.

Many premonitory symptoms, which at the time were little noticed, and are now almost forgotten in consequence of the more stirring events which have since occurred, are yet most important to be remembered both for present remedy and future prevention. In July, 1849, Sir Colin Campbell, then serving under Sir Charles Napier, wrote to his chief that the 22nd Bengal Native infantry had refused to receive the diminished pay, which had been ordered by the Governor-General on the annexation of the Punjaub, as the reduction from field to cantonment allowance. the perfect justness of the measure there cannot be a doubt; and it was so regular a course, that none but men determined on encroachment would have failed to acquiesce in it. At Christmas, a further stand was made by the sepoys with reference to the withholding of increased pay on the rise of provisions; but the state of the recently-conquered Punjaub, where the 22nd now were, was perilous; and Sir Charles suspended the order for the

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reduced allowances, and gave one inch more, which the thankless sepoy sullenly accepted. This was no isolated case. secret correspondence was detected between the 22nd and 13th and other disaffected regiments, and Brahminical influence was known to be at the root of it. Forty-two regiments were stated by Sir Charles to be in secret communication with the 22nd on the question of the reduced pay. One Brahmin uttered the threat to his officer that they could stop enlistment. At Delhi, always the centre of villany and intrigue, the population showed a rebellious spirit. Some regiments declined to take their regular The 32nd refused their pay; five mutineers were tried by court-martial, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. Sir Charles ordered the reversal of the too lenient sentence, and eventually the finding of 'Death' was commuted to transportation for life. On his return from Peshawur the 66th were reported to him in open mutiny. They were then quartered at Govindghur, the strongest fortress in the Punjaub. The commanding officer had punished a man who had attempted to seize the arms of the regiment, and on his appearing on parade was received with a shout of disapprobation. Fortunately the 1st Native cavalry were encamped outside the walls, and Captain Macdonald, hearing a disturbance, rushed at the head of his troop with naked sword on the mutineers just in time to prevent their closing the gates of the fort. More open mutiny there could not be. Sir Walter Gilbert awarded the ringleaders the inadequate punishment of fourteen years' imprisonment, and Sir Charles Napier determined to disband the regiment. With great foresight some months before (October, 1849) he had obtained the Governor-General's sanction to take a regiment of Goorkas into pay, and had promised them the Company's uniform and rupees on the earliest opportunity. This had now arrived. The Goorkas are a wild people from the hills of Nepaul, short, broad, and muscular, leading a merry, careless life, heedless of caste, despising the sepoy, and game to the backbone. These were the very men for Napier. They were drawn up opposite the 66th, who were then told to pile their arms and give up their They obeyed. The Goorkas were told that the arms and colours were theirs, and with shouts of joy and enthusiasm they took them up and entered the Company's service—the firstfruits of a new order of recruits, of which many, it may be hoped, will follow. No one will now question the genius which prompted Sir Charles to substitute the Goorkas for the mutinous 66th; or will sympathise with Lord Dalhousie in his expression of regret that the Commander-in-Chief had acted on his own responsibility in the matter.

The mutinous spirit was scotched not killed. In 1852 the 38th were required to proceed to Burmah. They objected to the sen-voyage and refused to march. The authorities acquiesced, and another point of Prætorian aggression was gained. The ordinary lull succeeded; the evil day was yet a great way off, and officials congratulated one another that things had passed off so quietly. In 1856 took place the momentous event of the annexation of Oude, which was the great recruiting ground of our army. Thither also the pensioned veterans returned to settle in their own homes, where in the complete anarchy of the civil power they enjoyed all the license which a retired mercenary knows so well how to command. In March, 1856, the Marquis of Dalhousie, ill-informed to all appearance as to the state of the army, left India, apparently in a more settled prosperity and more hopeful career of progress than at any period since the first British merchant set his foot on the shores of the peninsula. Little did men think what was lurking under this smooth and smiling surface. Lord Dalhousie's successor was known to be a man of the same school, and was thought to be well fitted for the comparatively easy task of building on peaceful foundations. In the midst of this fancied security came the introduction of the greased cartridges, rendered necessary by the adoption of the new Enfield rifle. They were served at first without comment or observation; but very soon a murmur of dissatisfaction was heard. It was reported that a low caste classic, a Lascar employed in the cartridge magazine, had one day asked a Brahmin sepoy to give him some water from his lotah (waterbottle); the sepoy haughtily refused, saying that the classie could not be aware of what caste he was. 'Ah!' was the immediate rejoinder, 'You will lose your caste ere long, for you will have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows'the cow being, as is well known, sacred to the Hindoos; the swine unclean to the Hindoos and Mahomedans alike. This was in the middle of January of the present year. The men were assured that the composition used was nothing but mutton-fat and wax, but this did not satisfy the sepoys, who, in a manner perfectly respectful, begged to suggest that they should be allowed to purchase oil and wax in bazaar, and prepare the cartridges The Rarliamentary papers show that an inquiry was at once made, and an order given that the cartridges at least for practice should be issued without grease, but the question of the general issue was reserved to the Government, it being doubtful whether, though answering for practice, the ungreased ammunition would be efficient for service. With regard to the alleged nature of the grease, a special court of inquiry was held

held under Colonel Wheeler: several sepoys were themselves examined, the obnoxious paper was burnt before the court, the objectors were asked if they could detect the offensive smell which they pretended to have found; a chemical analysis was also instituted, and they owned that their suspicions were refuted but not removed. Driven from the grease, they now objected to the paper; it was 'different from the old cartridge paper;' it was of two kinds,' of two colours.' Such quibbling as this should at once have convinced the military authorities that more was intended than met the ear. And now other signs appeared; at the very hour when the Court was sitting, information was given by a sepoy of the intention of the men to rise against their officers and seize on Fort William. That same night the Electric Telegraph Station at Barrackpore was wilfully burnt down. 11th of February, General Hearsey, commanding the Presidency division, writes: 'We are dwelling on a mine ready for explosion'—the very words which Sir Colin Campbell used eight years before—' we are sitting on a mine that may explode at any moment.' But Hearsey had no power to act from the want of European troops to support him. There was not an English soldier within the Calcutta division. The troops drawn from India for the Crimea had not yet been replaced! A plan was next proposed and allowed of using the cartridges without biting. But palliatives were now worse than useless. plague had begun.

It is remarkable that the first open acts occurred in lower Bengal, in the immediate vicinity of Calcutta. The sepoys seem to have wished to feel the pulse nearest the heart of government. Dum-Dum, Barrackpore, and Berhampore, are respectively 8, 16, and 118 miles from Fort William; and here the evil spirit first showed itself; but the authorities, though unsuspicious of its extent, were yet on the alert, and no local circumstances

favoured a general rising.

On the 24th of February the 34th Native infantry arrived at Berhampore, and were feasted by the 19th Native infantry, who hearing from the new comers the bazaar reports of the cartridges, refused to use even those of the old storcs—one step more gained. The Bombay sepoys keep their arms with them in their huts, as in our Queen's service. Those of Bengaland Madras deposit them in circular brick buildings called Bells, which are kept locked in front of the lines. On the night of the 25th the sepoys of the 19th Native infantry rushed to these bells, broke them open, seized their arms, and waited drawn up in front of their lines. Colonel Mitchell with a detachment of Native cayalry

cavalry and Native artillery marched down upon them. The mutineers promised to lay down their arms if the cavalry and artillery were withdrawn. The concession was made, and the 19th kept their word. It was well, from what we have since learnt, that the crisis passed off so quietly. But here was a further encroachment—any cartridges might be refused, and the mutineers could dictate the terms of their submission.

There were other signs of the times, but there were none to read them. At the end of February an officer reports to the superintendant of the Saugor district the following circumstance. A chowkedar (policeman) comes to the derógah (head-police) of a village, brings him six chepatties—they are cakes two inches in diameter of unleavened atta, or Indian corn bread, the ordinary bread of the sepoys—and says, You will make six others, and pass them on to the next village, and tell the headman there to do the same. The policeman obeys, accepts the cakes, makes six others and passes them on to the headman of the next village with the same message. No one knows whence they come or what they mean, but in an incredibly small space of time the mysterious chepatties have made the round of the whole of the North-West provinces. The authorities were assured that no harm was meant, and the newspapers made a joke of it.

March opened with a still more formidable aspect. came in of a fanatic Moulvie, a high Mahomedan priest, preaching war against the infidels in Oude, and proclamations were found upon him exciting the people against British rule; but it was an isolated case, and Sir Henry Lawrence was there. The Calcutta papers wrote at this time that 'in the present state of the army the most trivial accident may in a moment produce the most serious results.' A hint of the connivance of the ex-king of Oude was thrown out, but the 'king's friends are most indignant at the calumny.' On the 10th of March two sepoys were detected trying to bring over the guard of the Calcutta Mint. Other conspiracies were reported. In the meanwhile a European regiment arrived at Calcutta. despatched to Barrackpore, and now was the time for taking the mutinous 19th in hand. They were marched down from Berhampore, and on the 30th of March disbanded, without disturbance, on the parade ground of Barrackpore. The mutineers, however, were 'not to be turned out with ignominy,' nor the 19th to be crased from the list. The men showed great appearance of contrition, and the brigadier himself was evidently affected. easy now to criticise the past; but it must be owned that neither milder nor harsher measures would then have been of any avail.

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On the very eve of the disbandment a serious affray occurred. A sepoy in open day on parade fired first at the serjeant-major and next at his adjutant, Lieut. Baugh, whom he missed, but whose horse fell from the shot; the man then, calling upon those who had sent him to come and help him, rushed on both with his drawn sword and wounded them. The determined front of General Hearsey, who now appeared on the ground, quelled those who seemed prepared to follow; but one jemadar (lieutenant) refused to advance his men, and some even hustled and struck the officers attacked. A single sepoy, Sheik Phultoo, went to the rescue. He was immediately promoted by General Hearsey to the rank of havildar (serjeant) and the order of merit asked for him. A dry assent came from Government, reminding the General that the promotion was irregular without the sanction of the Governor-General in Council, and that the recommendation for the order of merit would come before the Governor-General in the ordinary way through the Commander-in-Chief. The formal sanction did not arrive till the 16th of April! At this very time the 63rd Native infantry at Soorce declined to accept their furlough in the usual routine. and it was discovered that the 34th had been at work among them. The names of fourteen of these 'passive mutineers were sent up to Government for dismissal, but, as they expressed sorrow, their summary dismissal was refused. The mutinous sepoy of the 34th was tried and hung; but the Governor-General thought it better to avoid giving notoriety to the crime, and objected to his condition being termed 'religious frenzy.' On April 15th a special court of inquiry sat as to the condition of the 34th regiment. Such was the infatuation of the officers. that, with the occurrences of March 29th before them, two out of the number came forward to attest the good feeling and loyalty of the corps. It was proved, however, that, as early as May, 1856, they had shown symptoms of disrespect to their officers—not saluting them, and on one occasion not helping them in the boats when they were in danger on the river. This, however, appeared to be confined to the Hindoos; so the court reported that the Hindoos of the 34th were not trustworthy, but that the Sikhs and Mahomedans were. The Governor-General wrote that he could not allow such a distinction of creeds to be made, and ordered the disbandment of the whole regiment.

April passed away in comparative calm. On the 20th the jema-dar of the 34th who refused assistance to Lieut. Baugh was hung. He expressed penitence in his dying speech, and exhorted his comrades to obey their officers, to listen to them, and not to evil advisers. The example was fairly thought to have produced its

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intended effect, and the restoration of a better feeling among the Native troops was confidently asserted.

With May came reports of further incendiarism, and the newly-annexed province of Oude showed symptoms of avowed mutiny in its capital Lucknow. A doctor in the hospital by a sepoy's bedside had put the bottle of medicine to his mouth before giving it to his patient. Here was a new slur on caste. and such an outcry was made that a pundit was sent for to break the bottle and exorcise the evil; but the doctor's bungalow was burnt down that very night. On the 2nd of May, a few days after, the 7th Oude regiment refused to bite the cartridges, and on the 3rd broke out into open mutiny. Sir Henry Lawrence, by the aid of her Majesty's 32nd and the remainder of the Native troops which still remained firm, promptly suppressed the outbreak, and all was quiet again. It is curious but lamentable now to read the pottering minutes—minute upon minute of the council board on Lawrence's first report of his proceedings (Parl. Pap., p. 210); but the Governor-General on the whole sustained him well, and as times grew hotter soon flashed through the electric telegraph his entire and hearty support. On May 6th, the 34th regiment, which had shown such mutinous conduct on the 29th of March, was disbanded at Barrackpore. Five weeks had elapsed between their crime and its punishment, and the leniency and delay, whatever was the cause, were deemed at the time to show a most unfortunate want of energy in the Government. Lucknow a treasonable letter had been addressed to a sepoy of the 48th, who at once brought it to his superior Native officer, by whom the bearers of it were seized. On the 13th Sir Henry Lawrence held a grand military durbar to reward these men for their loyal service. Carpets were spread on the lawn in front of the residency at Lucknow, sofas were placed for all the civil and military authorities of the station, trays of presents, after eastern fashion, sabres, shawls, chogahs, embroidered cloth, turbans were displayed before the whole of the regiments, and to each of the three men were given promotion on the spot and 300 rupees in hand. Before presenting these in the name of the Government, Sir Henry Lawrence addressed them in Hindostani in an eloquent speech. 'Take these sums of money,' he concluded, 'for your families and relatives, wear these robes of honour at your homes and at your festivals, and may the bright example which you have so conspicuously set, find, as it doubtless will, followers in every regiment and company in the army.' While the Commissioner of Oude was thus labouring to calm by his personal influence his own disaffected district, a terrible storm had already burst in another quarter.

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The scene now shifts to the North-Western provinces. High to the northward, from the sanatorium among the hills at Simla, the commander-in-chief was telegraphing down his confirmation of the sentences of the court-martials, and the Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Colvin at Agra, was occupied in his usual active routine of administration; the old princely city of Delhi was slumbering under the protection of its Native troops—when at Meerut, forty miles to the north-east, the terrible flare of the smouldering fire burst fully out. An uneasy feeling of suspicion was abroad, but railway engineers were surveying in the neighbourhood, and an English painter was on the spot peacefully gathering subjects for his portfolio. In the end of April a squad of artillery recruits at Meerut had objected to the cartridges even of the old form, and had instantly been dismissed; a punishment which General Anson, now awake to the danger, had censured as inadequate to the offence. An opportunity for greater severity soon presented itself. Eighty-five men of the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry out of a company of ninety had openly refused to use the cartridges, and, sentenced to imprisonment, for spaces varying from six to ten years, were now in irons in the jail of Meerut. The sullenness and disaffection of their comrades were visibly increased, and incendiary fires, enough it might be supposed to have put the European force on the alert, were nightly occurring.

On Sunday, the 10th of May, the morning services of the church had been attended as usual by the European men and officers, and many were again preparing for evening prayer; when suddenly a signal was given that the Native troops were in open mutiny. Colonel Finnis of the 11th Bengal Native infantry, a fine soldier, beloved and respected by all, immediately rode to the parade and commenced haranguing his men. seemed moved by his address, but at that moment a shot from the ranks of the 20th, who had now just arrived on the ground, struck his horse; and that shot decided the fate of the day. Another and another followed, and he fell riddled with balls - the first victim, out of hundreds, of the infatuated confidence of the officers in the loyalty of their native men. All discipline was now at an end; but the frenzy of rebellion had not yet reached its height, and the sepoys of the 11th, with a lingering feeling of regard, allowed their officers to escape with their lives. The reign of mercy was but short. The 3rd Light Cavalry, who had meanwhile ridden to the jail, and by the aid of a native smith had knocked off their comrades' irons, returned bringing in their rear upwards of a thousand other prisoners maddened with their unexpected liberty. English

English ladies were abroad driving about in their carriages, civilians in their buggies, ayahs with the children were taking their evening stroll, when the yells and shots of the mutineers suddenly burst upon them. In a moment the barracks and the thatched bungalows were fired, and each officer as he made his appearance was shot down at his door. And now ensued a scene of indiscriminate violence, the particulars of which we forbear to repeat. 'These details,' said Burke, with the true instincts of a noble heart, when speaking of the atrocities perpetrated by Hyder Ali, 'are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conception.'

No station in India was so well supplied with European soldiers. They considerably outnumbered the Native troops. In other places it might be good policy for fear to wear the cloak of moderation; but here the real power was with the British force. It is singular indeed that the sepoys should have dared to select a station garrisoned like Meerut for their first desperate defiance. But they must have known their host and reckoned accordingly. Melancholy it is to read the account of the delays, the purposeless wanderings, the aimless firings into woods and thickets, of the English soldiers on that eventful night, when, hearing that the body of mutineers had set off for Delhi, they blindly affected

to pursue them.

To the Englishman Calcutta is the capital of India; but to the Native the modern 'city of palaces' is a mere gourd's growth of commerce and aggression. All his thoughts of kingly rule and government centre in the proud fortresses of Delhi, close to whose walls still exist pillars carved with readable inscriptions of a date 325 B.C., and with others in strange characters beyond the memory or the ken of man. It is a city not of one creed or of one dynasty. Budhist, Brahmin, and Mussulman monuments are grouped or ruined together; Hindoo, Afghan, Rajpoot, Tartar, Mogul, Persian, Mahratta, Robilla: each has his historical association here. For eight miles to the south of the present city, on an arid plain, along the banks of a brackish and unnavigable river, lie, in the belief of the native, the ruins of five thousand years.* Foundation and fragments of gates, caravanserais, mosques,

^{*} Bishop Heber's account of the city, and his curious reception by the old Emperor, may now be re-read with fresh interest. ('Indian Journal,' vol. i. ch. xix.) It shows the great consideration of the British Government towards the royal

mosques, mausoleums, in red sandstone and white marble, old forts of shahs of varied race and creed, blinded, mutilated, poisoned, assassinated, and dethroned—'who built like giants and furnished their work like jewellers'-are mingled with the tombs and gardens of their favourite wives and daughters; and these ruins in the merry days of modern Delhi furnished the object and the scene for the jaunts and pic-nics of the British residents, The walls of the existing city are seven mile in circuit; and here resided in the palace of his ancestors, on a pension of 80,000 rupees a-month paid by the British Government, Bahader Shah, the representative of the great Mogul dynasty, which once held the whole peninsula under sovereign sway. Hindoo and Mussulman alike still looked up to him as the real source of honour and title, and till within a very few years their princes received their solemn and legal investiture from him. ancestor, the conqueror Clive himself received the warrant of his authority in Bengal; and till 1827 England acquired no new province without applying for his nominal sanction and official firman. Even up to this year the representative of the Governor-General approached him with folded hands, and strangers were presented to him as to a king, happy with the killut or robe of honour with which he usually dismissed them. He received no letters, but only petitions, and never returned a salute. The state of the city and palace, exhibiting the extremes of filth and luxury, well symbolised the condition of this royal court. The vast marble halls were crumbling in rapid decay; crows and kites and unclean birds nestled amidst the mosaics and carvings tumbled on the floor, and rank plants on the walls rent or concealed the sculptured texts of the Koran. In the hall of public audience still exists the dais of the peacock-throne, which, valued at six millions sterling was just a tithe of the treasure that Nadir Shah carried off to Persia, when, in that same chamber, he exchanged turbans with the defeated Emperor Mohammed Shah, and by that exchange acquired the koh-i-noor which Mohammed up to that time had worn. In this ruined paradise of Oriental sensualism the house of Tamerlane still revelled in unchecked vileness. The royal family, consisting of many hundreds, idle, dissolute, shameless, too proud or too effeminate for military service, lived is entire dependence on the king's allowances. For their amusement were congre-

royal race. Mr. Elliott, the then resident, observed to the Bishop, that 'he could not perceive the least chance that, supposing our empire in the East to be at an end, the King of Delhi could for a moment recover any share of authority; 'nor would any of the native princes think it worth while to use (as we did) the pageant of the Emperor's name.

gated from all India the most marvellous jugglers, the most cunning bird-tamers and snake-charmers, the most fascinating dancing-girls, the most skilled Persian musicians. Along the cornice on the outside of the Dewani Kass, or chamber of private audience, run, in letters of gold on white marble, the lines immortalised by Moore:—' If there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this!' The sybaritism of this licentious city, its picturesque and curious buildings, its modern private houses in the suburbs with their delicious gardens and orange-groves and cool verandahs, its idle and luxurious life, have seduced many a young writer or ensign who had the command of thousands but not of self. He revelled here in the orientalism of larger retinues and grosser luxuries. The elephants with painted ears and silver anklets and costly howdars, plodding along the narrow streets overhung with jalousied balconies, recalled those early dreams of Eastern magnificence and mystery of which he had found so little elsewhere. The jewellers and the goldsmiths, the workers of scarves. the inlayers of bidree ware, and the weavers of shawls, here displayed their richest wares, and furnished the most beautiful of those treasured presents which adorn so many an English home, -which it rejoiced so many a son and brother to dispatch, so many a mother and sister to receive.

But though the population of 152,000 souls was exactly balanced between Mahomedans and Hindoos, it was the Moslem who here reigned supreme. To him the names of Mahmoud of Ghuznee, of Tamerlane, of Baber, of Acbar, and Arungzebe were familiar and household words. Through the seven land gate's of the city had issued the armies that had subdued the Hindoo to Mussulman rule, and through them had poured in the horses and fruits of Cabul, the amour of Oude, the shawls of Cashmere, the tributes of annual princes to the glory of the Great Mogul. The magnificent buildings of Shahjehan told of the acme of their greatness, and even in the decrepitude and decay of the Mogul empire, science had erected the vast Observatory of stone and marble instruments. Here was their most sacred mosque, though desecrated by British restoration-here their grand Moollah, and their most holy dervishes. To this hotbed of intolerant Moslem fanaticism thronged from all India the ascetics, the devotees, the lowest rabble of superstitious vagabondism. There were few signs of British rule except the restored Jumma Musjid and the repaired aqueduct. at the introduction of whose waters, in 1820, the grateful inhabitants threw in garlands of roses and offerings of jewels; but the activity of increasing population and commerce, ever attendant on Anglo-Saxon occupation, was visible in the rich banks.

banks, the Italian villas, and the doubled value of land and houses. Especially this was the great arsenal of the Indian artillery, which, according to some accounts, amounted at this time to 640 heavy guns, with 480 of field artillery, and corresponding ammunition. Such was the city, at once the focus of Moslem fanaticism and the centre of British defence, which, in such a temperament of the Bengal army, was left, on May 10th,

without the protection of a single British soldier!

On Monday merning, May 11th, the order of the Governor-General, disbanding the 34th regiment at Barrackpore, had been read before the troops at Delhi. The parade was scarcely over, when the report came of the arrival of the mutinous troopers from Meerut at the Calcutta gate. A few, who had ridden ahead, had entered the city and shot down a European officer, and more were announced as approaching. Brigadier Graves, confident in his Native troops, at once rode forward on the Cashmere road to meet them. The 54th Native infantry marched out cagerly in gallant style, and as the motley troop of some 200 horsemen, with English medals on their breasts, drums beating and flags flying, were seen to approach, dusty and jaded from their long march, the word was given to the 54th to fire. They answered by discharging their pieces into the air; and before the officers clearly saw the turn which things had taken, many of them were shot down by the men. The confidence with which the mutineers approached was now explained—the troops at Delhi and Meerut understood one another.

On the return of the surviving officers to the city the whole rabble of the city were up, and joining the mutineers in fifing and plundering. Brigadier Graves immediately took measures for the safety of the Europeans, and appointed the Flagstaff Tower for the rendezvous. Here were soon collected such civilians and ladies as were within reach, and such native troops as still seemed faithful. Dr. Batson volunteered at once to disguise himself as a faquir and go to Meerut for assistance, and the tale of his perils and escapes would in itself form the subject of a volume. At the first sign of danger Lieut. Willoughby put the smallarms magazine, which was under his superintendence, in a state of defence. Two guns were brought within the walls, and the gates barricaded. Successive summons had come in the King of Delhi's name to deliver up the place to the insurgents. only reply vouchsafed was a volley of grape. But now their artillery ammunition was exhausted; the last round had been fired; the mutineers had scaled the walls; and the Natives employed in the magazine had openly joined them. There remained but four Europeans, and Lieut. Willoughby resolved to blow up

the magazine before it fell into the enemy's hands. Some 500 of the mutineers perished in the explosion, and with them was destroyed the greater part of two millions and a half rounds of small ammunition. Scorched and wounded, Lieut. Willoughby got away to Meerut; but this heroic soldier did not long survive his wounds. Meanwhile the Europeans were escaping as best they could, by twos and threes; men separated from their wives, mothers from their children, made their way to the river's edge, and awaited the darkness of night to cover their escape. Some fled for refuge to the houses of natives. Sir Thomas Metcalfe was three days concealed in Delhi before he fled. Others were hunted out, and cruelly butchered. The vilest rabble of the jail, the lowest dregs of the foulest city in India, were in rampant power, and devilishly did they use it; as if the pentup fury of an hundred years was wreaking itself on their hated masters.

The lesser sufferings of flight and wanderings, as the scattered Europeans made their way to Meerut or Kurnaul, have been since given in frightful detail. In all our righteous indignation against the authors of these wrongs, we should yet never forget that there were hundreds of natives, Brahmins, faquirs, rajahs, zemindars, high and low, who took pity on the outcasts, gave them food and clothing, hid them in their houses, and guided them on their way, when the detection of such care for the lives of the hated foreigner would have cost them their own.

Within the city itself it is equally clear that the best and most respectable of the inhabitants neither sympathised with nor supported the rebels. They had too much to lose to wish to see an infuriated mob triumphant; but others, through hate or fear, brought forth, after a time, the white people who had taken shelter under their roofs, and delivered them over to their relentless executioners. What the complicity of the king in the previous plot may have been is not yet known: but he soon assumed the authority of appointing leaders to the mutineers, and of enforcing such order within the city as an armed mob would allow.

It speedily appeared that the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi was no isolated movement. As the news ran from station to station the bearing of the troops became more independent and insolent, and an uneasy feeling pervaded the whole of the European civilians, though the officers continued to have confidence in their men, or at least deemed it prudent to affect it. Already troops on their way to the rescue in the immediate neighbourhood of Meerut had gone over to the rebels, when, on May 14th, 200 miles off at Ferozepore, the 49th Native infantry

rose in open mutiny. Fortunately her Majesty's 61st Fusileers were at hand, by whom the insurgents were at once repulsed -not, however, till they had destroyed the European residences and burnt to the ground the Church, known and dear to ourselves beyond any other in India as being the one raised to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the Sutlei and Punjaub campaigns. The 10th Light Cavalry, since disarmed, then stood firm, and made great havoc among the mutineers; nor did the affair pass off with their momentary dispersement. They were pursued and brought back as prisoners, and sentenced to death by a courtmartial of native officers. A month after the outbreak, twentyfour were brought out for execution: ten were reprieved on the spot, on a promise to divulge the particulars of the plot. the rest, two were hung and ten blown from the guns in the presence of the troops and inhabitants. The men met their fate with great steadiness, taunting those who saved their lives by submission. The native spectators seemed horror-stricken at the sight, but the effect of the severity did not extend beyond the station. Ferozepore lies on the Bengal side of the Sutlei river, and its vicinity to our newly-acquired territory of the Punjaub might have led men at a distance to tremble for its effect on the Sikh population—so notoriously fond of fighting —and to suppose that here the chord of loyalty would be at its greatest strain; but those who knew the excellent system introduced, and the men that were there to work it, had great reliance from the first that, by force or management, things would be kept Among the Bengal troops, however, quartered there, the mutinous undercurrent was at work, and broke out in great violence at Nooshera.

But little time was lost. • General Reid, in concert with Brigadiers Chamberlain, Cotton, Edwardes, and Nicholson, immediately organized a moveable column, which placed the whole district under military law, and the work of disarming went regularly on, though with different success. The vigorous dealing with the suspected troops, and the general pacification of the Punjaub, reflect the highest credit on Sir John Lawrence and his coadjutors; and the best compliment that can be paid to the authorities of that district is the further omission of the name of the Punjaub in the distressing history that ensues.

Every day was now adding strength to the insurrection. The Europeans were helpless in the hands of their soldiers, and their best chance was to fall back upon the old prestige of the English name; but natives are as quick as children in detecting motives; they saw through the thin mask, and knew who were really masters. Spreading from Delhi north-east through

Robilcund.

Rohilcund, the mutinous contagion had early reached Bareilly; and though to the 23rd of June the authorities went on enlisting recruits into the Irregular Cavalry—the body deemed most trustworthy—the residents were on their guard. They had sent their wills down to Calcutta, and their children and wives to Nynee Tal, a hill station in the Himalayas, and they themselves for weeks slept with their clothes on, their pistols loaded, and their horses saddled, ready to start at a moment's notice. The whirlwind seemed to have passed by them, and the men came to them with most earnest assurances, and begged them to send for their wives and children back from the hills. On Sunday, May 31st, morning prayer was being offered up as usual in the church, when suddenly the cry of the Philistines upon them ran through the congregation. The crisis had been so long expected that, when the terrible moment came at last, most of the officers and civilians were able to avail themselves of the preconcerted plans. Each rushed to his house, and pursued by the suwars, on whose loyalty they had most depended, they rode off at full gallop towards Nynee Tal. There were times when one stumble or a moment's breathing rest would have been fatal to the rider; but though several horses fell down dead with fatigue just as they reached their refuge, all their riders Looting, arson, and murder immediately succeeded. escaped. Dr. Hay and two civilians were taken before a native who had been employed in our own magistrates' courts, and, after a mock trial were sentenced to death and beheaded. A subadar of the artillery proclaimed himself governor of the province under the king of Delhi, but his authority was of no avail to preserve order; the suwars and sepoys, Mahomedans and Hindoos, had already fallen to blows, and, after fighting among themselves for the treasury, dispersed for the head-quarters at Delhi. In connexion with the troops at Bareilly were the 29th Native infantry of the neighbouring station of Moradabad. They seemed to have joined unwillingly; and to have been more intent on spoil than blood. They made no attack on their officers, but bade them speed to the hills, some of the sepoys and servants accompanying them all the way to Nynee Tal, where the deadly Terai, a forest-jungle at the foot of the hills, acting as a barrier of pestilence, afforded the refugees, with a small Ghoorkha force, their best protection against the rebels of the plain. At Shahjehanpore also, in the same district, the Englishmen were surrounded while in Church. The first accounts reported all killed; but many were saved by the faithfulness of their native servants and syces (grooms), who protected them from the mutineers and assisted them in their escape.

So

So rapid had been the tide of disaffection that, by the end of May, 34 regiments of the Bengal army had been disbanded, disarmed, or mutinied; but all affirmed that the worst was over. The fall of Delhi, daily expected! would set all things straight; loyal addresses poured in to Government; Native regiments were volunteered to be led against their mutinous brethren; and the Governor-General, on the 25th, thanked in person the 70th at Barrackpore for the loyalty they had so opportunely shown in giving up some traitors who had attempted to seduce them, and offering at once to be led to Delhi. Nevertheless, from Aimeer on the one side to Oude on the other, new outbreaks and atrocities were reported by every post, and June opened with no very bright prospects. It has been stated that the most considerable of the native rajahs were early in the field with their offers of assistance. The time was now come to test their value.

. In Central and Upper Hindostan still lie large states under their independent sovereigns, though subject to the surveillance of English residents, and with contingent corps, officered by Europeans, which they are bound by treaty to bring into the field at the call of the British Government. Of these independent states, lying northward and nearest to the scene of mutiny, is Gwalior, with itacities Gwalior and Neemuch, the dominion of Scindia, the descendant of that Mahratta chief Scindia, to whom, by final treaty in 1805, the country south of the Chumbul was assigned. On the first outbreak, the greatest hopes were entertained of the support of these rulers and their several contingents. Their troops had not been brought in contact with the mutineers, their interests might be supposed to be different, and the chiefs, though rivals with one another, were known to be favourable and friendly to the British Government. For a time they were only heard of as devoted to our alliance and marching to our support; but as the evil spirit extended, and it was discovered to be more than mere military discontent, it was found that no more dependance could be placed on these contingents than on our men. To this day Scindia of Gwalior and Holcar of Indore remain firm, and have rendered us considerable service. But with their troops the feeling was far otherwise. As early as the first outbreak at Mcerut, a company of the Gwalior contingent had proved false, but it was at a time that they were exposed to great temptation, and the main body of the contingent were still believed to be uninfected with their spirit. In almost every instance the same feeling was indulged. Partly in fear, but more in faith, wherever a European officer was found, he continued to confide in the men by whom he was surrounded. At Neemuch,

when suspicion of their fidelity first arose, the men were indignant at the thought, and they voluntarily took the oath in the most solemn manner on the Ganges water, that they would prove true to the masters whose salt they ate. On the very next day, the 3rd of June, they rose in mass, and the cavalry at once surrounded the houses of the English to prevent their escape. Here the sepoys, though in mutiny, still for a time defended their officers, when, seeing the artillery approach, they told them they could do no more for them, and they must now run for their lives. Those who escaped from the first slaughter had to wander forth into an unknown country in wretched plight. They had left, at a moment's notice, with only the clothes they had on their backs. At each village the people, uneasy at their presence, pushed them onward to the next. Sleeping on the bare ground, attacked by disease and vermin, thankful for the dirty water and unpalatable chepattie which was grudgingly afforded them, daily haunted with the rumours of the approach of fresh mutineers, threatened by stragglers, and not knowing whither to flee, many miserably perished, how and where will never be told. To one party of men, women, and children a timely succour arrived, and, after a fortnight's wandering, the good Rana of Oudepore—be his name remembered—brought them back in safety to Neemuch. Gwalior itself seven officers, with their wives and children, were massacred at the first rising. The 1st and 2nd Cavalry alone rescued their officers, and, taking them to the outside of cantonments, bade them go in peace. Some strange feeling of pity even the murderers seem to have had. After shooting down every Englishman within their reach, they came back to the wretched women, hiding and clinging to their homes, and, after mocking and threatening, they crammed all that remained in a carriage and sent them away. The whole country was up, and there was little hope of their reaching any place of safety; but after five days' misery, and living only on grain and water, their lives supported by a spirit which in great extremity is never wanting to the most delicate Englishwoman, they got to Agra at last.

The success of the mutineers at Delhi was now beginning to tell at distant stations. But it would be injustice to suppose that there were none who regretted the movement,—none, who if left to themselves would not willingly have served their old masters. Not only individual sepoys, but whole companies and regiments would doubtless have remained firm, if the outbreak at Meerut had been provided against and crushed on the instant. It is evident that many men were drawn into the stream with reluctance; but the tide was now running at full height, and

it required indeed a strong swimmer to breast it alone. Yet all the good qualities of the sepoy were not crushed in a moment. At Azimghur, the treasure-escort had just started for Benares, and the officers, with the ladies, were at mess, when two signal-guns at once warned them that mischief was brewing. Placing the ladies in safety, the officers proceeded direct to the parade-ground; on their approach the men immediately formed a square about them, assured them that no one should touch them, but begged them to take to their carriages and be off at once. They even fetched the carriages themselves, and one party escorted Major Burroughs and his officers ten miles on their way to Ghazeepore; while another rode after the treasure-escort, some to protect it, others

to have their share in the plunder.

The news of this rising reached Benares on the following This 'holy city' is to day, and precipitated matters there. the Hindoo what Delhi is to the Mussulman, but while at Delhi the population is equally balanced between the two arceds, at Benares the Hindoos are ten to one. There are more than a thousand sivalas, or Hindoo temples, within the city, but the characteristic feature is that of the numerous beautiful shâts, or flights of steps into the river, where the Hindoos come to bathe in the sacred stream of the Ganges. descriptions of the city by Heber and Macaulay yet hold true. The sacred bulls and devout beggars still crowd up the narrow overhanging streets; and the divine monkeys leap from pinnacle to pinnacle of the temples, round which are posted the hideous faquirs and other ascetics of revolting character, 'offering every conceivable deformity which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show.' In Benares Brahminism is seen in all its completeness. Here suttee and self-immolation made their last stand. To die on its holy ground is to secure a certainty of eternal bliss; one pilgrimage to it, at least, in his life every Hindoo hopes to accomplish. The gaudiest and most costly festivals of all India are celebrated there; an eclipse would bring a hundred thousand pilgrims to the river stairs; 'where are passed the busiest and happiest hours of every Hindoo's day: bathing, dressing, praying, preaching, lounging, gossiping, or sleeping.' * On these ghâts the natives combine business, amusement, and religion, all in one. Every encouragement has here been given by the British Government to Hindoo literature and education, and the people generally were believed to feel and

^{*} Prinsep's 'Benares,' quoted in Thornton's Gazetteer of India—the latter, a work of great research and accuracy, and invaluable in the present state of Indian affairs.

acknowledge

acknowledge the benefits of our rule. It only required this city to be brought over to make the mutiny a common cause of both the rival creeds of India.

Most providentially, on the very day of the news of the Azimghur rising reaching Benares, Colonel Neil, with two guns and 210 men of her Majesty's 10th, and of the Madras Fusileers (Europeans)—the first-fruits of the English troops that had been sent for-arrived from Calcutta. It was determined to disarm the disaffected 37th, though many of the officers still maintained it to be staunch. An ordinary parade was quietly ordered, and a hollow square formed. On the north were the huts of the Native 37th, on the west a regiment of Sikhs, on the south the 13th Irregular Cavalry, on the east the opportune handful of English soldiers. Both the cavalry and Sikhs had been throughout considered trustworthy, and had been specially called in for the defence of the city against the sepoys. The cavala, indeed, had begun to be slightly suspected; the Sikhs were deemed as trustworthy as our own men. When the 37th Native infantry saw the artillery and Europeans drawn out, and found they had been forestalled, they refused to lay down their And now occurred one of the strangest conflicts that history has to tell. The accounts are necessarily confused, perhaps none quite correct, but all agree in the character the fight ultimately assumed. On the first order to disarm, the 37th replied by pouring a volley into their own officers, yet not one fell at the first discharge. Immediately the men retreated into their huts, under cover of which they continued to fire on the Europeans, and Captain Guise, commanding the Irregulars, coming upon the ground at this moment, fell riddled by the balls of the sepoys. The Sikhs and the cavalry stood for a while looking on, till Captain Dodgson of the 37th, seeing the cavalry had lost their leader, rode up, and offered himself to head them. He was yet speaking, when a bullet struck his sword-arm and disabled him; the man who fired the shot rushed upon him, and Dodgson was only saved by a man of the same troop who came up to the rescue. The Sikhs advanced and placed themselves between the cavalry and the 37th, facing the latter; but, on being ordered to attack, they wheeled round, firing, some on the cavalry, some, it is supposed, on the Europeans. From this moment there was no distinguishing between friend and foe. The English guns were turned from the 37th, and opened upon the Sikhs and cavalry alike, who losing, or brought again to, their senses, now fired on the 37th. But it was now too late to recover themselves, if they had any such intention. huts of the sepoys had been meanwhile fired, and they were in full full flight. The Sikhs and cavalry were not long behind them, the artillery poured in their grapeshot, and in less than an hour had cleared the parade-ground of all living enemies. Though the English troops were 200 to 2000, only four men were killed. Such was the Mêlée of Benares.

There is some reason to think that the main body of the Sikhs Their subsequent conduct at Benares, and Allahabad, and that of their countrymen elsewhere, greatly confirms this view. But still more to complicate the matter, we find, on the evening of the same day, a portion of the Irregular Cavalry escorting the ladies and civilians to the Mint, a portion of the 37th carrying Major Barrett and another officer, wounded, to the cantonments, and 70 Sikhs defending the treasury faithfully to the last. mutineers, at the first panic, flying and firing random shots in all directions, had spread great alarm among the cantonments and residencies; but the civil magistrates on the spot were men equal to the emergency: the apprehended riots in the aty were suppressed, fugitives from neighbouring out-stations, kindly protected for a time by native landholders, were searched for and Pbrought in in safety; while the most active measures were instantly taken for collecting all the ladies and civilians within the Mint, a building whose succession of terraces rendered it temporarily defensive, and where, on the Sunday following, order was sufficiently restored to allow the Church services to be carried The native servants, and the citizens of character, all behaved well; and a Baptist Missionary writes from the holy city, that 'the landholders, merchants, shopkeepers, artisans, and indeed all the well-doing classes, are to a man against the move-Crowded up in the Mint, sleeping on the roofs of the buildings under an eastern moonlight, the Europeans yet held their ground up to the end of July. Soorul Sing, a Sikh chieftain, had proved himself so faithful and watchful in his guard, that the ladies and children in the Mint had already subscribed 100l. to make him the honourable present of a set of handsome armour.

It has since been discovered that the night of the 4th of June had been agreed upon for a general rising at Benares and the neighbouring stations; and the conflict was precipitated by the arrival of Colonel Neil on the eve of the outbreak. At Allahabad the few additional hours for conspiracy turned the fate of the day. The town lies higher up the river than Benares, at the very point of junction of the Jumna with the Ganges, which here becomes about a mile in width. These junctions, or prayagas, wherever they occur, are Holy of Holies to the bathing pilgrims of Hindostan, and Allahabad the most holy of all. The fort stands

in an impregnable position on the tongue of land formed by the confluence of the rivers; and here the very smallest force of Europeans might have kept any amount of Orientals at bay. It lies a quarter of a mile from the station, and was garrisoned by At the station were the 'loyal' 6th Native infantry, who had volunteered with enthusiasm to march against the insurgents of Delhi, and had been publicly thanked for their spirit, and such confidence was felt in these men that the civilians, trusting rather to the stalwart hearts and arms of the sepoys than to the stone walls, generally refused to come into the fort for safety. The officers sat down to mess in old English comfort. There was a large muster that day, for six or seven young ensigns unattached, fresh from their English homes, had just joined, and the poor boys must have been entering with zest on the new life, as they thought, opening before them. At half-past nine the garrison was roused from their beds by the sound of firing heard at the station, and the alarm-bugle shortly brought them to the ramparts. So steady was the report of the musketry that the remark was, 'Well done, gallant sepoys! they are beating off the rebels, who are come at last.' But before long, the sad truth was known. The officer in charge of the artillery came galloping into the fort, saying that his guns had been seized and drawn towards the station, and that the whole of the sepoys were in mutiny, murdering every European they could find, military and civil alike. Of seventeen officers at the mess that evening, only three escaped—two by swimming the Ganges to the fort, Mockery was added to murder; for while this butchery was going on, the band was playing 'God save the Queen.' In all, fifty Europeans fell by the hands of the sepoys that night. Then followed the usual course. The jail broken open, the treasury sacked, house after house plundered and fired, the station a smoking ruin, and the green flag of the Prophet raised above the town by a moulvie, who represented himself as viceroy of the King of Delhi. Colonel Neil, pursuing his mission of relief up the valley of the Ganges, bringing retribution in his van and leaving order in his rear, came too late to aid the sufferers, but not too late to punish their murderers. By the aid of the Sikhs in the fort under Major Brazier, and supported by a steamer that moved along the river, Colonel Neil, with his little force, attacked and fired the town, drove the Bfahmins and moulvies to flight, recovered the lost guns, and restored order in the city and security in the fort. The nephew of the rebel moulvie was put to death by the Sikhs, who showed little disposition to spare. The native Christian catechists, who had been made prisoners by the insur-

gents

gents at the outbreak, were left behind when the city was abandoned by them, having been befriended by a wealthy Hindoo zemindar. Allahabad has now become the base of operations to the North-West, and thither the troops, as they arrive at Calcutta,

are at once forwarded with all speed.

At the little out-post garrison of Jhansi, where terrible atrocities were enacted, it was said that an English officer, driven to desperation, when he saw the sepoys swarming up the walls of the last stronghold, kissed his wife, shot her, and then himself. Now nothing could justify, nothing but bereavement of senses excuse, so pagan an act. The descending sword has oftentimes been warded off in its fall; rescue has arrived at the last moment of the eleventh hour; and true courage, as well as true faith, would wait God's own time. It is a relief to find that there is no foundation for the story, save that they both misserably perished.

It would be in vain to attempt to follow out the mutiny at every station as it now so rapidly arose. The mind sickens and wearies over the narrative of the same forbearing confidence. he same treacherous assassination, the same hairbreadth escapes. the same courageous endurance of misery in British soldiers and civilians, men and women. But some cases have special features of their own, and not always easy to reconcile, or to comprehend. On the 8th of June, at Fyzabad, in the centre of Oude, a regiment of Irregulars, combining with the 22nd Native infantry, took possession of the battery, but allowed their officers to escape; they protected them from the townspeople, found them boats, gave each his own property and 900 rupees from the public treasury, which they had looted; yet, falling in with other mutineers, the fugitives were hunted by them like otters on the river, and many perished on the islands and banks on which they had taken refuge, or owed their lives to the protection of some hospitable rajah. On the 12th of June, in the Sonpal district, at Deoghyr, in the midst of a quiet country, Major Macdonald, Sir Norman Leslie, and Dr. Grant, of the 5th Irregular Cavalry, were at tea; three natives rushed in upon them, and, almost before they were aware of their presence, Leslie was murdered, and his companions, who had to fight for their lives with the furniture they could lay hold of, were badly wounded. The 32nd, still faithful up to the last accounts, showed great sympathy with the officers. and did all in their power to arrest the murderers. The assassing. proved to be of the 5th Irregular Cavalry, were soon captured and hung by men of their own regiment, who professed great horror at the deed, and who have all since mutinied. By the middle of June, while order was being restored in several places where

the sepoys had risen, a general anarchy was extended to places apparently free from the military influence. Petty rajahs proclaimed their independence, and were, in some instances, pounced upon and hanged; dacoittee and robbery were spreading, and all the evil elements of the lowest classes were stirred up; roads became unsafe; disbanded sepoys were ranging the country and cutting off unprotected travellers; but there has been nothing which resembles a national rising.

By the end of June the Bengal army may be said to have ceased to exist. Seventy regiments were gone, and the few that remained were only awed by the presence of European troops, or kept together by local influences so slight that the lightest breath might disperse them. Throughout the whole troubles, wherever Anglo-Saxon energy has shown itself, its effect was immediately felt. Lawrence and Edwardes in the Punjaub, and Henry Lawrence in Oude, whether successfully guiding or compelling their people, or dying at their post, were literally in themselves a host—a match for a thousand.

Agra, the capital of the North-West provinces, had of course early been brought within the influence of the insurrection now eddying from Meerut far and wide; the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin, with prompt decision hastened to reassure the seroys in their allegiance, and on his harangue to the troops, Native and European, the cheering of the sepoys outvoiced that of the English, and lasted longer, and the city settled down into confidence and repose; soon, however, to be dissipated. On the 25th of May, in ignorance of what had happened elsewhere, the ill-judged proclamation offering pardon to all who would return to their allegiance was issued, but cancelled as soon as known by the Governor-General. Mcanwhile the native soldiers, entrusted with the convoy of treasure, had turned on their officers and The fruits of forbearance elsewhere murdered them on the road. began to be better understood, and on the 1st of June all the native regiments within the place were by good management The communication between the fort and city was still kept up, but matters looked awkward, and none could tell what was coming to pass. There was now no want of energy; walls were repaired, the old fort was cleared out and put in order, and the whole Christian population were drilled and armed. Our old friend Jotee Persaud, whose commissariat arrangements saved us in the Sutlej campaign, but who was prosecuted, though acquitted, for embezzlement, came to the aid of his masters. Perhaps he forgot our ingratitude in our justice. Meanwhile refugees from Gwalior and other parts came dropping into Agra, each with their tale of horror and misery. What

days they spent in scorching suns, what perils by day, by night, by robbers, in watchings, in fastings, in weariness and faintness, in nakedness-what miraculous escapes, what heartless cruelty, yet often what consideration and what kindness-it was a relief to tell when the troubles were past. With such tales did they beguile their countrymen in Agra, who out of their now decreasing store, continued to give food and raiment to the new comers, Though every fresh arriver had more fearful miseries and deeper horrors to relate, and all suggestive of more imminent dangers to the listeners, there was no failing of spirit in the ranks of this British company. On the 4th of July the Kotah contingent, quartered in the cantonments, and believed to be staunch, mutinied and went to join the sepoys who were known to be on their way from Neemuch. On the following day the mutineers united their forces and were within five miles of Agra. It was determined not to await their approach but at once to go out and meet them. The English force was 650 men and one battery of artillery, with such mounted volunteer civilians as could be spared from the fort. The insurgents numbered 4000 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and 11 guns; they had entrenched themselves in the village of Shahgunge, about three miles distant, and desperately they held their position. A handful of volunteers was all that the English had to meet their cavalry, which kept hovering on both flanks but once only dared to charge, and were then received by such a volley from her Majesty's 3rd, under Colonel Riddell, as effectually checked a return. After more than two hours' severe fighting, the natives were dislodged from their position and the artillery was ordered to be brought up in front; it was then discovered that, though the guns were ready, the ammunition was exhausted; two tumbrils had blown up during the engagement, a casualty which the mutineers had welcomed by a yell which in their ranks has already superseded the British cheer. Had the requisite ammunition been at hand, a total rout must have ensued, for already the mutineers' cartridges had come to an end and they were firing pice and stones. The English had now nothing left but to retire; this they did in perfect order, though on the enemy finding our guns silent they again brought their artillery into play. So ended the battle of Agra, Captain D'Oyly, who commanded the British artillery, died of his wounds; of the whole force one man in six was killed, and of killed and wounded together, one in three fell. As the survivors passed through the cantonments on their way to the fort, the work of incendiarism and plunder had already begun, and they beheld from the ramparts in the evening the whole station, churches, colleges, barracks, houses, in one blaze of flame. The mutineers, however, had had enough of it; they were off to Mutrah, probably to swell the throng now pouring on towards Delhi. The native servants nearly all left their masters at the first panic; a man who had twenty servants in the morning had not one at night; the lower town population was thoroughly disaffected, though now awed into submission by the bearing of the holders of the fort. By the latest accounts all is reported well, and there can be little doubt that the danger to Agra is past.

Our narrative now returns to Lucknow and its neighbour Cawn-The early disaffection of the capital of Oude has already been recorded; but in Sir Henry Lawrence the Europeans, besieged within the fortress of Lucknow, had one of the best men in India to defend them. Diminished as his force was by the secession of all the Native troops but the artillery, he had managed to send succour to Cawnpore, and though opposed by a force of mutineers, estimated from 12,000 to 20,000, and a hostile population who always carry arms, was holding out with his little band till reinforcements arrived from below. Pressed at length by want of food and fuel, and reduced to the last extremity, he determined, on July 2nd, to make a sortie on the enemy's lines. After two hours of desperate fighting the armed horde was driven back, and a considerable amount of provisions fell into the hands of the English soldiers, consisting of but 200, part of her Majesty's 32nd, and with these brave fellows, great as was the odds against them, Lawrence could yet repel the open enemy; but for the one remaining bit of treachery he was unprepared. As his little force was retiring hopeful from their victory, and bearing the fruits of their hard-fought battle for the sufferers in the fort, the Native artillery who had accompanied the expedition, and shared in and helped to acquire the late success, suddenly wheeled round, just as our troops reached the fort, and opened a deadly fire on the Before they were able to recover themselves unfortunate 32nd. and face their assailants, 60 men, rank and file, were killed, and, worst of all, among the officers severely wounded, was the gallant leader himself, who, four days afterwards, sunk from lockjaw brought on by the wound. This was the heaviest blow that could have befallen the besieged; but they had fortunately in Major Banks a man equal to the emergency. He wrote on the 8th of July to say that he was prepared to hold out six weeks. and that the garrison were in good heart. This spirit was doomed to a sudden rise and fall, when, on the 30th of July, General Havelock's relief appeared within three miles of the walls

walls of Lucknow, and then had immediately to retire. The fearful suspense which has so long been felt with respect to the garrison is happily abated by the last intelligence, and there is now a confident expectation that it will hold out till it is relieved.

About the 16th of May the news of the Meerut and Delhi revolts reached Cawnpore. They were probably not unexpected by the natives. The garrison, under Sir Hugh Wheeler, one of those Bengal officers whom Sir Charles Napier singled out as a disciplinarian of the first order, consisted entirely of Native regiments, the 1st, the 53rd, and the 56th. The town of Cawnpore. situated on the Doab, or inland peninsula formed by the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna, lies on the south bank of the former stream—a low and dusty station with no remains of antiquity to interest the stranger, and no fort, or even position of advantage for a beleaguered force to occupy. The old town contains a population of about 50,000; the new town, the growth of British rule, which as sprung up around the cantonments, contains an equal number; and from the grand-trunk road here crossing the river, the place has of late years become one of considerable importance as a mart of inland commerce as well as of military occupation. Before our annexation of the Punjaub, which caused our forces to be concentrated further to the North-West, Campore was the chief military station of India, and its balls, its races, and its theatre made it one of the spots of gayest resort for English society. Once the harbour of Thuggee, of wolves, and of deadly snakes, few places have more benefited by English colonization; and in the compounds and gardens of the military station European fruits and vegetables vied with the mangoes, the shaddocks, the plantains, and the guavas of the The cantonments lie for five miles along the river, whose muddy banks will never again be seen by an Englishman without a remembrance of the treachery by which they have been so deeply stained. On the receipt of the disastrous news of the spreading mutiny, Sir Hugh Wheeler lost no time in making the most of his bad position. With only fifty European artillerymen he was unable to disarm his garrison, and it was solely by judicious management that he could keep things together till he had made arrangements for extemporizing such a defence as the place was capable of. Sir Henry Lawrence had sent from Lucknow seventy men of her Majesty's 3rd; but towards the end of May they were recalled, and eighty men of her Majesty's 84th and of the Madras Fusileers (Europeans) arrived. The wives and families. however, of the 32nd remained behind; and there was also at this time a large number of lady visitors beyond the ordinary residents of the stations, attracted by the balls of the preceding Vol. 102.—No. 204. 2 o month.

month. Suspicious symptoms had already appeared. The men of the Native 2nd Light Cavalry had sent their wives and families home on some frivolous pretext; and the feeling of insecurity that pervaded the European's cannot better be realised than by the following extracts from the diary letter of the wife of the magistrate of the station:—

'May 13 .- You will have seen from the papers that India just now is in a very disturbed state. It seems strange that at a large station like Meerut they could have managed to do such mischief without the authorities there having an inkling of what was . . May 15.—These mutinies are the topic of the going on. . . day. . . . There is no saying where and how all this will end. Disaffection in the army is spreading rapidly. Great fears are entertained for Delhi, for there are no European troops there, and the native regiments are all more or less affected. Cawnpore is quiet, and the regiments here are staunch. . . . We are mediate danger here, but should they mutiny, we shall either go into the cantonments, or to a place called Bithoor, about six miles from Cawnpore, where the Peishwa's successor resides. He is a great friend of C--'s, and is a man of enormous wealth and influence; and he has assured C—— that we should all be quite safe there. I myself would much prefer going to the cantonment, but C--- thinks it would be better for me and our precious children to be at Bithoor. May 17.—It is expected that in about three weeks we shall have recaptured Delhi and blown the place to pieces. We do not expect there will be much fighting, for a few shells thrown into the fort, and a volley or two, will quickly disperse them, and they will probably give'in at once. May 18.—This is an anxious time, for though Cawnpore remains quiet, we cannot help thinking of the dangers which surround us, and of the sufferings of our dear friends and fellow . . There are all sorts of dreadful rumours going about, but I hope they are false. If there should be an outbreak here, dearest C- has made all the necessary arrangements for me and the children to go to Bithoor, and he will go there himself, and with the aid of the Rajah, to whose house we are going, he will collect and head a force of 1500 fighting men, and bring them into Cawnpore to take the insurgents by surprise. This is a plan of their own, and is quite a secret, for the object of it is to come on the mutineers unawares.'

The night of the 21st of May was settled for a general rising of the Native troops. Information of this having reached Wheeler, he ordered the guns at once within the entrenchments, and prepared for the worst. The ladies of the station and the civilians were hurried into the same place of rendezvous, the barrack-hospital; but the violence of the storm that raged fearfully that night

night prevented the warring reaching all. The vigilance of the commander, and the bold front still shown, cowed the wavering sepoys, and again each officer, while distrusting others, still felt confidence in his own men. While the non-combatants, to the number of 400 or 500, were crowded together in the hospital and little chapel attached, where the heat and suffocation were almost beyond endurance, the officers still slept in the lines, but with loaded pistols under their pillows. The sepoys asked, What had come to the sahibs to be in such fear?

The diary continues:

'May 23.—We are now in cantonments? We came here the day before yesterday, about 5 r.m. The night before the general had so much cause for alarm that he sent a message to Sir H. Lawrence at Lucknow, asking him to assist us with 300 European soldiers; but Lucknow being in a very similar state, he could only spare us 55 men, who have arrived here. . . . The rumours were so bad that C——, with the consent of Sir H. Wheeler, wrote to the Rajah of Bithoor to send his force of Mahrattas down here, and all the officers have slept in their lines to show the sepoys that they placed implicit confidence in them. Can you imagine such a state of things—our own troops threatening us with an outbreak, and then moodily putting it off for a few nights?'

An officer at Cawnpore, writing to Calcutta on the morning of the 5th of June, assured his friend that things had taken a good turn; the men were returning to their allegiance, and with the 150 European soldiers, and provisions for three weeks, they had good hope to hold out till succour came. On the afternoon of the same day he despatched a second letter enclosing his will, and saying that the crisis was come at last, and would be on them in the evening. On that night the men rose on their officers, and many were killed in their attempt to reach the entrenchment. usual outrages had of course followed the open mutiny. treasury was seized; the jail opened; the houses plundered and fired; and having killed every Christian that fell in their way, the mutineers and the mob joined in attacking the barrack-hospital, in which General Wheeler had entrenched himself. The friend at Bithoor, whom they had so eagerly expected, had at length arrived, and it is time to introduce him to our readers.

Eight miles up the river, above Cawnpore, stands the fortress of Bithoor; it was once the residence of the British magistrate, but had been abandoned for the rising Cawapore, and assigned to the ex-Peishwa of the Mahrattas. The Peishwa before the Mahratta war was the sovereign rajah of Central India, and was to the Hindoos what the king of Delhi was to the Mahomedans. The late representative of the old dignity, Bajec Rao, lived,

largely pensioned, in retirement at Bilhoor, where he died about five years ago, immensely rich in jewels, hoarded treasure, and Government securities, to the amount of four millions sterling. Nena Sahib, now about thirty-five years old, was the eldest of two adopted sons, to whom these vast possessions were bequeathed. He applied to the British Government for the continuation of the pension, but this was refused; and the younger adopted son being a minor, the English law-courts stepped in as trustee for his interests—a proceeding which involved Nena in several costly lawsuits, none of which ended in his favour. He petitioned the Government, he sent an agent to England, and altogether had a large nest of real or imaginary grievances to brood over. But he appeared of most hospitable and even jovial disposition, cultivated the English society of Campore, affected many English habits, made up shooting-parties for his European friends, and entertained all comers in most princely style. On what friendly terms he was with the chief magistrate of Cawnpore is seen in the diary from which we have quoted. On the first outbreak at Delhi he expressed his great concern and indeed disbelief of the movement, though probably thoroughly cognizant of what was at hand. To the joy of the English he was now approaching Cawnpore. No sooner had he come up to the mutineers than he threw off the mask, hoisted two standards -one for Mahomet, one for Hunaman-and put himself at the head of their motley force. And now for twenty days, with his army swelling from 4000 to 12,000 men, and with heavy guns, increased from two to twelve, he kept up an unceasing firing and continual assaults on the unfortunate Europeans within the entrenchment. Many were wounded, many died of their wounds; but Wheeler, hopeful of relief, still held out, repulsing every attack and keeping his besiegers at bay. Even his poor stock of grain and sugar, on which they had been now for some time existing, failing at last, he resolved to make one desperate effort to replenish his stores. Though the odds were more than twenty to one against him, he drove the enemy for a time before him; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was obliged to fight his way back, having lost many of his men, and being himself badly wounded. Two days afterwards, the disheartened band, with only two days' provisions left, hoisted on the 26th a flag of surrender. Nena Sahib received the deputation respectfully, and even courteously, and solemnly swore to spare their lives, to allow them to take their arms, and a lac and a half of rupees, and to furnish them with boats to proceed down the river to Allahabad. On the 27th the boats were announced as ready, and the whole remaining

body of Europeans were marched down to the river's bank, escorted by a troop of cavalry. The men were crowded into the open boats, the women and children still retained on the shore; but the moment the dinghies pushed off into the stream Nena ordered his guns to open upon them. Some were sunk, some burnt, some few men reached the shore only to be cut down by the suwars. A single boat managed to get through the dreadful ordeal, and escaped ten miles down the river; it was pursued and captured, and the unhappy survivors brought back to Cawnpore, where some were cut to pieces inch by inch. while others were stripped and lashed naked together on bamboos and floated down the Ganges to bear the first news of the massacre to their countrymen at Allahabad, who, seeing the corpses floating by, brought them on shore and buried them. The women and children who were left, to the number of two or three hundred, were marched back to the cantonments, and kept under Nena Sahib's own surveillance on the miserable rations of a prison diet. But now relief seemed to be approaching. On the 7th of July General Havelock had left Allahabad with 1300 Europeans in the direction of Campore; and on the morning of the 13th he joined Major Renaud's advanced column four miles from Futteypore. The enemy came out to meet him: Captain Maude's artillery was advanced to the front. and electrified the natives with its fire, who were driven by the skirmishers and columns through the gardens and streets of Futteypore in complete confusion, leaving the whole of their guns behind them. To the rapidity and precision of the artiflery, to the power of the Enfield rifle, to British pluck, and 'to the blessing of the Almighty, on a most righteous cause,' the Brigadier in the order for the day attributes the results of a whole army scattered to the winds without the loss of a single British soldier! Havelock pushed on for Cawnpore, and, after several engagements, with trifling loss re-captured the ill-fated place on the 17th of July, totally defeating Nena Sahib in person, who, after blowing up the magazine at Cawnpore, retreated in hurried flight to his fastness at Bithoor. The full extent of the massacre was now discovered. On the 16th, when the wretch found that the day was going against him, he ordered the indiscriminate butchery of the women and children yet left alive; and, on the English troops taking possession of the place on the following morning, the rooms and yard in which the prisoners had been confined were found two inches deep in the blood of the victims. Long tresses of hair, scraps of paper, torn Bibles and Prayerbooks, workboxes and unfinished work, and the little round hats of

of the children scattered about on the red floor, told too well the

harrowing tale.

Our object has been to give a general outline of the events attending the mutiny, which, from the numerous localities concerned, from the multitude of the details, and from the inevitable want of arrangement in the mass of letters which tell the tale to the public, have left a confused impression in the minds of many. The circumstances which have operated to produce this convulsion appear to lie on the surface. Those who are intimately acquainted with the country are mostly of opinion that the native civilians prefer our government, with all its shortcomings, to the stern and exacting sway of their own princes. But this is a feeling which cannot be shared by the native rulers themselves. One by one they have been swept away by the advancing tide of British dominion, and he who escaped to-day was well aware that the wave would engulph him hereafter. The annexation of Oude, which, however convenient to ourselves or beneficial to the country at large, seems certainly to have been effected in defiance of treaties, was eminently calculated to exasperate the victims of our policy. Those who were either losers now, or foresaw that their turn would come later, may not improbably have used their money, influence, and arguments to precipitate an outbreak, which afforded them the only chance of recovering or retaining their authority. But, independently of this impulse from without, there were causes enough within the army itself to account for the mutiny. The Mahometan has lost his military, the Brahmin is losing his social, sway, and the desire to recover it is a mere instinct of human nature. The supremacy of foreigners, differing from them in race, habits, and religion, could not but be hateful to them; and it was a matter of course that they should desire to reverse the situation, and from subjects to become masters. All they wanted was opportunity to strike the blow, and faith to believe that the blow would be successful. We have taken care by our conduct to give them the first, and to inspire them with the second. That the Bengal army had been in a perilous. state for years is now universally admitted. Why, with the spirit of insubordination so rife and increasing, and with so many of its causes so clearly pointed out, no steps were taken by the Indian Government to stay the evil, is difficult to explain, and seems not to admit of an excuse. No wisdom in civil rule can atone for want of attention to our military supremacy, since it is the foundation and guarantee of all the rest. The best measures without the strength to enforce them are only so many incentives to rabellion and anarchy when we are dealing with men

whose

whose prejudices they oppose and whose power they undermine. Both Sir Charles Napier and Colonel Jacob, little as they agreed in other matters, united in condemning the predominance of Brahmin influence in the Bengal army. Treachery,' said the former six years ago, 'mutiny, villany of all kinds may be carried on among the private soldiers, unknown to their officers, to any extent, where the men are of one caste of Hindoos, and where the rules of caste are more regarded than those of military discipline.' To the Brahmins this applied with double force; and yet at the beginning of this very year we have the local adjutant-general issuing an order to extend the preference of high-over low caste men to the army of Bombay! Not only did this truckling to caste give. power to the most dangerous class of our private soldiers, and lower our own standing in the natives' eyes, but it tended to the subversion of all discipline; and, ' for fear of offending the lazy and insolent Brahmins,' it had come to pass that a Bengal sepoy was unable, or rather refused, to picket or groom his own horse, to strike the gong at his own quarter-guard, or to take his own musket for sentry-duty. Lord Dalhousie, writing to Napier in January, 1850, says:—'The sepoy has been overpetted and overpaid of late, and has been led on by the Government itself into the entertainment of expectations and the manifestation of a feeling which he never held in former times.' Colonel Hodgson, in a pamphlet published at Meerut in 1851, uses almost the same words:—'Of late years it has been the fashion to overpay, overcaress, and over-laud the sepoy, -- and the sepoy had come fully to believe that we could not do without him. Many circumstances had tended to increase this feeling. He knew that it had been proposed to employ him in the Russian and the Chinese wars; he had lately been useful in Persia. While we were offending by recent laws the prejudices of the civil population, the sepoy always found his own scruples regarded. Bengal officers have been known to boast that their men would not perform subordinate duties which the armies of the other Presidencies willingly: undertook. The Bengal sepoy had become the fine gentleman, the swaggerer, the swash-buckler, and the bully, of the Native population, and the terror of his own officer. To use the expressive English phrase, he was thoroughly 'spoilt.' The encouragement of petitioning and grievance-making in high quarters led the men to despise their commanders and then to disobey them. Nothing but the real enforcement of our superiority has any effect with the native. 'All our power in India,' says General Jacob, 'rests on this,-they will never consent to be governed by a handful of their equals.' Other causes may have helped: the under-officering of regiments; the absence of many of the best

men on civil staff-appointments; the inefficiency of superannuated generals, and the incompetency of commanders-in-chief; but the two evils of submission to native caste, and the disallowance of power to the English officer, are at the bottom of all the mischief. The greased cartridges were no doubt felt to be a real grievance, but it was only the spark which fired the mine that had been long preparing. Sir Charles Napier was, we think, thoroughly right in his claim for greater military independence both for himself and every subaltern. Every Indian crisis must be a military one; and the supervision of a civil Governor-General, much more the intervention of a civil or military board, would be irksome and shackling to a much less impetuous temper than that of Napier. If the offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief are to be kept separate, we shall probably for some years to come not send out second-rate or untried men in either capacity; but for a really strong and vigorous administration, such as is now required, the powers should be combined.

The religious scruple pretended by the mutineers at once gave the handle, so readily seized, for throwing the blame of the outbreak on the Christian Missionaries and Societies. Lord Ellenborough, backed by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, pronounced it incredible that Lord Canning should have given his subscription to a Mission Society (whose sphere, it turns out, was confined to the European Christians of Calcutta), and implied that it was enough to account for the mutiny had he done so; and that he would certainly merit to be recalled. It was said that we had offended the natives by forcing Christian education upon them, and had brought the authority of Government to bear upon native conversion. The law lately passed by which a convert from Hindooism was saved from the entire loss of his property, to which he was subject under the old Hindoo law, was alleged by Mr. Disraeli as a pernicious and tyrannous innovation. But the course of events soon cleared off this line of argument. Though the missionaries at Delhi and Cawnpore, and clsewhere, fell in the indiscriminate slaughter of Europeans, there was no special animosity exhibited either against their persons or their quarters. In some places, as at Meerut, the missionary bungalow was spared in the general ruin; at Juanpore it was burnt in cold blood by a roof-maker to get himself a job. In the Punjaub and in Benares the preachers and teachers have already recommenced their services and schools, and the natives attend them. from the Bengal sepoy being the object of missionary propagandism, the only known baptized sepoy in that army was in 1819 dismissed on that very account; neither is there a single missionary station in Oude, the hotbed of the revolt.

The

The chief fields of missionary effort and success are in the south of India, which is the quietest part of all. The Mahomedans, doubtless, hate as well as fear the advance of Christianity; but the Hindoo has never opposed our preachers. Our missionaries have never met with such treatment in the native bazaars as Wesley and Whitfield did in the market-places of England. It is well known that the ministers of Christianity are generally treated with perfect indifference by the self-righteous Brahmins. They wonder rather at the ignorance of the preacher than dread his success. But the mass of the people can appreciate the self-denial and devotedness of the missionary, and only set themselves against the aggressions of force, or fraud, or law, on their faith. No doubt the bigoted Moslem and even the supine Hindoo saw symptoms of advancing light. the Government schools the pupils might learn that the earth did not rest on a tortoise's back. The railroads, the electric telegraph, the gas, all told of innovation and strange power. The abolition of suttee-of infanticide-of Thuggee-of selfimmolation—of Juggernaut abominations—the discontinuance of grants to heathen temples, and of salutes in honour of their idolatrous services—the permission of widows to marry—the preservation of their property to converts-all moral conquests from the strongholds of superstition and injustice, and each of itself in the eyes of old Indians sufficient to create a revolution -had gradually been effected; the English, and in several cases the Christian, education of native princes was advancing; our own Queen had welcomed her royal Indian godchildren to her own court; in a word, for the first time since our occupation of India, British civilization was beginning to tell, and the Brahmin and the Moslem might equally see that, unless a blow was now struck, their chance of present power was setting, and their past beyond recovery. It is said that the moolahs had marked a century as the term of English rule; it is certain that the Mussulmans have never let go the hope of regaining their ascendancy, and it is now said that prayers have been regularly and constantly offered up in their mosques for the restoration of the royal house of Delhi. Bishop Heber, in his time, said that if a" fair opportunity offered, the Mussulmans would gladly avail themselves of it to rise against us, but more from political than religious feeling.

It must already be evident to the mutineers themselves that they are playing a losing game. While their resources in men, arms, and ammunition are daily diminishing, ours are daily on the increase. The moment the balance turns in our favour the contest will probably be as brief as it is decisive. Those who

are familiar with the annals of European warfare have less reason to be apprehensive that the wrong doers will escape than that the unoffending will fall victims to the indiscriminate fury of a heated But British officers we feel convinced will do their utmost to prevent the sword from lighting upon a single guiltless head. They, at least, will not forget in the hour of victory that, though it is a dreadful necessity to punish the criminal, it is a sacred duty to spare the innocent. If, in the din of battle, they could forget that they were Christians, they can never forget the chivalry and humanity which are inherent in the hearts of English gentlemen. To risk their own lives and to save the lives of the unoffending will, we venture to predict, be the double distinction of every commander throughout the whole of the wide Peninsula Until rebellion has been put down and order reestablished, it can be of no advantage to enter upon the great question of the future government of our Eastern dominions. The materials which are to guide the Ministry and the country in their decision are rapidly accumulating. Never before since we established our sway have the people of this country been willing to listen to the evidence, or have cared to arrive at a verdict. ever mistakes may be committed before experience has enlightened us upon the best measures to pursue, there will now be a real effort to secure the safety and ameliorate the condition of India, and, roused by a horrible catastrophe, we shall alike endeavour to do our duty to the natives and oblige them to do their duty to us.

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